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9

LETTERS

FROM

67.191

THE NORTH OF EUROPE:

OR

A JOURNAL OF TRAVELS

IN HOLLAND, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, FINLAND,
RUSSIA, PRUSSIA AND SAXONY.

BY CHARLES B. ELLIOTT, ESQ.

Of the Bengal Civil Service; of Queen's College, Cambridge;
and Member of the Royal Geographical Society.

From the last London edition.

PHILADELPHIA:
KEY AND BIDDLE, NO. 23, MINOR STREET.
1833.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

The following letters, written, with one exception, from the places whence they are dated, and addressed to private friends, are now submitted to the public. They comprise little more than a journal, penned at moments snatched from the occupations of a traveller passing quickly through the countries he visited, and anxious to devote his time to the acquisition of information. The desire of the author in publishing this volume is to introduce to the notice of his countrymen the beauties of nature lying within their reach in the almost unexplored mountains of Norway; a tract of country which offers to the traveller, not an isolated prospect, but a succession of richly-varied landscapes rivalling those of the Alps and the Himala.

Facts submitted to the observation of the author are recorded with fidelity; but the opinions hazarded regarding national character and civil institutions are not entitled to be received with equal confidence. They were the result of first impressions; and, as such, require confirmation by further experience or the concurrence of other minds.

The manuscripts have been revised and enlarged by the author, who, in the additions to his original letters, has drawn chiefly on memory and his own private notes. For the dates of several historical events, and for a few details interesting to a general reader which escaped his

notice, he has referred to the writings of earlier travellers in the north ; as also to the able works of Sir Capel de Brooke, Captain Jones, and Dr. Granville ; his obligations to all whom he takes this opportunity of acknowledging.

An occasional reference to ancient history has been inserted, as affording a means of comparing the former condition of the European world and the views of its historians with those of modern times.

The allusions to India will not be thought too frequent by those who are interested in our eastern possessions. Her political importance, the moral condition of her people, and the natural features of the country, have secured for India the attention of every one whose thoughts are occupied with politics, morals, or statistics : and in preparing for publication his private letters, the author considered it unnecessary to expunge the occasional allusions to a land where the first years of his life and his manhood were passed.

Queen's College, Cambridge.

LETTERS

FROM

THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

LETTER I.

Amsterdam, 24th June, 1830.

After a passage of twenty-six hours from London, we reached Rotterdam at noon on Thursday, the 17th instant. On Saturday we went to the Hague in a *char à banc*, and on Monday evening embarked on a boat, which conveyed us in three hours to Leyden. The following day carried us to Haarlem, and yesterday evening we arrived at Amsterdam. I have entered into these details that you may follow me on the map, and because I intend to make my letters my journal.

Holland is a natural marsh, transformed by artificial means into arable land. Great changes have taken place on its surface, as you will readily believe if you cast your eye over the Zuider Zee in the map, and recall to mind that in the first century of our era, it was occupied by the Batavi. Enormous mounds of earth are piled up as barriers against the encroachments of the sea, which

at full tide rises, in some places, forty feet above the level of the land. The fortification of this country against the waters was undertaken as early as the time of Claudius Drusus, who constructed the first of the dykes that form the bulwark of the Hollanders; which have ever since been the wonder of Europe, and a lasting monument of industry and perseverance. As we walked at the foot of one of these artificial mountains, gradually sloping to its summit, where the breadth is about thirty feet, the sea was washing its opposite side far above our heads. There was something in the sound of the waves, and the thought of their elevated proximity, which inspired a fear that they might involve us in destruction, by breaking down the "tall rampire" that

"Spreads its long arms against the wat'ry roar."

But this fear was momentary, and yielded to admiration, as we contemplated the strength and skilful design of the dyke.

The dykes vary in size and elevation according to their situation. Formed of stones and adhesive soil, they are planted towards the sea with reeds which collect the sand that is thrown up. Thus receiving an annual accession of matter, the original structure is protected, while its breadth and stability increase. Where more than usual danger exists, a second and interior dyke is raised to secure the country in case the outer one should give way. The two are made parallel, and the intermediate space serves as a channel, commanded by sluices, to carry off an occasional flood; or, as on one occasion, to inundate an hostile army.

The plains thus snatched from the legitimate dominion of the sea, are intersected by canals fortified with locks. These, by a happy contrivance, allow the superfluous water to flow into the ocean, while the efforts of

the intrusive waves only serve to close more firmly the barriers.

The sides of the canals are frequently planted with willows; and at this season the water-lilies and field flowers render almost picturesque a country which has little to boast in the beauties of nature. To the amphibious natives the canal offers a means of conveyance, at once readier, cheaper, and more agreeable, than the roads: and *trékschuits*, or track-boats, supply the place of stage-coaches. In passing through the country on one of these barges, an Englishman can hardly fail to be struck with the peculiar propriety of our poet's description, and the happy choice of his words, when he represents the ocean as peeping over the dyke, and wondering at

“The slow canal, the yellow-bosomed vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail;
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.”

The towns in Holland are very similar in their arrangements, so that the description of one may apply to all. The streets are broad and clean, being washed every morning; as are the fronts of the houses. Numerous canals of almost stagnant water, intersecting the towns, render them unhealthy in summer, and generate the diseases peculiar to marshy lands. The style of architecture baffles description, being as varied as the houses are numerous. The upper parts of adjacent buildings are seldom of the same elevation or form, but exhibit every grotesque shape that can be imagined; and generally, a house of three stories, with four windows on the ground-floor, has but one above; having decreased in size like the gable-end of a tiled cottage in England.

Rotterdam, which derives its name from the Rotter that here flows into the Meuse, contains about sixty thousand inhabitants. It was the birth-place of Erasmus, of whom a statue in bronze stands on the principal bridge of the city. A Latin inscription points out the little house where this great man was born.

"Hæc est parva domus magnus quæ natus Erasmus."

His tomb, if I remember right, is at Basle, in Switzerland.

In this large commercial city the canals running through the streets are so large and deep, that, when filled by the tide, vessels of six or seven hundred tons can deliver their cargoes at the door of almost any principal warehouse. They are studded with draw-bridges divided in the centre, and wheeled by machinery to the sides in order to admit vessels, as often as may be necessary.

The houses are very high, and strangely and irregularly built: there seems to be in many a foolish attempt to imitate the Grecian style, but without taste or uniformity of design. The upper stories project beyond the lower; and some of the houses are so much out of the perpendicular, that the opposite roofs are almost in contact. I rather imagine that this is attributable to the sinking of the piles which support the fronts of the buildings; the tops of which are thereby inevitably thrown forward. Great care is taken to prevent the farther depression of these piles; and, with this view, small sledges without wheels, drawn by one horse, are substituted by authority for wagons, which are prohibited, lest the vibration occasioned by their movement over a rough part should shake the uncertain foundation.

The looking-glasses, which are occasionally seen as

appendages to French and German houses, seem here to form the necessary exterior furniture of every window. They are fixed on projecting irons, and inclined at an angle, varying with the elevation of the spot, so as to reflect into the room the street with its motley groups and busy bodies. This absurd toy, contrived to promote idleness, is worthy of the Hollanders,

“ Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.”

The 18th of June is kept holy by the Dutch, (nearly all of whom are Protestants,) to commemorate the mercy of God in the result of the battle of Waterloo. I thought the English might profit by such an example.

We attended the service in the cathedral of St. Lawrence, to hear the organ, which, in the estimation of the Rotterdamese, rivals that at Haarlem. There are two thousand two hundred pipes; the largest are seventeen inches in diameter. The stops are not fewer than ninety; that called the “*vox humana*,” is said to be unrivalled, except by the corresponding one in the cathedral just mentioned. There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the church, which is dull and heavy: and nothing in the interior to attract attention, except a brass balustrade, separating the nave from the choir, which exhibits skill and taste in the workmanship.

In the ride from Rotterdam to the Hague, a distance of twenty-seven miles, we passed through Delft, which is situated half way between the two. It is a gloomy little town, containing fifteen thousand inhabitants; about one fourth of the population of Rotterdam. The learned Grotius was born here: a simple monument is erected over his body, which lies in one of the churches. The sculpture represents his head, and by the side of it, a child leaning on an urn with an inverted torch. The

emblem is, perhaps, more significant than was intended; adverting not only to the extinction of life, but also to the perversion of talent.

The same building contains a monument to the memory of William the First, Prince of Orange, who was assassinated in 1584. As a specimen of sculpture it is perfect. At the feet of the prince recumbent on a marble sarcophagus, the favourite dog is sleeping who roused him from slumber when some Spanish murderers entered his tent in the campaign of 1572. After the death of his master, the faithful animal refused nourishment, and died of a broken heart.

The Hague is the residence of the court during six months of the year. It was the birth-place of our William the Third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well-built town, more in the German than the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Vourhout, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with shells are assigned to pedestrians.

A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the "Palace in the wood." The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman.

The chambers of lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1540, by Prince

Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tésima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their eastern junks.

In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe. The church in which the venerable Saurin used to preach, is now a miserable ruin.

The little village of Schevening on the sea-coast, about three miles from the Hague, supplies the town with fish, which is carried there every morning in trucks drawn, as we are informed, by large mastiffs. The road is over a bed of sand. The afternoon I passed there was stormy; and it would be difficult to picture to one's mind a spot more dreary than Schevening then appeared. A large bath-house, built by order of government, is the only building in the place, except the huts of a few fishermen.

A covered boat, like an Indian bhauliah, sets off almost every hour from the Hague to Leyden, a distance of eleven miles. It is towed by a single horse, and carries about twenty people, of all descriptions, ranged on

two benches. The fare is only a few pence. In this singular conveyance we were stowed with a variety of living cargo of Dutch and Flemish peculiarity. The evening was fine, and the fertile country, though flat, was interesting from the novelty of its character. Here and there the banks are lined with rows of poplar and willow. The fields are studded with mills for throwing the water into canals, when long-continued rains have inundated their surface.

The houses are low, long, and narrow, but particularly clean. Each garden has its summer-house, where tobacco and coffee unite their fumes to lull the torpid Hollander to the sleep he covets. Some of these summer-houses are remarkable for the neatness they display; being prettily ornamented with light wooden decorations and sylvan figures; but, like the gardens, they exhibit too much regularity and too many straight lines to suit an English taste.

Leyden is built on the ancient bed of the Rhine, a branch of which river still passes through it, and gives the name of Rhymland to the surrounding country. The town contains about thirty thousand inhabitants and a hundred and forty-five stone bridges, forming communications between the islands into which Leyden is divided by numerous canals. Every street is undermined by sewers. One of these is a mile in length, and sufficiently large to admit a boat, for the purpose of cleansing it. The gutters are covered with boards only, raised at pleasure to receive the dirt.

Leyden signalled itself in 1573, by the stand it made against the Spaniards, when the Duke of Alva had subjected the whole of Holland except this gallant town. The distress to which the besieged were reduced is scarcely surpassed in the history of Europe. Probably none but the Jews have ever suffered greater horrors.

For seven weeks the flesh of dogs and horses, with a few roots and herbs, formed the only food of the inhabitants. At length the elements interposed on behalf of the sufferers; one of the dykes was burst by an equinoctial gale; the whole country was inundated; and the deluge that drove away the Spaniard, bore on the surface of its waters boats laden with provisions, sent from all quarters to the relief of the town. To reward their bravery, the Prince of Orange offered the burghers an university, or exemption from taxes for a certain term of years. Preferring the former, they have a just reward in the rise amongst them of many who, in various departments of science, have attained an eminence on which they stand conspicuous to posterity. Foremost in this noble company is Boerhaave, whose talents and perseverance raised him to the rank of the first chemist and physician of his day. He professed these sciences in the university; and in the examination room, his picture is suspended with those of all who have held the office of professor here. In this venerable society we remarked the portraits of Scaliger, Salmatius, Witsius, and Arminius. The painter Gerard Douw was a native of Leyden; and Rembrandt of its immediate vicinity.

The botanical garden does honour to the taste and science with which it was arranged by Boerhaave, who planted there two palm-trees, the living memorials of the great master: the anatomical theatre is worthy of such a patron: as are the museums of natural history and antiquities, which contain some of the finest collections in Europe of stuffed animals, skeletons, and minerals, besides twenty-four mummies.

At Catwyk, a few miles from Leyden, is the artificial embouchure of one of the branches of the Rhine, which disgorge itself into the sea at low tide, through a channel far below the level of high water, and protected from

the ocean by sluices, that open to let out the river as the tide falls, and close to prevent its being filled by the sea as it rises. A bolder design of man has perhaps never been accomplished.

Haarlem stands on a lake of the same name, fourteen miles from Leyden. The population is about twenty thousand. We were not a little surprised to find that neither French nor English gold could be exchanged here. No money-changer was to be met with, and the people of the inn, who spoke only Dutch, gave us to understand that they did not know the value of our coins.

We paid a sovereign for an hour's enjoyment of the organ in the cathedral of St. Bavon, which is admitted to be the finest in the world. It has eight thousand pipes, and sixty-eight stops. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long, and sixteen inches in diameter. One of the pieces we heard represented a band with every variety of music; another, a storm of rain and thunder, the effect of which was astonishing. The loud peals of thunder seemed to roll over the building, while drops of rain beat violently on the roof. The storm gradually exhausted itself, and all was calm.

In the town-house we saw the first books printed, in 1440, by Lawrence Coster, the inventor of the art. His house, and a statue in the market-place dedicated to his memory, still exist. The latter bears the following inscription :—

“ MEMORIE SACRUM.

Typographia, ars artium omnium conservatrix hic
primum inventa, circa annum 1440.”

It is interesting to recollect, that Linnæus formed here the botanical system, which was afterwards matured by the study of nature in the flower-clad mountains of Nor-

way. Two tulip-trees planted by him still survive, the rivals in age and honour of the palms of Boerhaave in the sister garden of Leyden. Since his time, this place has been renowned for its tulips, and the temptation to buy some roots for transmission to England was too great to be resisted. It is difficult to decide whether the late purchase of one of these flowers for a thousand pounds is an act to be approved or not. Perhaps without such encouragement the necessary stimulus to horticultural adventure would be wanting; and enterprise in the departments of natural philosophy can scarcely be too well rewarded.

Leaving Haarlem yesterday evening, we drove nine miles in a calèche to this city, of which I hope to send you an account in my next.

LETTER II.

Amsterdam, 26th June, 1830.

This city has been formed since the thirteenth century. It derives its name from the river Amstel, on whose bank it is situated, and the enormous dam that opposes the inroads of the sea on a country snatched from its lawful dominion. The whole town which is nine miles in circumference, stands on piles driven into the mud. Under the town house alone are thirteen thousand six hundred and ninety-five. Well might Erasmus say that he had reached a city, whose inhabitants lived like crows on the tops of trees! Ninety small islands, united by two hundred and ninety bridges, form the site of the town, which contains a population of about two hundred and five thousand souls, of whom one tenth are Jews. Owing to the number of canals, and the quantity of stagnant water in the vicinity, the air would be still more prejudicially affected than it is, were it not for mills which are kept constantly at work to communicate an artificial motion to the water. Several of these are employed likewise to draw up the mud brought down by the Y to its junction with the Amstel, which, but for this precaution, would block up the passage of the river.

Most of the houses in Amsterdam are built of brick, and entered by a flight of steps; but, two of the same shape and size are seldom seen together. Every variety of architecture is united, so that the whole exhibits a grotesque appearance not easily to be described. The

streets are broad and clean ; and the fronts of the houses do not, as in most of the Dutch towns, incline inwards, many degrees out of the perpendicular.

With the exception of the palace, a large and heavy edifice, and the collection of Dutch pictures, there is little of an individual character to attract a stranger's attention. The tout-ensemble is striking. An Englishman feels himself to be in a country different from his own, yet he can scarcely decide what marks most forcibly the distinction. The stagnant water and the low lands, connected, as they are in the mind, with their necessary concomitants miasma and sickness, are what most displease : unless, indeed, the traveller be annoyed, as we have been at every inn, by finding sheets on the bed from which the moisture might almost be wrung in drops.

The collection of pictures to which I have just referred is the only one not removed to Paris during the reign of Napoleon. It contains the choicest pieces of Rembrandt, Gerard Douw, Snyder, Paul Potter, Teniera, Wouvermans, and Rubens. Among the chef d'œuvres of these artists, those that most attracted us are an evening school by Gerard Douw, in which the varied characters and conflicting passions of the pedagogue and his boys are strikingly exhibited ; the change of a night watch by Rembrandt, where the lurid and partial glare of a lamp is contrasted with the silvery and diffused light of the moon ; and lastly, a repast of the confederates after the treaty of Munster, by Vander Helst, for one figure of which, the Emperor Alexander is said to have offered three thousand pounds.

The churches are uninteresting as buildings, and very different from those of the Netherlands, whose internal decorations rival their external splendour.

The guide conducted us to the docks of the Dutch

East India company. Recollecting the power they once possessed, and the sturdy opposition they offered to the establishment of the British dominion in the East, we were prepared for something better than a miserable shed, containing three or four worn out vessels under repair. The apology he offered for the decayed sinews of this commercial body is, that the original dock was carried away by the sea, which, breaking through a dyke, inundated the town some years ago; and that half the present building was destroyed in 1822 when the piles gave way. But the fact is, their commerce received a deadly blow by the injudicious opening of the trade with China. Hundreds of adventurers embarked their fortunes in this hazardous speculation and destroyed the profits of one another, so that tea is now actually selling in Holland for a less price than it costs in China.

The diamond mill is one of the most interesting objects in Amsterdam. It is the property of a Jew, whose son a clever lad, obligingly conducted us through the rooms, and explained the various parts of the process of polishing diamonds. Four horses turn a wheel setting in motion a number of smaller wheels in the room above, whose cogs acting on circular metal plates, keep them in continued revolution. Pulverised diamond is placed on these; and the stone to be polished, fastened at the end of a piece of wood by means of an amalgam of zinc and quicksilver, is submitted to the friction of the adamantine particles. This is the only mode of acting on diamond, which can be ground, and even cut by particles of the same substance. In the latter operation, diamond dust is fixed on a metal wire that is moved rapidly backwards and forwards over the stone to be cut. You are probably aware of the distinction between a rose diamond and a brilliant. The one is entire and set

vertically; the other is divided, and set horizontally. The largest diamonds are reserved for roses, which always rise in the centre to an angle: the smaller are used as brilliants, and have a flat octagon on the upper surface.

Across the river, a road runs on the top of a dyke, for seven miles, to Saardam. In this little town, Peter the Great, disguising himself, and assuming the name of Michaeloff, worked for some years as a shipwright, that he might instruct his people in that art. From Saardam, you may remember that he went, about the year 1700, to Deptford, where he perfected himself in the trade; and then exchanged for a sceptre the humble mien of a carpenter. A rude picture, which I bought on the spot, of the interior of his workshop, that was covered in 1823 by a brick building at the order of the Princess of Orange, is reserved to gratify your curiosity. In the hut are two rooms and a loft. In the first little room are a table, three chairs and a recess which served as a bedstead. The Emperor Alexander visited in 1814 this abode of his great ancestor, and ordered two inscriptions to be recorded in memory of the event. The one is,

“Petro Magno—Alexander.”

The other, in Russian and Dutch, “Nothing is too little for a great man.”

Saardam has declined from its former splendour. Its chief wealth now consists in tobacco, paper, and sawing-mills. These, which exceed two thousand in number, are often grotesquely painted, giving a singular and novel appearance to the village. They are worked by the wind, and some of them will cut forty planks at once.

Not many miles from Saardam is a village called

Brock, whose peculiar character, so different from the busy capital near which it stands, baffles all my conjectures. Perhaps your imagination may be more successful in tracing a cause sufficient to produce the effects we see. On entering the village of Brock, the traveller is struck with the neat appearance of the streets, paved with variegated bricks, pebbles, and shells; and with the green painted houses and their little parterres, all bordering a lake which, but for its discoloured waters, would enhance the beauty of the spot. Yet scarcely an individual is to be seen. Carriages are not permitted to enter. Every house is closed. The doors are locked: the shutters are shut. Silence reigns: and you might fancy yourself in a fairy land peopled by invisible spirits. Diligence and comfort seem to exist; yet the agents and recipients are alike unheard and unseen. There are about three hundred houses; many of a whimsical form. The inhabitants live entirely in the back of their dwellings: the front door is never opened except on occasion of a marriage or death; and on no pretext can a stranger be admitted within. They have no amusements that we could discover; and the only three children we saw out of school were discussing some recondite game over a piece of wood, with all the sobriety of sixty years.

As we entered a school which contained about forty boys, they were rising, and the master with great solemnity offered a prayer before their dismissal. We hoped to obtain from him some clue to the real cause of a local peculiarity so striking as that which Brock presents; but he either could not, or would not, satisfy us. He talked sensibly in the main, but affected to laugh at our supposing that the people of Brock differ from other people. "The only difference," he said, "consists in this—others have their fortunes to make; these have

made their fortunes : therefore the world has no attractions for them and they seek repose." Experience does not lead to the conclusion that men find less pleasure in the enjoyments of time and sense as they acquire the means of procuring them in a greater degree. Moreover, his observations would induce the inference, that the village is composed of the country-seats of merchants retired from business ; whereas, he assured us that the inhabitants had occupied their present abodes in the persons of their ancestors for many generations, and that they seldom intermarry with those of neighbouring towns. I thought at one time that they might be Moravians ; but they are not. Their creed and discipline are those of the reformed protestant church ; and in their religion they seem to differ from the rest of the Hollanders only in the honourable distinction of milder manners and purer lives. I have seldom seen a spot of such interest. The veil of mystery which overshadows it perhaps enhances the pleasurable feeling, by giving scope to the imagination ; and it is not impossible that a perfect acquaintance with the rise and progress of their customs might detract something from the interest which I am inclined to feel for the unsophisticated natives of Brock.

The Dutch men are short and stout ; the women fair and plump. The latter wear broad bands of gold round the temples, uniting large pendants in the form of conical ear-rings. French is the language of the higher orders, but the lower understand only Dutch ; except at the sea-port of Rotterdam, where many speak English. The national character is observant, industrious, calculating, frugal, brave, and phlegmatic. All these qualities may be traced, in a greater or less degree, to their peculiar situation, in constant danger of inundation. From earliest infancy the Hollanders become attentive

observers of their enemy, whose inroads they check by calculating foresight, and the effects of whose destructive incursions they repair with industry. The frequent loss of the labour of years compels them to be provident and frugal; and in the constant proximity of danger, they become habitually brave; while repeated disappointments and permanent distrust render them comparatively cold and phlegmatic.

There are two things of a peculiar character in Holland which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorising husbands, wives, and children, to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the chastisement of offences against the laws by which the relations of social life are governed. The other, a contrivance for compelling the incorrigibly idle to work. At one end of the room is a pump, and a stream of water runs in from the ceiling; so that unless the prisoner labour continually, he must inevitably be drowned.

The common mode of salutation in this country curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greeting bear reference to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point; so may the English, French, and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquillity and repose implied in the Oriental word "*salaam*." To these and other characteristic expressions may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Ever on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are aptly addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.

Our party has been very pleasant. You know my

long tried friendship with V———. The more I see, the more I value him. The ladies add much to our enjoyment. Mr. R——— is full of information and vivacity; and, though seventy years of age, seems the youngest of the party. A few days I regret to say, will separate us. While they go southwards, I shall turn my solitary steps to the bleak regions of the north. The undertaking is arduous, but it offers much of enjoyment and benefit. The difficulties of a foreign tongue recede before a determination to subdue them; and one soon learns to ask in any language for the necessaries of life, in terms at least intelligible, if not grammatical.

LETTER III.

Hamburg, 29th June, 1830.

On Saturday, the 26th instant, I left with much regret the friends with whom I made the tour of Holland; and embarked at Amsterdam on a steamer for Hamburg. She weighed anchor about three in the morning of Sunday. Thirty-four hours brought us to the town of Cuxhaven, that stands on the bank of the Elbe, not many miles from its embouchure. On the left we passed Heligoland, now reduced from its former condition as a well peopled and rather famous island to a miserable mound, which is gradually decreasing under the encroachment of the sea. It was once covered with temples dedicated to heathen gods, and appears to have been a spot of great sanctity: this fact is commemorated by its name, signifying "the holy land."—Many of the German literati suppose that Heligoland contained one of the seven tribes referred to by Tacitus as worshipping Hertha, or the goddess Earth. Our own ancestors, the Angles, formed one of this number, as the English word so obviously connected with the object of worship sufficiently attests in confirmation of historical evidence.

The entrance to the Elbe, the ancient Albis, is studded with an unusual number of buoys, which, as well as many landmarks, indicate the difficulty of the navigation of this river. The banks are so low that we sailed for some miles in what is called the mouth of the Elbe, without descrying land on either side, except where an occasional tower, elevated for the purpose, or a very distant hill, infringed on the even line of the horizon.

Cuxhaven is a small and dirty seaport attached to Hamburg, and governed by one of the senators of that town, who succeed to the office in rotation. It is fortified, and contains a small garrison. The English, and other foreign packets for Hamburg, stop here, while the mails are sent by land to their final destination. This port is a possession of great importance to the neighbouring free city, both as a depôt and maritime station; since the water is deep and will receive ships of almost any burden.

The day was bright and clear. As we sailed up the noble river, the flat and not uncultivated coast of Hanover on the right, and that of Denmark on the left, lay extended before us. A range of low hills forms the background of the former view, that tells a tale of the poverty in which the dukes of Hanover would have remained, if a better fortune had not summoned them to the throne of England. The party on the steamer exhibited a motley group of Dutch and German. An English merchant, a French *petit-maitre*, a Spanish *chargé-d'affaires*, a Russian traveller, and a Swedish count, afforded variety to the exhibition of character and the tones of conversation. Most of them, however, understood French, which, with Dutch and German, formed the principal medium of communication. At eight in the evening we arrived at Hamburg. The weather was peculiarly fine. As we approached the town, the scenery, before tame and flat, became almost romantic; each bank being lined with country-seats and gardens which, themselves gay in their summer dress, dispensed gaiety around, and seemed to smile on the strangers moving rapidly along the stream.

The hotel Belvidere stands on the margin of a lake, formed by the river Alster, which, flowing from a distance of thirty, or four-and-thirty miles through Holstein and part of Denmark, is here expanded into a large basin. This is divided into two unequal parts. The smaller is

more than a mile in circumference. It is nearly square, and three sides are surrounded with houses; while the fourth is formed by two dams united by a bridge, under which the lower communicates with the higher Alster, or the less with the larger lake. My window commands a view of this "glassy mirror." It is ten o'clock at night, and I am writing without a candle. The sky is gradually and reluctantly resigning the last hues it borrowed from the setting sun; and a few skiffs, like gondolas, dimpling the surface of the lake, add to the beauty of the scene. I could almost fancy myself in Italy. We read of Hamburg and its commerce, and are apt to connect with the name ideas of large speculation, doubtful riches, and a Hanseatic league; but seldom, I think, is the picturesque blended with such associations.

Hamburg is in the duchy of Holstein, in Lower Saxony. It was founded in the eighth century; and for four centuries remained subject to the dukes of Saxony and Holstein. After that, it obtained from the German emperors a free government in the beginning of the thirteenth century: but its influence and power being very limited, the town soon became a prey to the cupidity of the king of Denmark, who laid it under frequent and heavy contributions. In the middle of the same century, Hamburg and Lubeck united their interests in a league that formed the basis of the Hanseatic confederation. Under this protection they enjoyed a season of political freedom: but when most of the component members of the commercial league had been compelled by the selfish fears of the sovereigns whose power held them in awe, to withdraw from the union, Hamburg was again subjected by Denmark, and remained so till 1618; in which year it was formally acknowledged as a free city under the protection of the German empire.

Though usually called the second, Lubeck being re-

garded as the first and Bremen the third, of the Hans towns, Hamburg has always taken the lead. It is governed by four burgomasters, under whom is a council of four syndics; and a third court of twenty-four senators. The members of these three estates supply respectively the vacancies that occur in their own body, but no one of the chambers can act independently of the other two. Besides the senate, there are two assemblies of elders and burghers. The former consists of deputies from each parish, the majority of whom must approve every enactment of the senate before it can pass into a law. The latter is formed of a hundred citizens, who meet only on special emergencies. This system of government has had many eulogists, and seems to correspond with that which the Roman historian contemplated when speaking of the triple form of a perfect constitution.

The territory belonging to the city is very confined. The Danish jurisdiction reaches even to the gate. In one direction, the free state extends the genial influence of its liberal government about seven, but in others only two miles. The town of Altona, which is connected by houses with Hamburg, was built in the middle of the seventeenth century. It now contains forty thousand inhabitants, and belongs to Denmark. Most of the Hamburg merchants have country seats there. These campaigns, with their gardens, lend an air of gaiety to a neighbourhood otherwise deficient in attractions: but the chief interest of this spot consists in its being the burial-place of the moral poet Klopstock, whose name is identified in memory with associations equally dear to the Christian and the man of taste.

Of a hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants of Hamburg, about eighteen thousand are Jews, who pay a tax for protection. The military force consists of five thousand regular troops and a national guard of six thousand,

besides sixteen thousand of the citizens who are liable to be called on for their services by the civic authorities.

In this town, acknowledging no government but its own, all the nations of Europe meet together, and all their languages are spoken. Its position eminently qualifies it to take the lead among the commercial ports of Germany: accordingly, the commerce carried on here is very extensive, though not equal to what it was before the French took possession of Hamburg in the last war. Vessels cannot, as at Amsterdam, unload their cargoes at the doors of the warehouses; a convenience almost monopolised by the Hollanders: but little practical evil results from the want of deep canals, as small boats are employed in lieu of barges; and the expense is not much increased. The streets are narrow, without trottoirs, and so miserably paved that a drive in one of the common vehicles of the place is a painful act of penance. There is an air of activity and busy commerce pervading alike the streets in the vicinity of the Bourse, and the broad handsome walk, called *Jungfraustein*, or Maiden's walk, which runs along the bank of the Alster, and forms an evening rendezvous for the citizens. The houses are high and substantial, but gloomy and inelegant; being often built in a form decreasing from the third to the fifth story, like those in Holland. Most of them have cellars underneath: these are either let to the poor, who are frequently driven out of their subterranean dwellings by the overflow of the Alster; or they are occupied by gamblers and dissolute persons of every description.

The public buildings unite the different characters of English, Dutch, and Norman architecture. The churches are peculiarly graceless. A misshapen spire is mounted on the top of a red-brick tower; and the inside has as little to recommend it as the exterior. The cathedral, founded in the ninth century, is said to be one of the

most ancient in Europe. It is remarkable only for its antiquity, its inelegance, and the falling steeple, which is some feet out of the perpendicular. A crucifix over the altar tells that the religion most popular (for all are alike tolerated,) is the Lutheran. These soi-disant rigid followers of the great reformer permit the figure of the Saviour on the cross to be exhibited in relief. The senate is regarded as the head of the church. The preaching is extempore: so are the prayers. The clergy, who are elective, are entitled to attend once or twice a year to confess the members of the congregation; and on these occasions they are remunerated by a handsome present.

I will not enter into a detailed account of the buildings of a city that boasts nothing of a remarkable character. The exchange, or Borsen Halle, the Stadt-house, and the bank, are almost below mediocrity in point of external appearance; but architectural splendour is seldom found in modern republics. The college supports six professors, and the foundling hospital is calculated to contain a thousand children. There is a public establishment, called Lombard, where money may be raised by the pawn of property to any amount at an annual interest of six per cent.; an institution calculated to engender prodigality and propagate distress. A mile from the town is the Krankenhaus, or hospital. It contains no less than thirteen hundred sick; and affords an asylum to all old persons who, by the payment of a very small sum, secure for themselves a comfortable residence during the remainder of their days. I have been over the whole of it this afternoon, and am much pleased with its cleanliness and arrangement.

I remember to have read in some English work an account of a curious plan adopted here for the punishment of the idle. They are said to be placed in a basket, and suspended over the table in the house of correction, while

the rest of the inmates are at dinner ; and to be detained in that position, tantalised by the savoury fumes, till night ; by which time it is presumed that they have acquired sufficient experience to induce them to work the following day. This account is perhaps correct, but I have had no opportunity of making an enquiry on the subject.

Neither the gallows nor the guillotine is used in Hamburg. The work just referred to mentions, what I repeat on its authority, that criminals condemned to death are placed on an inclined board with their hands tied behind and fixed in the centre, while the feet are fastened at the bottom of the machine, which being then raised by pulleys and let down again by a violent jerk, dislocates the knees and shoulders, and produces death ! Another mode of inflicting capital punishment is to draw the culprit backwards and forwards on a roller studded with sharp spikes that pierce the back, while his face is sprinkled with boiling sulphur !

The venders of milk carry it about in red pails, maintaining that this is the only colour which does not communicate an unpleasant flavour. If such be the case, the peculiarity must result from ingredients composing the paint. In England, where red is made from an oxide of lead, our farmers would gain little credit for a similar conclusion. But here a prejudice in favour of this colour is general. Every sail on the Elbe is red ; and every house, except some few that are of stone, is built of brick of a bright red complexion ; the intermediate lines of mortar being distinctly defined to exhibit it in greater contrast.

The dress of the men differs in no perceptible degree from our own. Some of the trades, however, have peculiar garbs ; for instance, carpenters go about in cocked hats and leather aprons ; while bakers are characterised by black waistcoats ; and waiters at hotels by green aprons. The costume of the women of the lower orders

is like that of some of the cantons of Switzerland. The straw hat is in the shape of a plate; the concave surface being applied to the head. A petticoat of coarse blue cloth depends from a dirty jacket without sleeves; and shoes with wooden bottoms and leather tops complete the grotesque figure.

Unmarried women wear the hair braided into two tails, like those of China men, hanging down their backs, and nearly touching the ground. Married women cut off one of these curious appendages; if they marry a second time, the other is amputated and the whole hair concealed. It is singular that Tacitus, speaking of the ancestors of the Hamburgers—for such the Suevi probably were—remarks a peculiarity in their mode of dressing the hair. He observes that they braided and tied it up in a knot; and that they were thus distinguished from the rest of the Germans; while their slaves, like those of the neighbouring people, were kept shaven or close cropped. He adds that some of the other Germans braided their hair, though only in youth; but the Suevi continued to do so even in old age; and their chiefs tied it in a knot on the top of the head, (as the Sepoys do in India,) to make themselves appear taller and more terrible to their enemies.

In former days Hamburg was well fortified. It has been the scene of much bloodshed; but now peace reigns. The wide fosse is planted with shrubs on both sides, and the centre is laid out in parterres: so that the country is literally brought into the town.

To-morrow I hope to cross the Danish promontory to Kiel, whence a steamer plies to Copenhagen, from which capital my next letter will probably be dated.

LETTER IV

Copenhagen, 5th July, 1830.

On the morning of Wednesday, the 13th ultimo, I left Hamburg, accompanied by a Norwegian gentleman and a Swiss count, on a journey through Holstein to Kiel.

Holstein is bordered on the north by Schleswig and Jutland. The three provinces belong to Denmark, and form what used to be called the Cimbric Chersonesus. The ancient inhabitants of this country signalled their bravery at a very early date. Tacitus, who wrote ninety-eight years after Christ, speaks of them as forming a body "small in number but great in renown;" and adverts to the large encampments which then existed on both sides of the Chersonesus, in testimony of the strength and numbers of the nation; three hundred thousand of whom are said by Plutarch to have made an irruption into Italy.

In eighteen hours we accomplished a journey of seventy miles over the worst road I have travelled, except in India. Deep sand was occasionally exchanged for deep water, and here and there, where the road was before absolutely impassable, the Danish government has permitted a pavé to be made. Happily this never extends over more than a few yards, or it would be impossible for any springs to survive the ordeal. The whole distance to Kiel is divided into four posts, at each of which the vehicle is changed. The regulations require that a carriage with three persons should have as many horses, which cost, including every thing, about fourteen

pence a mile. The first three stages we had a calèche, worse than the vilest hackney coach in the streets of London. But how shall I describe the last? It was a basket, about fifteen feet by five, placed on four wheels, with cross benches, each adapted for two persons. The whole calculated for twelve. The leader was some feet a-head of the wheel-horses. The driver, sitting on the first bench, wore a uniform that once was red turned up with yellow, and a hat which may have been handed down as an heir-loom through a series of generations. There were no springs; and from half-past eight in the evening till one in the morning, we were shaken to that degree, that the muscles of my back and side suffered, as from a cruel beating. Yet this inconvenience was more than compensated; for every village and field presented something new.

That which most interested us was the novelty of travelling at midnight by the light of the sun. This is decidedly the most striking phenomenon that arrests the notice of a stranger in northern latitudes, where the sun is visible throughout almost the whole circle of his course. At the pole, as the season advances between the equinox and summer solstice, the days gradually increase in length from twelve to twenty-four hours. During that period, therefore, the nearer the pole the longer the day. In this latitude, for a short time before and after the sun reaches the tropic of Cancer, it dips so little under the horizon, that the reflected rays afford a twilight which prevents the cessation of day during its limited absence.

The soil is sandy; therefore poor. Gooseberry and currant trees grow wild in the hedges. The commons abound with many kinds of heath; and with a species of silky cotton, growing out of a large pod, on a short and slender stalk. In the East they call it "*seemul rooe*," in token of its dubious nature between silk and cotton.

Wells are constructed like those in India. The bucket, when full, is raised at the extremity of a long bar, balanced by a heavy stone, or mass of earth, on the other end of the lever; a machine that seems to have been formerly employed by our Teutonic ancestors as commonly as it now is in Asia.

The species of heron known in India under the name of paddy-bird, from its frequenting the paddy-fens, or rice-fields, is common in the marshy lands of Holstein. This, as well as every other kind of stork, is regarded with great veneration. It is interesting to observe the alterations effected by time and circumstances in men's habits and modes of thinking. Among the ancient Jews these birds were held in abomination, as we learn from the two last books of the pentateuch. In the present day they are cherished, and even protected by law, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. In Holstein they are encouraged to build on the roofs of the houses, and are regarded as a propitious omen. In Calcutta they swarm on the tops of the larger buildings, and may be seen sometimes in parties of a hundred or more on the government-house; their lives being protected because they are found useful in removing offal. In Africa the religious veneration paid to the ibis is perpetuated to the present day. The traveller Ali Bey says that a large portion of the funds of one of the charitable institutions at Fez, is set apart for the "express purpose of assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and of burying them when dead."

Among so many reminiscences of the natural history of India, I should have been glad to meet with another dwelt on by Clarke; as it would have united a pleasing association with that loud and dissonant croaking of frogs which is one of the many unpleasant concomitants of the rainy season in India. The interesting and indefatigable traveller referred to mentions that when he

passed through this country, the frogs struck up a chorus so harmonious that he was induced to call them the "Holstein nightingales." He thinks their numbers amounted to millions; as they certainly do in the lowlands of the east; and observes that though the noise of one, when heard singly, was as discordant as the word *croaking* imports; yet the effect produced by the whole resembled the harmonious notes of musical-glasses. Some minds have the delightful faculty of converting every object into beauty and every sound into melody. This was peculiarly the case with Dr. Clarke.

The villages are far from being neat and clean. The peasant's house is a large building like a barn, a hundred and sixty or a hundred and eighty feet in length. Whenever we halted, we drove into the house without alighting from our carriage. The horses and cows occupy one end; their proprietors the other. The poultry and well-taught cats, the sparrows, and vermin which shall be nameless, have free access to every part. The women are pleasing, but not pretty. They wear no earrings; and stockings only on Sundays. The children are healthy, with beautiful complexions and white hair. The colour is attributed to the hair being bleached by the sun: but when they grow up and wear hats, the bleaching process ceases, and the hair becomes brown. This is Danish physiology.

We reached Kiel an hour after midnight. It seems that the Danes, like the Dutch, have a singular power of sleeping in spite of any noise: for having gained admittance, after ringing and knocking till we thought the house must be unoccupied, we found some people sleeping in a bed placed almost against the door. The house, we were told, was full; and three of us were doomed to occupy the same room. Not approving this arrangement, I determined to search for another apartment, while my

Norwegian companion was satisfying the cravings of hunger, and the count was paying the postilion. At length I found one unoccupied, except by the hungry and long disappointed tenants of a dirty bedstead. In a corner of the building was a clean basket, five feet long, shaped something like a cradle. The basket was soon in the room, and some sheets with a rug in the basket. Thus I was accommodated for the night. It is a curious fact, that a bed in this part of the country, (and the observation applies to nearly the whole of Germany,) is never made as long as the body of a man of moderate stature; while the only covering is a feather bed, four and a half feet square; so that either the feet or shoulders must inevitably be uncovered. Nor is this the worst part of the arrangement. The heat of the feather bed induces violent perspiration, and the sleeper naturally throws it off. The sudden check which the pores experience generally manifests itself in a violent cold; and the traveller is under the necessity of submitting to the wretched alternative of rheumatism or an exhausting sudorific every night.

The situation of Kiel is good. It stands on a beautiful bay, surrounded by a picturesque country; but is itself dirty, and interesting only as the place where, in 1814, the treaty was signed by which Denmark ceded Norway to Sweden. About three miles off is the entrance to the canal that unites the Baltic and the German Ocean: a monument of commercial enterprise whose glory, I hope, may one day be eclipsed by that of similar communications between the Mediterranean and Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. This canal, begun in 1777, cost nearly a quarter of a million sterling. Eighteen miles west of Kiel it joins the river Eyder, which flows into the north sea at Everlingsburen, about fifty miles north of the mouth of the Elbe.

At four in the afternoon of Thursday the 1st instant, we embarked on a steamer for Copenhagen, a distance of two hundred miles, which was accomplished in twenty-six hours. The number of passengers on board was about thirty, of whom only one was English. The languages chiefly spoken were German and Danish: English a little; but French scarcely at all. An Englishman, however, is seldom much perplexed, for he generally finds some one who talks French or English; and, if acquainted with German, he will be quite at home. Entering the cabin towards dusk, I was surprised to see it occupied by eight beds, two in each corner, one above the other. These were provided with three pillows a-piece; and four-and-twenty passengers were to be accommodated on them. This was no agreeable prospect; but a traveller submits to any thing. The alternative was exposure on deck. So, securing a corner in one of the upper beds and wrapped in a cloak, I threw myself down and slept till I was roused by the arrival of two bedfellows, whose slumbers were only less noisy and discordant than their harsh tones of conversation.

From Kiel we steered between the islands of Langeland and Laaland; and leaving Falster on the right, between Moen and Zeeland. We then passed a cluster of little isles, which, uniting the beauties of hill and dale, of wood and cultivation, present a beautiful coup d'œil. Continuing our course between the isles of Amaak and Saltholm, Copenhagen burst on our sight.

As we sailed over the spot where, in 1801, Nelson fought the celebrated battle, and as we saw the Three-crown-battery that poured its heavy artillery on our vessels, I could not but feel that local circumstances rendered more than probable the story which the Danes circulate, that two of his vessels had been destroyed by their guns, and were actually stranded at the time he sent to

know if they would comply with England's terms. If this be the fact, the battle was theirs, the success ours. The death of the brave Danes who fell on that occasion, is commemorated by the following motto on a monument erected by the king—

“They fell, but Denmark stood.”

The Crown-battery is erected on an island formed by ships, sunk with huge stones regularly ranged in them. It is constructed on the same principle as the breakwater at Plymouth.

The view of Copenhagen from the sea is imposing. She stands forth in all the grandeur of a well built capital. The steeples of the churches, of the town-hall, and of some other public buildings, are unlike all that I have seen in other countries. One of them rises in the form of three crocodiles twisted within each other's coils and raised by the muscles of the neck, so that the extremities of their tails form the top of the spire and their forehands the base. The tower of the observatory, in which Tycho Brahe framed the system of astronomy that obtained till the splendour of a brighter genius prevailed over this lesser luminary, is equally remarkable, though less fantastic. It is round and heavy. A spiral road, eleven feet in width, winds round it; and the traveller is informed that Peter the Great drove his carriage to the top.

From the political causes to which I have adverted, Copenhagen is no longer what it was. The population does not exceed a hundred and eighty thousand; and the commerce of the country has greatly decreased. Its agriculture, however, is said to have improved since 1792, when Christian the Seventh liberated all the husbandmen who were slaves: an act more effectually com-

memorated by the gratitude of the Danes than by the handsome obelisk erected between the city and Roeskilde, the cemetery of the old Danish monarchs. The streets of the city are wide; the houses are built of stone or plastered brick; and the tout ensemble is fine. There are two large squares. In the centre of each stands a colossal equestrian figure of one of the Fredericks. The pavement is formed of flag-stones, but every house has its gutter, running into the general sewer, which cuts through the pavement and is covered only with wood. These larger drains crossing every street at the top and bottom, seem to endanger horses; but yet accidents are not numerous. The shipping coming close up to the town gives it a commercial air; while its position on the sea-shore distinguishes this from every other metropolis I have visited. It commands an extensive view, enlarged by the coast of Sweden that rises above the horizon on the other side of the Baltic.

None of the churches are remarkable for any thing but their curious spires and antique forms. The inside is generally plain and unornamented; if I except one in which are models of thirteen statues, now in the hands of Thorwaldsen. These represent our Saviour, the eleven apostles, and St. Paul, who takes the place of the traitor Judas. They were executed by Thorwaldsen himself. The master completes a model in plaster, and leaves it to his workmen to chisel the marble. The design is his, the mechanical labour theirs.

The castle of Rosenberg is, perhaps, the most interesting public edifice in Copenhagen. The architecture is Gothic. It contains a silver throne and two enormous candlesticks eight feet in height, three lions, a vase used in royal christenings, and other antiques in the same precious metal. Among the curiosities are two gold boxes, presented to Christian the Seventh, during his stay

in London, by the city and the goldsmiths' company ; also the original diploma of doctor in civil law, a degree conferred on him by the University of Cambridge. The dresses worn at the coronation of the Danish kings are deposited after their death in the castle of Rosenberg, where they are preserved with great veneration. In the library are about a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and four thousand manuscripts. The latter are rare and valuable. Many of them are Icelandic ; and prove beyond all doubt, that in days when other nations knew little or nothing of the sciences, the Icelanders possessed a considerable degree of knowledge.

The museum contains an enormous specimen of native silver from Sweden, measuring five feet, and weighing more than five hundred pounds. There is also a great variety of northern curiosities. The stone axes and hatchets of earlier times ; the rudely-carved sarcophagi ; the heathen images of Thor and Woden ; and the rough implements of war and agriculture ; all these bespeak a state of society anterior to that of which we read ; and in their character indicate the habits and manners of men whose native soil was ice, and their stature as the "sons of Anak." I had supposed that the natives of the north were small in size ; but it is evident that some of the ancients were gigantic ; for, not to mention the ponderous weapons, and the weight of the armour of past ages, (which even in our own country appears great to the present generation,) the height of Frederick the Fourth, marked on a pillar at Roeskilde, can scarcely be reached by a man of moderate stature ; and Peter the Great, who measured his own height under it, could not have been less than seven feet, or six and three quarters, in stature.

To the museum and library, open only on Thursdays I gained admittance to-day by a curious accident. This morning a young man called, and introduced himself as

a nephew of Dr. W——. Having been to see his family, he conducted me to the museum, where a professor, named Erasmus Rask, well known among European philologists, was reading. The young Dane observed that he was a great linguist, and had travelled in Persia: accordingly I addressed him in Persian. He seemed surprised, but after some hesitation replied in the same language, apologising for his bad pronunciation, and saying that some years had elapsed since he was in Persia. However, I had found a key which opened the museum and the library. The professor showed me a manuscript of the Revelations, supposed to have been written in the tenth century, beautifully executed in Latin, and ornamented with pictures; also a large volume of manuscripts he purchased at Bombay, containing an account of the religion of the Parsees and the tenets of Zoroaster, written in a character that he called Sund, quite distinct from the Sanscrit and from every other with which I am acquainted. This library is enriched with all the manuscripts which Niebuhr collected during his travels: and a manuscript of part of Livy's history, written in the tenth century, is preserved here.

Copenhagen contains a collection of pictures by the best masters from every country. These have been procured with great assiduity during the last twenty years. We spent a long time in the gallery; and though, after visits to the finest collections in Europe, a common picture-gallery has not for my eye the charm that it would have for one less practised, yet here I was amply repaid for extra exertion on a day of considerable fatigue.

The dock-yard cannot be seen by a foreigner, (and surely an Englishman has no claim to privilege!) unless by an express order from the king. I am inclined to think there is little or nothing to be seen there. The navy of Denmark consists of three two-decked ships,

five frigates, seven sloops, and about eighty gun-boats ; a sad falling off for a country that once lorded it over the seas ! She has only forty thousand sailors ; few for a nation of islanders who trust to naval power for political existence. Some more ships are now on the stocks. Two eighty-four gun vessels are nearly finished ; and the island of the Three Crowns is strengthened by a thick parapet and deep fosse, lately put into complete repair.

Joined by a bridge to Copenhagen is the island of Amaak, granted in the seventeenth century to some Dutch refugees on condition of their cultivating vegetables. The entire supply of this article of food is now procured from these industrious foreigners, who, having never intermarried with the Danes, still retain their purity of blood, with an original style of dress and primitive manners.

The burial ground is distant about a mile from the city. Like the cemeteries in mussulman countries, it stands on the road side. A similar position probably presented to the Saviour's view those sepulchres of the martyrs which drew forth his severe reproof to the Scribes and Pharisees. The cemetery of the Danish capital is a miniature of that of Pere la Chaise. The graves of the young and the aged, the warrior and the bride, are all decked with flowers whose name or character qualifies them to serve as emblems of grief or of perpetual remembrance. Some of the epitaphs and devices are pretty. One motto consists of the simple and familiar words, " Not lost, but gone before : " another, " I shall see you again : " a third, in Danish verse, may be thus translated—" Rest, O sweetly rest, dear, in the garden of the dead, amidst graves, and flowers, and tears ; till little angels bearing the ' forget-me-not ' shall summon me to join thee in eternity." One grave contains the relics of a mother whose husband and six orphans are

represented, in marble, exquisitely wrought, as doves *brooding* over their sorrows and the dust of her they loved. The ages of the little ones are represented by the size of the nestlings; and the widowed mate covers with his wings the last half-fledged pledge of conjugal love. The scenery around is beautiful. The cypress and the myrtle are wanting; or, as I gazed, I could have fancied that in that spot, and over that tomb, were written those exquisite lines which tell of "the love of the turtle."* The Jews have here, as always, a separate burying-ground. Their corpses are interred in a standing position, with the face turned towards Jerusalem.

As we returned from the cemetery to our chaise, the king and queen, prince Ferdinand and the princess Caroline his wife, drove by, courteously returning our salute. We rode behind them to the palace called Frederiksberg; and then walked over the garden, which was crowded with citizens enjoying the cool of the evening. Though absolute, yet Frederick the Sixth exercises power with lenity, and is much beloved: he encourages his people to consider him as their friend and father. What he possesses is open to his lowest subject: and he reigns as supremely in the hearts of his people, as absolutely over their persons and estates. You may have heard an anecdote mentioned by the writer of a book of travels in illustration of the paternal character of the government of Denmark. An Englishman who had brought some wild beasts to the capital, was in the habit of putting his head into the mouth of the lion. The police interfered to prevent an act fraught with danger to life; but the

* Bride of Abydos. Happily, we can admire the unrivalled poetical beauties of Byron's works, while thoroughly disapproving the principles of the author.

proprietor, who made money by the exhibition of a man's head in a lion's mouth, complained to the British minister. The only answer he could obtain was, that in Denmark human life must not be exposed to such a risk. The king's regard for the security of his subjects' personal property is manifested by another law, which prevents a foreigner from obtaining the necessary signature to his passport till he produce a document from the landlord of his inn certifying that he is not in debt.

The town of Roeskilde is about four miles from Copenhagen. It contains the cemetery of the kings of Denmark. Here the coffins of deceased monarchs, laid side by side in parallel lines, are exposed to view in all the splendour of gold and silver embossments and heraldic emblazonry. Some of the monuments wrought in marble are very handsome. Those of Christian the Third, and Frederick the Second, executed in Italy with all the taste and elegance of that country, and that of the great queen Margaret, are the most remarkable.

An annual fair is held at this season in the king's deer park, about ten miles from town. I saw it by accident; for having hired a horse to pay a visit to Mr. B——, the secretary to the embassy, I rode into the country for that purpose. Unfortunately for my visit, the fair was on the way; nor could I, by any contrivance, induce the horse to pass it. After many unsuccessful efforts, I was compelled to resign the undertaking, and returned much mortified at the result of the expedition. The scenery in the park is beautiful. Through long vistas of well-grown trees the sea opens on the view, and the sable land of Sweden forms the horizon. I dare not guess the number of those who had assembled to witness the festivities, but there were many thousands. The road from the capital was thronged with carriages of every description following close behind each other.

In every nation the costume of the higher orders is more or less accommodated to the taste of modern times; but the lower classes often retain their primitive dress. Thus it is in Denmark. The women wear bodies and skirts of different colours, in which blue and red predominate. The cap fits close to the head. It is bordered with a large fringe, and the back of it is often richly ornamented in the style of the Delhi scarfs. A coloured handkerchief is bound over the cap, and tied under the chin; while two red strings hang down behind, instead of the cues of the Hamburgers, which are here worn by children only.

The Danes are not inclined to like the English. It would be strange if they did. They cannot forget the bombardment of their citadel in 1807, in violation of the law of nations. England has taken from them Norway and their navy, and they would be more or less than men if they could cease to feel such bereavements. In the arts and sciences they are far behind us. They are slow in conception and dull in execution, fond of money and addicted to liquor. On the whole, the first impression one receives of the national character is not of the most favourable kind: though individual exceptions may be found, as I have cause to testify, among the higher classes; and perhaps better acquaintance with the great mass of the people would enable me to form a more pleasing, and at the same time a more just, estimate of their character.

The few objects of interest in this vicinity may be quickly seen: and I hope soon to drive from Copenhagen to the northeast point of Zealand, whence I shall cross the Sound and commence the tour of Scandinavia.

LETTER V.

Frederickshall, July 13th, 1830.

On Tuesday, the 6th instant, I left Copenhagen in company with Count Gyldenstolpe and an English gentleman, in a carriage for Elsineur. The distance is thirty-five miles, which we accomplished with three post-horses driven in the unicorn mode, between six in the morning and three in the afternoon. At Fredericksburg, (burg means a castle), fifteen miles from Copenhagen, we halted for an hour to see an interesting structure of the sixteenth century. It is a palace of Christian the Fourth, the architect of which was the famous Inigo Jones, who built the palace of Copenhagen, and our college of Clare Hall at Cambridge.

The king has a stud of four hundred horses here. They are ranged in rows of eight or twelve, according to their breed and colour, and exhibit noble specimens of the race. If ever one could recall with pleasure Young's highly poetical paraphrase of the inspired penman's graphic description of the war-horse, it would be on such an occasion.

"To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High raised, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war :
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death : and when he groans, he groans his last."

The horses of Holstein are strong and well-formed. This country supplies the cavalry of Prussia; as Jutland does the markets of England with her less elegant but stronger breed. It is said that fifteen or sixteen thousand horses have been exported in a single year during the late war from the Danish promontory.

An incident occurred in this place, trifling in itself, but calculated to give you an insight into the character of the people. I will mention it, because trifles make up the sum of human life, and character is more developed in trifles than in greater occurrences which call forth the deliberative faculty rather than betray the natural bent of mind. We left the carriage, ordering the postilion to harness fresh horses; and having declined dinner at the inn, proceeded to the stud. On our return, the carriage was ready. The landlord, who was also postmaster, demanded payment in advance for his cattle. We were surprised, but did not hesitate to comply, and put into his hand a Frederick-d'or. While he went to procure change, we entered the inn, (which we had not done before,) and waited five or ten minutes till he brought the silver, when we paid him and were going out. The man stopped us rudely, and demanded four marks, or eighteen pence, for the use of the room. This, of course, we resisted. He said we had sat on the couch and occupied the room for ten minutes, and that we should not quit the house till he was paid. The count, who spoke Danish fluently, parleyed with him a long time, till words ran high; and then, refusing to pay, we left the room. In the mean time, however, the landlord closed the gates of the yard, and our carriage could not proceed; nor should it, he protested, till his demand was satisfied. Having no resource, we were compelled to submit; and contented ourselves with preferring a complaint to Mr. Fenwick, the English consul at Elsineur, who kindly said

he would do what he could to have the man punished, but feared he should not succeed. A Frenchman, to whom I related the circumstance, characteristically observed—"Vraiment, monsieur, vous etiez ecorché!"

Helsingor, or Elsineur, stands on the sea-shore, where the territories of Denmark and Sweden approach most near to each other. The passage is called the "Sund," or "Sound," which signifies a narrow strait. This has often been a source of dispute between the Danes and other nations. In former times they incurred great expense in fixing buoys and erecting lighthouses to direct the course of ships in this dangerous navigation. To remunerate themselves, they claimed a right of taxing the vessels that entered the Sound. This right was long undisputed, and obtained the sanction of antiquity. At length, some English sailors refusing to pay the sum, discussion ensued, which induced a reference to the two governments. The subject remained in abeyance till the treaty of 1814, when England ceded the point in consideration of Denmark resigning all claims to compensation for a heavy loss of private property sustained in consequence of the cruel bombardment of 1807.

The castle of Cronberg at Helsingor, where the unfortunate Matilda, sister of our George the Third, and mother of the present king of Denmark, was confined, is a handsome structure of the same style as Frederiksborg. We walked over the ramparts, from which the view of the Swedish coast and the Sound, with all the Danish vessels riding at anchor, is very fine.

Close to Cronberg there is a spot called Hamlet's garden, where tradition has laid the scene of his father's murder.

A boat conveyed us hence across the sea. The distance is nearly three miles. The time occupied might have been three quarters of an hour; but though we

reached Elsineur at three in the afternoon, yet the various delays to which travellers are subjected in leaving one country for another are such, that it was past nine when, having gone through all the necessary formalities of the custom-house and police-office, we gained the hotel at Helsingborg.

As soon as we landed in Sweden, I ascended a hill that overlooks the town of Helsingborg, to reconnoitre the country. The sun was setting in the northwest, and the full moon shining with rival lustre in the southeast. Before me lay the whole coast of Zealand, over which I had travelled in the morning. In the distance I could descry the point of land on which Copenhagen stands, with the Northern and the Baltic seas stretched out on either hand. In the foreground was the little isle of Huen, that gave birth to Tycho Brahe, with the elevated town of Uranienberg. Not a single cloud was to be seen. The calm tranquillity of a Swedish village below contrasted sweetly with the scene of bustle and the din of many voices which had been left behind in the Danish town. I have seldom experienced so sensibly as at that moment the enjoyment of mere existence; yet I wanted a companion of congenial tastes:—

“Joy flies monopolists. It calls for two.
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast!”

With Denmark I have bidden adieu to gold and silver. Here none but paper money is known; and at this moment my coat pocket is stuffed out with more than a hundred bank notes, the aggregate value of which is thirty shillings. The rix-dollar (or rigsthaler, from which our word is corrupted, *rigs* signifying country,) is divided into forty-eight skillings; and the commonest notes represent eight, twelve, sixteen, and twenty-four skillings,

or threepence, fourpence halfpenny, sixpence, and ninepence of our money.

At noon on Wednesday, the 7th instant, parting from the Swedish count, I left Helsingborg in a carriage with an English gentleman. We travelled by post to Gothenborg, the second town in Sweden, where we arrived at five on the morning of the 9th, having stopped only once of our own accord, to secure three hours' sleep, but having been frequently detained by want of horses on the road. The mode of travelling in this country is peculiar. A man is despatched some hours beforehand to give notice of your intended journey, and to drop a ticket at each stage, stating the hour of your arrival, and the number of horses required. He is called the forebud, or avant courier. When he reaches the post-house, men are sent out to collect horses from the farmers. These are generally brought from grazing or from the plough, and four hours' notice is required. If the forebud have made good progress, you will travel pleasantly over excellent roads at the rate of one Swedish, or very nearly seven English miles an hour; but if, unfortunately, you overtake the forebud, you are detained two, and often three hours at each post. This has generally been our case; therefore my first essay in Sweden has rather damped my expectations regarding the luxury of Swedish travelling; but you shall hear more on this subject hereafter. The expense is small. We have had three horses abreast, and the forebud counts as one; we have therefore paid for four horses. The whole charge from Helsingborg to Gothenborg, a hundred and fifty miles, has been 2*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.* sterling, or fourpence a mile; that is, a penny for each horse per mile. In addition to this, we hired a servant for the trip to act as coachman and interpreter, who will receive twelve banco-dollars, or one pound; which divided among

the number of miles, will show the correct average of expenditure.

The mode of fencing the fields gives a romantic appearance to the country. Stakes are driven perpendicularly into the ground, and the outside planks of trees are nailed on these at an angle of 45° , parallel to and reclining on one another. Thus a strong paling is secured, while the better timber is preserved for other purposes. One of the articles of domestic economy, supplied by the inside of the fir, is torches. Strips, saturated with turpentine, are used instead of candles, and yield a good light.

In the village, the houses are small, and constructed chiefly of wood; but at Gothenborg they are large, and most of them are built of stone or bricks well stuccoed. Some of the streets have canals running through them flanked by trees. They are paved, but without trottoirs. The herring fishery was formerly carried on here to a great extent. The Swedes say that from two to three thousand millions of herrings have been caught in one season off this coast; they complain that the morning and evening guns of the English ships during the war frightened away the herrings. Whether this be true or false I will not pretend to decide. There is no doubt that salmon have deserted all the rivers of Europe in which steam-vessels ply their noisy paddles. The annual movement of large shoals of herrings is a most interesting fact. They are said to proceed at a certain season of the year in one vast body from the direction of Spitzbergen. Pursuing a southern course, this is divided by our island into two parts; one of which traverses our eastern, the other our western coast. It is the former of these that supplies the fishermen of Scandinavia and Denmark.

Gothenborg was founded by Charles the Ninth, about

two hundred years ago. It stands on the Gotha, whence it derives its name. The population may be about twenty thousand. The cathedral of Gothenborg is a large massive building of modern, but singular, style. Over the altar is a cross. Above, a crown of thorns is suspended; and upon it is a robe such as the Asiatics wear round their loins. At the foot of the cross are two angels, the one with his breast covered by his hands, the other pointing to the skies. The whole is richly wrought in gilt work, the figures being as large as life. A similar representation of angels' heads on a smaller scale is attached to the front part of the pulpit. On either side of the church is a range of windows, forming the face of the vestry and ante-room. These are likewise richly gilt, and add to the splendour of the tout ensemble. Over the altar, which stands in a recess, the roof is shaped into a dome, that not only gives an air of novelty to the interior of the building, but makes it appear larger than it really is.

This is probably the country inhabited by our ancestors the Goths, to which they gave the name it still retains of Gothland. A belief prevails generally, that they owed their origin to the Scythian tribe called Getæ; who, according to Herodotus, dwelt on the coasts of the Danube, and derived from their legislator Zamolxis a belief in "the dogma of the soul's immortality." As their numbers increased, (which they did with extraordinary rapidity,) they emigrated in various directions; and large bodies settled in Scandinavia, where their kind and hospitable dispositions and moral lives acquired for them the name of *Goths*, derived from the Teutonic word *guten*, good, and aided probably by its affinity to their ancient appellation. Dispersed over the Southern parts of Sweden, and fond of the sea, (as Tacitus observes the Swedes were, even in his time,) an attempt to cross the Baltic

was natural and easy. The distance from Carlskrona to the nearest ports of Pomerania and Prussia is only forty leagues; and the first emigration of the Goths from Scandinavia peopled the northeastern coast of the Baltic, where the commercial cities of Thorn, Elbing, Königsberg, and Dantzic have since sprung up. Their second emigration was from the Baltic to the Euxine, whence they sent out colonies to Thrace, Mæsia, and Italy: and diffusing themselves widely, formed a part of the population of almost every nation of Europe. In England the Celtic population was succeeded by the Gothic, who took possession of more than two thirds of the country, and likewise sent numerous tribes to the south of Ireland. The terms Ostrogoths and Visigoths, or Westrogoths, signifying eastern and western Goths, are derived from the position these tribes maintained in Sweden: the one occupying that part of Scandinavia which borders on Denmark, and is called Westrogothia, or West Gothland; the other, the more eastern parts near the Baltic, called Ostrogothia, or East Gothland.

I had an interesting interview with the venerable bishop of Gothenborg, the head of the Swedish Lutheran church. He called on me, and I returned his visit. He is about forty-five years of age, and a man of pleasing manners. He told me that he had distributed in Sweden fifty thousand Bibles and Testaments belonging to the Bible Society: that when the last meeting was held, he had already disposed of two hundred and fifty Bibles and fourteen hundred Testaments since January, and that he hoped to make the numbers five hundred and two thousand respectively in the course of the year. You are aware that the Lutherans believe the co-existence of the body and blood of the Saviour with the eucharistic symbols, as the Catholics do the transformation of those symbols into the sacred elements. They are violently op-

posed to the doctrine of election, which they say involves that of final reprobation. On this subject I had some conversation of a striking nature with the venerable prelate; as also on 1 John, v. 16, 17, which he thinks refers to final obduration of heart. He urged me to visit the bishop of Christiania, and Count Rosenblad, the premier of Sweden, to whom he favoured me with an introduction. They are the heads of the church and state in Norway and Sweden, and have the higher honour of standing forth as the champions of true religion in a land of much darkness. In Sweden, however, all is not dark. There is more than a glimmer of religious light. The bishop thinks that the spirit of God is evidently moving on the face of the waters.

From Gothenborg to Trolhattan the distance is about eight and a half Swedish, or fifty-eight English, miles. The road, unlike that from Helsingborg to Gothenborg, which is said to be the worst in Sweden, is in good repair; and the surrounding country exhibits a good deal of undulation, with large forests of firs, in which the Scotch and Spruce predominate. The peasants are a fine manly race, open in character, and mild in manners. They make good soldiers, and have generally gained honour in the field of battle. The women wear skirts and jackets of different colours, with a neat handkerchief tied over their heads, while the ends are allowed to float on the air behind. They are fair, and often pretty; and their children have beautiful complexions.

I find many things in this northern latitude reminding me of India. The wagons of the country correspond exactly with the hackries of the east; and are drawn by bullocks yoked in a similar manner, though not guided by a string passed through the nostrils. The Indian jay and crow are common here. The plumage of the former is far richer than that of the English jay; the latter re-

sembles the species known among us by the name of Royston crow, from its frequenting that part of Hertfordshire. At Fredericksburg, in Zeeland, we met a man carrying a large bundle of grass of a fragrant odour, which proved to be the same as that of the Indian tattees. The tattee is an apparatus for cooling the air admitted into houses, by causing it to pass through frames in which this grass is kept well watered. If these details be uninteresting to you, I must plead as my excuse that the comparative study of countries and their productions falls immediately within the province of a traveller; and that every thing connected with India has an especial claim to my attention.

Hitherto the weather has been pleasant. It was becoming hot; but the two last days brought heavy rains, and the air is consequently cool again. I am now out of the beaten track of English travellers, very few of whom have visited this part. We have seen but one Englishman since we entered Sweden. He is a sportsman who resides in that country and Norway for the purpose of hunting, shooting, and fishing. I understand that he has written, or is writing, a work on the field-sports of Scandinavia.

The name of Trolhattan will, no doubt, recall to your mind the enterprising scheme of Gustavus the First, to form a communication between the North Sea and the Baltic, in order to avoid the embarrassments to which Swedish ships were subjected by the Danes in their passage through the sound. From 1526 to 1747 several unsuccessful efforts were made by Christian and Charles. In the latter year the canal was rendered navigable from Trolhattan to Wenersborg, a distance of ten miles: but, to avoid the fall of the Gotha, it was necessary to excavate the rock for three miles farther. This was effected in 1800, and a vessel may now go from the lake of

Wetter, through that of Wenner, the canal, and the river Gotha, into the Cattegat. In this voyage she has to pass through nineteen locks, and falls a hundred and sixty feet. The locks are fixed in solid granite; eight of them are close to each other, and near Trolhattan: the effect produced by their consecutive position, giving them the appearance of a mighty ladder, each step of which is formed by a reservoir of water, is at once most remarkable and imposing. Except the Via Mala on the Splugen pass into Italy, I have seen nothing with which to compare so laborious an excavation; and in many respects greater difficulties were to be encountered here than there. But the interest of this spot arises more from natural than from artificial beauties. The river flows under a bank of high rock, on which firs are now thinly, and now more abundantly, scattered. An island in the centre, opposing the natural current of the water, causes it to rush angrily down an inclined plane in advance. The contracted passage increases the tumult of the stream, which, acquiring a prodigious velocity in the gradual descent alluded to, curls over a rock rising just enough to inflect the line of water in the form of a dolphin's head, and then precipitates its foaming waves into the gulf below.

Near the fall is a cavity of an oval shape formerly tenanted, it would seem, by some enormous stone now removed from his regularly chiselled seat. Here sat Gustavus Adolphus, and here the Duke of Sundermania. Here too, Charles the Twelfth, Carl Johan the king, and Oscar the present viceroy of Norway and heir to the throne of Bernadotte. Here I paused for a moment. From this spot thousands now numbered with the dead have dwelt on the same sublime and awful scene. The face of nature is unaltered, and so it will remain when minds which now contemplate her beauties shall dwell

with delight, infinitely greater than they experience here, on the glories of the eternal world.

Passing by the lake Wenner, we pursued our way to Undeewala, a town on the banks of one of the *fjords*, or bays, which indicate the traveller's approach to Norway. The inn was wretchedly dirty. In the middle of the night two Frenchmen, almost the only travellers whom we have encountered in Sweden, entered our sitting room and converted it into a bed chamber. The disturbance was no inconvenience, for I had already been up repeatedly, waging war against some unwelcome bedfellows, twelve of whom I had thrown out of the window; but the relentless host maintained such a successful combat, that I was at length fairly driven off the field, and compelled to take refuge on the floor near the Frenchmen, in hope that my enemies might be enticed away by the vicinity of richer prey. In general, the accommodations have been better than we anticipated. On a route so little frequented, provisions are necessarily cheap. The bill for a dinner of three or four kinds of meat may amount to a shilling; which will also cover the expense of a breakfast with coffee, bread, butter, smoked salmon, and strawberries: but notwithstanding this, travelling in the north is dearer than in the south of Europe; because the different sorts of carriages required in the various countries that are visited, must all be purchased.

Here the scenery begins to assume a different character. Large masses of rock, some skirted with firs, others presenting to the wind their rugged surfaces unrounded by the friction of at least four thousand years, are thrown confusedly into the landscape. The Norwegian mountains form the background, and the tranquillity of the water, land-locked in successive bays, contrasts with the conflict of elements to which the mind involuntarily re-

fers the strange derangement here exhibited of the most solid parts of the creation. This kind of scenery continued during the whole of yesterday's journey, towards the latter end of which we crossed the frontier of Norway, near a village called Higdal, about a hundred and five miles from Trolhattan. It was late in the evening: but at this season the night is as pleasant to the traveller, and almost as light, as the day. Continuing our route for fifteen miles, we reached Frederikshall about twelve o'clock; and having had very little sleep for seven nights, we were not sorry to consign our weary bodies to rest, though on beds miserably deficient both in quality and quantity.

It does not always happen that what is pleasing in prospect is equally so in enjoyment. So it is with regard to days protracted during twenty-four hours. This *sounds* very delightful; but the body needs relief from constant light, which becomes wearisome and almost painful. It seems as if certain functions of the human system were influenced, like those of plants, by light and darkness; and as if the alternation of these were essential to healthy action of body and mind. It is unpleasant, and seems unnatural, to go to sleep in daylight; and a town perfectly still, exhibiting no signs of life except a straggling dog or muffled watchman in the broad glare of day, wears an aspect melancholy and death-like.

I have now entered on a new and highly interesting country; one of which my limited descriptive powers will be able to convey no adequate idea. How the mountain scenery of Norway will bear comparison with that of Switzerland or the colossal ranges of the Himala, I will not venture to conjecture; but you shall hear of my progress from time to time; and as it is a country little known, the accounts shall be more detailed.

LETTER VI.

Christiania, 16th July, 1830.

We reached Frederikshall, the frontier town of Norway, on the night of Monday the 12th instant. The country, which in South Gothland is flat and sandy, becomes gradually more interesting, while the scenery assumes a bolder and more striking character. The nearer approach to Norway is characterised by a great increase of wood, and numerous little bays along the line of coast. These are called "*fjords*" or "*fjords*." It is on one of these that the town of Frederikshall, with the fort of Frederikstein, is built. A Norwegian gentleman, named Hanson, kindly conducted us to an eminence to view a landscape considered one of the finest in this romantic country.

Ascending a lofty mountain we enjoyed a scene which Switzerland can scarcely equal. On the right, an extensive lake supplied by five rivers, whose confluent waters here unite to form the noble river Glomen, presents to the eye its leafy banks and three or four picturesque islands covered with luxuriant fir trees; the surface was calm as we surveyed it; and a few northern birds reposed peacefully on its bosom. On the left, in the foreground, the Glomen rushes violently down a precipice in three successive cataracts; being hidden from the view, before the waves have regained a tranquil state, by a forest rising on the projecting angle of a chain of hills: in the distance through a defile of woody mountains, we overlooked a fiord, at the extremity of which the tower of Frederikshall is seen in miniature, with a

background of dark green forest on the heights above. A break in these disclosed the channel where the sea gains admission, and forms the fiord, here, as always, the characteristic of a Norwegian scene. While our minds were pleasingly excited by a view of this perfect landscape, the ruin of the venerable fort of Frederikstein recalled to memory the fall of Sweden's glory in the person of Charles the Twelfth. Here he perished in an attempt to take the citadel. He was leaning on a block of marble when a shot struck his head. This block, rudely chiseled, now forms his monumental stone. Conscience has since smitten me for bringing away a piece of it; for if every traveller did the same, Charles would be left without a local memorial.

Close to the cataracts just mentioned is an establishment of saw mills, some of which belong to Mr. Hanson. The firs are hewn and marked; then floated down the Glomen in great numbers from various parts of the country; and, being stopped here, are recognised as the property of their respective owners. No attempt is made to steal them, though unaccompanied in their progress down the river: indeed, there is no temptation, since trees can be obtained for the trouble of felling, and without the risk of a legal penalty. Where the stream winds round an angle, a peasant is appointed to push off from shore the logs that have been stranded. This is the only aid they require in their long and singular voyage. When hurled down cascades and rapids they are frequently injured; but the cheapness of such a conveyance more than compensates for the loss sustained. A natural raft of firs rushing down three foaming cataracts in immediate succession is an imposing sight.

A similar mode of transporting wood is adopted in Germany; and grates, called *rechen*, are fixed at the mouths of rivers to collect the trees that float down. In

different parts of Europe where the forests are inaccessible, as on Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, various modes of obtaining the timber have been devised. There an inclined plane was adapted to the rugged sides of the mountain, at one time passing through excavated tunnels, at another suspended over frightful chasms; and on this, trees of a hundred feet in length rushed with almost incredible velocity through a space of eight miles from the top of the mountain into the lake of Lucerne. Unfortunately the speculation proved abortive; and the slide of Alpnach was resigned to the destructive influence of the elements.

From Frederikshall to Christiania the distance is about eight Norwegian miles. We slept on the road at a town called Moss, situated on a fiord of great beauty. In the morning I enjoyed a ramble over the neighbouring country, while the carriage was submitted to some necessary repairs and the forebud rode on to order relays of horses.

The delay afforded me an opportunity of observing the ceremony of a Norse marriage. A number of young girls with flowers in their hands stood at the door of the church. The bride and bridegroom, humbly dressed, entered and took their seats in a pew, while the priest and an acolyte chanted alternately some psalms. A prayer was then offered, and the parties approaching the altar knelt to receive the benediction of the priest, and to join their supplications for the blessing of the divine institutor of this sacred rite. No ring appeared to be given; but it might have been without my seeing it. The manner of all was serious and devotional.

It was late on Wednesday morning before our carriage was repaired; and the sun had just set as we reached the capital of Norway. The view of Christiania from the top of the hill that overlooks it receives no

small accession of interest from the beauty of the surrounding scenery and the novelty of its character. The town stands on a fiord running up into a continent of richly wooded mountains. The number of ships riding at anchor converted the bay into a forest of masts. The metropolis, surrounded as it is by suburbs built entirely of wood, is itself a remarkable object that seems to carry one out of the world of arts and luxuries: but having once entered the town, all interest in it ceases. A plague seems to have swept away the greater part of the inhabitants. Neither politics nor commerce move the natives to exertion. A vehicle is seldom seen in the streets; and you may walk for an hour without meeting two. Though the Storting, or representative assembly of the country, is now sitting, yet even that does not give life to this inanimate city, which seems to have been visited by an asphaltic breeze.

During my short stay I have received great kindness from Mr. Broder Knutzdon, to whom I was favoured with an introduction by his brother in London. He has accompanied me about the town, devoting himself for two days to that object; so that I have felt unlike a stranger here. Mr. Knutzdon is a banker of eminence at Trondheim. He resided some years in England; hence, to the hospitable kindness of a native of the north and the acquirements of a literary man he unites the polish and refinement of an English gentleman. Such an acquaintance is invaluable to a traveller. It inspires him with confidence in research, while sources of information are opened, calculated to stimulate the activity and satisfy the curiosity of his mind.

In an evening excursion we rambled over the fort and its environs. It is called Aggerhuus, and gives a name to one of the four statistical divisions of Norway. The view from this spot is interesting. The eye roams over

the tranquil waters of the fiord, whose surface is studded with islands and shipping, and rests on a back ground of hills which, just as we saw them, borrowed from the setting sun the golden tint of anticipated autumn. A prospect so rich in the beauties of nature, viewed from a warlike citadel and in a commercial town, offers to the mind an assemblage of images not frequently combined. Turning our steps homewards, we traversed again the ill-paved streets in search of a bookseller's shop; but such a convenience exists only in a state of higher civilisation than Norway can boast. All the shops are indifferently furnished: few of them can be recognised by external signs; so that a stranger finds difficulty in supplying himself with common necessities. Most of the houses are built of brick. Some few are of stone. The lowest floor is sunk below the level of the ground; an arrangement which must be peculiarly unwholesome, as the town is ill-drained, and the pavement, inclined from each side, converts the centre of every street into a common-sewer.

Yesterday I visited professors Hungstein and Esmark: the one a great geologist in this berceau of the science; the other an adventurous and scientific traveller. Professor Hungstein has lately returned from Siberia, where he went for the purpose of making observations on the variation of the needle. He thinks he has proved that there are two magnetic axes cutting each other in the centre of the globe; that their northern poles are, the one near the spot where Parry and Franklin fixed it, the other in Siberia: and their southern poles, of course, at the vertically opposite points. To illustrate this, he arranged the experiments made by travellers in different parts of the world, especially those of navigators, and showed that the variation of the needle depends always on its distance from these two poles. But observations

were wanting in Siberia. He stated his belief that the needle would be found to deviate from the north in a certain manner at certain places in that country. Having sketched a map of supposed variations, he undertook the journey, under the sanction of the emperor of Russia, to ascertain the truth of his theory, and had the satisfaction to find his hypothesis verified by the result. I obtained permission to copy the map he has drawn of magnetic deviations throughout the world, and regard it as one of the most interesting things seen in my tour. From Professor Hungstein I have gained some new ideas, the only real wealth.

Professor Esmark was formerly attached to the academy of Kongsberg, where he delivered lectures in the mineralogical department. At present he holds a similar situation in the university of this city, which numbers twenty professors. The nucleus of a public library is already formed here; and the collection of books, made with great care and assiduity, promises some day to rival those of Copenhagen and Stockholm. I am informed that a similar embryo of literature exists at Bergén. It is interesting to watch the radiations of science from the English and German foci; and to trace their diverging courses to the north and the east, and the south and the west. May Christianity advance with civilisation and knowledge, and the clouds of moral darkness be dispersed by the light of true religion!

LETTER VII.

Bergen, July 31st, 1830.

That one who has traversed the Himala should address an explorer of the Andes from the mountains of Norway, on which they had hoped to roam in pleasing fellowship, is a circumstance that seems almost to annihilate the distance of the opposing points of the compass, and to bring every spot of our earth within the grasp of an adventurous spirit. I will not dwell on my disappointment in finding that you had not arrived at Hamburg the day we fixed; but, had I the pen of a ready writer, a tantalising description of all I have seen should excite in your mind regret at least equal to my own. The scenery of this country is indescribable. The "*fjelds*," or mountains, may be conceived by the imagination; but the beauty of the "*fjords*," or bays, defies alike the pencil and the pen.

I had intended to proceed from Christiania to Stockholm, but Norway possesses a power of fascination which has proved irresistible. I have been led on from one week to another, and am now deterred from going by Trondheim to Tornea only by the impossibility of getting my portmanteau from the capital without going for it myself. There are no diligences, and comparatively no travelling; for the towns of this country have far less communication with each other than with foreign states: and the journey from Bergen to Christiania, which I hope to commence on Monday, is undertaken by scarcely a dozen people in a year. A Norwegian

resident of this town has just told me that he does not remember to have seen here more than one English traveller during the last five years.

I should much like to go round the gulf of Bothnia, and enter Lapland: but this excursion is deferred till another opportunity, when perhaps we may yet be fellow-travellers. The Laps annually bring their deer to the mountains of Norway, to graze during summer on the rein-moss which covers, like a dress of gold, the more elevated fields. Three days before I joined two gentlemen, who are now my travelling companions, they had supped and slept in a Lap hut with a family of those wanderers, surrounded by six hundred deer; and much did they enjoy the opportunity of observing the manners of a race who seem to form a link between the worlds of reason and of instinct. The Laps were encamped on the Roraas mountain between Trondheim and Christiania, which is always occupied at this season by one of their families. They were living in the uncivilised modes peculiar to their country, deriving subsistence, clothes, and bedding, entirely from their deer. Drinking and smoking form their chief sources of enjoyment. How pleasure can be derived from such habits is happily incomprehensible to us: but *their* ideas are few; their enjoyments still fewer. My friends left them with the impression that they are as little as possible elevated above the brute creation; though they do not quite answer to the description which Tacitus quotes with ambiguous faith, that they have human faces with the bodies and limbs of wild beasts.*

On Friday, the 16th instant, I left Christiania in com-

* Tacit. de mor. Germ. cap. xlv.

pany with Mrs. Fowler and Gurney, two interesting young men, for Dramen, a town about thirty miles southwest from the capital, carrying on an extensive trade in furs with Holland.

Our road lay along the shore of a fiord celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. A succession of hill and dale carried us through a country whose rich and various charms almost fatigue through excess of enjoyment. On the right hand, hills of basaltic porphyry arise with sloping forests of birch and fir; and as the setting sun sinks behind and leaves the last branches ungilded by its rays, their sombre shadows present to view an unlimited expanse of groves, in which imagination can scarcely fail to place the shrines of Woden and of Thor.* The foreground, no less wild, consists with the illusion. No villages nor country-seats, no cultivated fields nor orchards, tell of the luxuries of the rich or the labours of the husbandman; but the whole is the monopoly of nature. Here she has planted her garden, and here she reigns supreme. The mountains her throne and the flowery valleys her footstool, she triumphs in the fulness of her charms. The florist and the botanist may find inexhaustible treasures in this unexplored repository of her stores. Nor will the researches of the geologist be less amply repaid. Some of the hills are formed of marble resting on a base of granite, which is intimately

* In the mythology of Greece and Rome, Mars, who corresponded to the Scandinavian God Thor, was frequently characterised by an epithet indicative of his ferocity, the similarity of which (*thouros*) to the name Thor is remarkable. Might the one word be derived from the other?

associated with, and passes into, trap. Many varieties of granite, jasper and feldspar are seen here; and in the marble quarries are crystals of green garnet and carbonated lime, the rationale of whose formation is a subject of speculation among mineralogists.

On the left the sea runs up into a thousand creeks and bays of every shape and size, each studded with woods, and forming in itself a perfect picture. Where the bay is large, the sameness of its even surface is varied by islands springing up, as if by magic touch, exactly where the eye requires them; while the gentle ripple of the distant tide and the blue tint of its water tell that the seeming lake draws on the resources of an ocean concealed by the mountains.

The next day, we passed through Kongsberg, celebrated for its silver mines, which are situated in mountains of red granite resting on a base of hornblende and mica, whose remarkable formation long since attracted the attention of Norwegian and English geologists. These mines, now scarcely repaying the labour bestowed on them, have produced larger masses of native silver than any others in the world. One of these I have mentioned in a former letter as being in the museum at Copenhagen; an enormous specimen, upwards of five feet in length, weighing more than five hundred pounds. Other pieces have been discovered of two and three hundred weight; small by the side of their elder brother, yet gigantic as compared with the productions of other countries. The Kongsberg mines abound with mineralogical curiosities, of which the most remarkable is native electrum, a natural alloy of gold and silver. Native mineral carbon is found here in large quantities, which, though black as coal and exactly resembling that substance, can scarcely by analysis be distinguished from diamond.

From this place we started without much delay on an excursion of some difficulty, for the purpose of seeing the famous waterfall of Rincken, called Rinckenfoss. With Kongsberg we left civilisation. Each step carried us forward from its influence. We had already accomplished eight-and-forty miles from Christiania in the carts of the country, which are miserable conveyances, far worse than the rudest taxed-cart seen in England; and the last part of the day's journey was over a road where the horse had to choose his steps between points of rock and stumps of cleft trees. At Moen, the only village within fourteen miles, and containing scarcely a dozen men, we could procure neither bed nor food. Our own stock was produced: the stream supplied water; and a hard table was the best substitute for a couch.

The 18th was Sunday. The impossibility, in such a place, of passing the day as a sabbath, reconciled us to the necessity of moving to the next house, called Birkoshee, at a distance of thirteen miles. Our route lay through a forest of lofty firs, where the woodman has seldom plied his axe. Torrents of rain had fallen; and the road, if such it could be called, was covered with slimy mud which rendered it very difficult for the horses to proceed. In such weather we were not a little surprised to meet a party of peasants, neatly dressed in the peculiar costume of the district, going, in spite of rain and road, a distance of one-and-twenty miles to church. If we failed to profit by the example we have abundant cause for shame.

The Tellemarken women wear a red jacket; a black skirt trimmed at the bottom with yellow; and a short vest, fastened by a ceinture where the jacket ends and hanging in loose plaits for some inches below. A colored handkerchief, tied round the head, floats on the air behind. The sides of the stockings are prettily worked; and the shoes are ornamented with large buckles or star-shaped

pieces of leather. The costume of the men is something like that in which Charles the Twelfth is drawn, or that of the combatants in the Spanish bull-fights. A short jacket of some decided color; a waistcoat striped and very gaudy; dark breeches, with a streak of red running down both sides and across the front; worsted stockings well worked; broad embroidered garters; large knee buckles: and shoes ornamented like the women's. Both sexes wear a profusion of silver lace and trinkets on their persons, and even on their saddles.

We were told that one Englishman had preceded us a few days since, in a journey to the Riiken. We met him on his return. His account of the difficulties to be encountered weighed little against his acknowledgment of the recompense, and served to stimulate rather than repress our ardour.

At Birkoshee we found a more comfortable room than we had expected. The proprietor of the house was evidently a man of some property. The interior was ornamented with a variety of copper, iron, and even silver utensils, all shining in the cleanliness of unused and valued stores. Two cribs, curiously carved, fixed to the wooden sides of the building, were filled with fresh hay on our account; nor did we fail to contrast such luxurious beds with the accommodation of the preceding night.

Throughout Norway the houses are built of wood, which is found to be as much warmer as it is cheaper than bricks. The trunks of trees rudely squared are laid sideways on one another, the interstices being calked with moss. The walls thus formed are covered with a sloping roof. In this state the building remains for six or seven years, during which time the wood contracts under the constant heat of a large fire, and the whole becomes close and compact. A coating of pitch is afterwards applied inside and out, and a double lining

of deal-boards nailed to the timbers prevents the possibility of communication between the internal and external atmosphere. In this part of the country an additional precaution is requisite. The snow lies on the mountains the greater part of the year and would rot the lower beams, if they were not raised on piles. Six little pillars of wood, the solid trunks of trees, (with chapiters of the Norwegian order of architecture!) support the building, the upper story of which projects beyond the lower, and is, in its turn, protected by a large Swiss roof. In the inside of the house an inscription is often seen, standing out in relief and extending over one side of the room. This serves to bequeath the building from generation to generation, and prevents its alienation in a land where parchments and lawyers are unknown.*

The peasants of Tellemarken, few in number and

* The Swiss traveller will recall to mind mottos inscribed in a similar manner, though having a different import, on the outside of many of the houses in Switzerland, especially in the canton of Berne. The following specimens, accurately copied by the friend to whom this letter was addressed, are transcribed from his journal and translated into English. The first is as follows:

"I hope in God, and wait for the hour when He shall come to redeem me. Come then, Christ my Lord, to grant me aid in my latter end."

The other is of a similar character:

"God preserve this house from danger of fire and water, and all other perils; and crown these and all possessors of the same with peace and blessings here on this earth, in order that they may direct their aim to the heavenly abode."

separated by their mountains from much intercourse with the rest of the world, are the finest set of men we have yet seen in Norway. They are less fond of money than the Norse in general; and equally with the rest of their countrymen regard the outward observances of religion. It is a rare thing to meet a labourer who cannot read. The old man with whom we passed this day had a history of the wars between England and France, printed at Copenhagen, which we saw him studying. In every house, however poor, the bible and psalter have their place. Notwithstanding this, the majority of the lower orders are very idle. They are addicted to cheating and falsehood; and, though more intelligent, are less interesting, because less moral, than their neighbours the Swedes. The whiteness of their long and flowing hair, (which in after life becomes light brown,) the regularity and colour of their teeth, and fairness of complexion, characterise the Norwegians generally.

Nineteen miles over a mountain bridle-road to Tindoser, and twenty-one miles over the lake of Tind, carried us to a village called Moel, whence we walked seven miles to Dal, where we passed the night of the 19th. The scenery, especially on the banks of the lake, is bold and striking. Mountains rise on either side, here richly clad with firs and birch, there standing out in wild projections of rock receiving on their surface the playful waterfall, and churlishly denying subsistence even to the kindred lichen.

A bed of hay with a horse-cloth, hard bacon, unleavened rye bread full of husk, and sometimes a little milk, were all that from this time we could procure. It may seem strange that, in a country like Norway, new milk should be a rarity. The fact is, the people live in summer only to provide for winter. The grass on the top of the mountains is poorer than that in the valleys;

therefore the cattle are sent up to eat the former while the latter is preserved to be mowed and stacked. Two or three women go and live with a herd of cows in the most desolate of the unclaimed pasturages; and all the milk they can procure is converted into cheese, and added to the winter stock. Little or no flesh is consumed by the men; so that they have no motive to retain the flocks and herds below. The manure is therefore lost to the soil; and fields which might produce corn, yield only hay. If the people would eat more meat, the ground would be enriched by the cattle, and more land might be brought into cultivation. On Tuesday morning we started for the Riukenfoss. Only one horse was in the village; but the distance was short; and after the first ten miles a horse could not proceed. For four miles we scrambled over rocks where, in places, there was nothing more than a ledge just large enough to catch the side of the foot. The scenery is grand beyond description. The mountains on either side of the valley are covered to the very summits with wood; while, in the middle, the river rolls its angry waters through a rugged channel whose inclination augments constantly their velocity.

At length we reached the foss. I do not remember to have seen a sight so calculated to inspire terror. The Moen rushes through a rock blackened by time, and falls from a height of four hundred and fifty feet perpendicularly into a caldron of the same dark material. The foam, or *riuken*, rises so high as to conceal from the distant spectator the depth of the fall, which we could duly appreciate only when lying on the ground and looking over the edge of the precipice at its highest point. Whether real or fancied, the earth seemed to tremble under the concussion of the continuous torrent.

At this moment the sun burst from behind a cloud, and shining upon the falling water and the playful spray,

cast obliquely on the dark background a perfect double rainbow approaching nearly to a circle. The effect was exceedingly striking. Placed in the only point where the circumference was incomplete, we saw ourselves clothed with the rainbow. Unprepared as we were for so extraordinary a position, it was too sublime: and we almost shuddered at the glory of the vesture with which we were surrounded: while in the beauty and grandeur of this masterpiece of his hand, we recognised the power of Him who "weigheth the mountains in scales," and "covereth himself with light as with a garment."

This phenomenon, in itself so remarkable, was rendered yet more interesting by the recollection that equal dimensions are exhibited by the rainbow of scarcely any other waterfall in the world, and never attained by the covenanted bow in the clouds. You remember that from the relative position of the spectator and the sun, and from the convex figure of the earth, the natural rainbow can never be seen larger than a semi-circle; and as large only for a moment when the sun is emerging from, or dipping under, the horizon.

We had now completed the object for which we started from Christiania; but my mind was bent on proceeding, if possible, to Bergen. The finest scenery in Norway was stated to be in that vicinity; and what we had seen had whetted the appetite for a fuller enjoyment of such beauties.

The obstacle was a chain of mountains, marked in the maps as the Hardanger Fjeld, which had never been passed but in one direction, and then only by three Englishmen and one Norwegian. The latter is Professor Hungstein of Christiania, whom I have already introduced to you as a scientific traveller in Siberia, and the Humboldt of the north. He told us that he had bivouacked

three nights in the snow, and tried to dissuade us from following his steps.

The pass we resolved to attempt was another one, quite unexplored. Should you blame, yet perhaps you have yourself experienced the feeling that makes one the more anxious to traverse ground, because it is *terra incognita*. According to our best calculation, the distance from Dal to Bergen was two hundred miles, more than half of which was over the trackless mountains. No information could be gleaned from the peasants; and it was not for some time that the minds of the whole party were made up to encounter an expedition which proved difficult and interesting beyond our highest expectations. We were furnished with neither clothes nor provisions adapted to the occasion. Ignorant of the country over which we roamed, we had hitherto encouraged the belief that each day would bring us to a village where a stock of good food might be procured: but this hope had proved fallacious, and we had now nearly exhausted the little store provided at Kongsberg. Our minds, however, were better fortified than our bodies: and at length, having determined to proceed, we went forward animated by hope, and resolved patiently to persevere.

Returning to Moel, we recrossed the lake of Tind to a village of the same name at its opposite extremity. The distance was only seven miles; but, owing to a contrary wind, it was midnight ere we arrived. A farmer admitted us with some hesitation to a bed of hay; saying it was impossible for him to provide horses, or give any information as to the route we talked of.

The following morning we waited on the priest. He welcomed us with a pipe in his mouth and a bottle of ale on the table. Unfortunately, neither English, French, Italian, German, nor Latin was intelligible to him. All

he could communicate through our Norse servant was, that the pass, if such there were, was very high and very difficult, and, to the best of his belief, never attempted.

The map led us to conclude that a village, called Tessungdale, eighteen miles from Tind, lay at the foot of the Hardanger. For this, with the assistance of the kind priest's horse, we resolved to make the best of our way, and soon reached the top of the hills that overlook the lake of Tind. The same vast forests with which we had become familiar, characterised the scenery. On the heights, the firs dwindle in size, and birch predominates. By degrees the former were left behind, and the stunted birch appeared more thinly scattered on the bleak field. At length we reached the point where vegetation ceases. It might be about three thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Ascending still higher, it was curious to remark the inversion of objects occasioned by our local change. The forests appeared only in the valleys, and the clouds beneath our feet seemed to say that we had invaded the fabled residence of "The cloud-impelling Jupiter."

Towards evening, a few wooden houses in a valley indicated that the day's journey was at an end. Some husky rye bread and hard bacon were attacked by us with a relish which a city gourmand might covet; while a girl ran off to get milk from the cows that were grazing some miles away on the mountains.

Distances in Norway are not like distances in England. Towns are separated from each other by hundreds, and villages by scores, of miles. The very measure of land is gigantic; and, as though the mind could be deceived through the medium of the ear, the tenth of a degree, or nearly seven English miles, is called a Norwegian mile.

The peasants told us that the Hardanger, rising above their heads, opposed an insuperable barrier between them and the natives of the western districts. No man would venture to guide us over upwards of a hundred miles where no road was to be seen; and where, in many places, the snow had accumulated from the first subsidence of the waters of the flood. A transient fear crossed our breasts that we might be compelled to relinquish a trip to the dangers and interest of which we were now wrought up. It proved however but transient. We learned that, some miles off, a mountaineer maintained a solitary, but friendly, communion with the winds and woods. He was believed to know something of the Alpine waste. A summons brought this wild child of nature. He said he had succeeded in a former attempt to cross the Hardanger, and knew the bearings of Bergen; so he agreed for seven dollars to accompany us. Some unleavened bread and bacon were added to our little store; and, the necessary preparations being made, we started from Tessungdale at one in the afternoon of Thursday the 22d of July.

The party consisted of Messrs. Fowler and Gurney, myself, our servant, the guide, and a man who accompanied the horses. Of these we had four, one of which carried the provisions. Like the horses of Switzerland, those of Norway are very small. They seldom exceed twelve or thirteen hands in height; but they are hardy and sure-footed. On the rocks they scramble like goats, sometimes perhaps to the alarm, and always to the surprise, of the rider.

Four miles from Tessungdale we passed a couple of huts, and then commenced the arduous ascent. Firs and birch gradually disappeared, as before. Our guide tore from the last stragglers of the forest a few branches which were fixed on the backs of the horses, and served

afterwards to kindle a fire in time of urgent need. At four o'clock the trees were all left behind. Wild flowers, however, appeared in great profusion; especially the heart's ease, the cucubalus, the strawberry blossom, many species of chrysanthemum and campanula, and a great variety of others peculiar to Norway, with whose names I am unacquainted. We were particularly struck with a shrub resembling in its leaf the sage, and with a sweet flower like honeysuckle. The mosses and heaths are very numerous. Before five, the rein-deer moss appeared, and prepared us to see a herd of those beautiful animals shortly afterwards dart across our way. They were the first I ever beheld: nor is it improbable that we were the first persons who had ever intruded on their mountain privacy. At six we saw some ptarmigan; and at nine heard a cry like that of the eagle.

The sun set in the N.N.W. For two hours we pursued our course by twilight over a country wilder than imagination can conceive. Barren rocks and broad morasses were varied only now and then by heaths and lichens thinly scattered. Yet sometimes a hill would rise to view, gilded with rein-deer moss, like crystals of the flower of sulphur, and shining with a beauty peculiar to itself.

The weather was inclement. It rained hard, and the cold was intense. Our servant had dropped behind with fatigue; and for two successive hours the guide had been saying that we were within a mile of a hut which would afford something like shelter for the night. The minutes dragged heavily along. Hope and fear succeeded each other in rapid alternation; and the promised haven seemed to retreat before us. At length, an hour before midnight, we reached it, and perhaps never entered the home of our fathers with so much thankfulness as we did this pile of stones; for suspecting that

the guide had lost his way, we were anticipating continued exposure to the tempestuous elements.

The stones forming the hut, if such a title it could merit, were rudely and irregularly put together. A hole in the centre let out the smoke and admitted the fresh air. The former had no other exit; the latter had free entrance on every side. Four women and three children were lying on two litters which nearly filled the hut. The intermediate space was occupied by a calf. Ranged round the sides were bowls of milk and cream, the produce of a herd of cows, whose lowing indicated an unaccustomed intrusion. The smell and filth were almost intolerable; but our minds were braced to the encounter. Three horse blankets were laid on the wet ground, and our feet were turned towards the smoking embers of the fire. Thus, wrapped in cloaks, we slept a little; but the rain beat in so violently that it was not possible to repose for any length of time.

The morning dawned, disclosing the full wretchedness of the hovel which darkness had covered with a friendly veil. The squalid filth of the women was exceeded, if possible, by that of the naked children; and we agreed that the bleak mountains, under a sky emptying its watery freight before a cutting wind, were preferable to such a resting place.

After breakfasting on smoked bacon and some husky rye cakes, whose dryness and inequalities, but for a thick layer of cream, would have impeded their progress down the throat, we renewed our journey at nine in the morning. Two hours' halt was granted to the patient animals. After ten hours' of hard marching over trackless mountains, on the limits of perpetual congelation, and in a drenching rain, we accomplished three- and twenty miles. With the exception of a herd of rein-deer, perhaps a hundred in number, who fled as we

disturbed their mossy meal, and the plovers whose plaintive cry consoled well with the discomfort of our condition, scarcely a sign of animal or vegetable existence was to be seen.

Our course the preceding day was W. by S. and the mountain where we stopped the guide called Recshion. This day we travelled west, and to the spot attained at night (whether capriciously or otherwise I cannot say,) he gave the name of Feelsihoon.

Descending a few hundred feet, we found a pile of stones similar to that already described, but without a tenant. It was probably raised by some venturesome hunters, who, living in the nearest and most elevated village on the north-east of the Hardanger and exploring in successive journeys a little and a little more of the inhospitable fjeld, have fixed this as the limit of their bold essay; and who, perhaps, annually pass a night here, to enjoy the chase of the deer. Whatever its origin, it screened us in some degree from the severity of the cold, which at this altitude, with patches of snow on every side, is intense even in the day-time.

Twelve feet by six allowed but two feet of ground in breadth to each of us. This was to be shared by three saddles and the embers of a fire supplied by our birch twigs, so that we squeezed together in a manner which would have arrested sleep less dearly earned. We gained something, however, in the development of caloric; and hailing with pleasure the moment of release from such painful incarceration, renewed our journey at four in the morning of Saturday the 24th instant.

The blackest rye bread, unleavened and full of husk, with cheese and half cooked bacon, was all that we had eaten. At a distance of six miles the guide assured us we could obtain some milk; accordingly, after a march

of four hours over rocks which some days ago we should have hesitated to ascend on foot, but on which the horses were now allowed to walk with the reins over their necks, we reached a hollow pile of stones, where three women watched over, and manufactured into cheese, the produce of a herd of cows.

This was the third establishment of the kind, (for I know not how to designate it,) we had encountered in three days. Each of them was situated in a kind of valley, distant fifty or sixty miles from the nearest village, and attainable only by a circuitous route known to none but the half civilised mountaineers who occupied the hut during a few summer weeks, and who then returned by the same way, without the desire or means of exploring the surrounding world of desolation. We formed, in all probability, the only communication between the distant tenants of the mountain waste, ignorant of each other's existence.

One shed at Hansboo, as this place was called, held the fire-place and stock of summer fuel brought from a great distance: another, forty or fifty bowls of milk in every degree of sweetness or sour fermentation, ranged according to the days on which they were added to the little stock. Some coarse rye flour was boiled in cream by one of these children of nature, and presented with an intimation that this dish of "*flotteegroot*" was a token of their good will, and the choicest produce of the farm. It was a strange meal; but we needed the nourishment yielded by the rich cream; and felt that we were thereby fortified for a continued campaign.

These women were more civilised than those we had visited before. They came from the western side of the fjeld, and purposed to stay two months, unless the fall of snow denied provender to their cows. They wore white woollen gowns, with drawers of the same mate-

rial, but black. Under these, white socks appeared. Their hair was tied up with worsted. A waistcoat with metal buttons and short sleeves completed the grotesque costume. One of them attempted to stitch my glove. The apparatus might have been mistaken for a sail-maker's; so might the work; but the very effort evinced superiority to the other uncivilised beings. A present of half a dollar, equal to one shilling and eight pence, quite overcame our hostesses, who ran out with extended hands to grasp those of their benefactors.

Pursuing our journey, a solitary bird now and then flew over our heads; and since living creatures were so scarce, attracted attention. A hawk of the smallest known species, and peculiar to Norway, a large falcon, an eagle, and a white owl were of this number. We noticed particularly some lemmings, (whose singular history may be familiar to you,) running among the rocks. This creature is as large as a rat, with a pointed head, short round ears, small black eyes, straight whiskers, and two long cutting teeth in each jaw. The fore-legs are very short; and the toes, of which there are only four, (a sharp claw or spur being substituted for the fifth,) are covered with hair. The skin is of a dusky hue, with a tinge of yellow prevailing more towards the stomach, which is yellow and white. They appeared in hundreds, perhaps thousands, running in and out of holes under the rocks. Sometimes they descend from their elevated abodes, and migrate into Lapland, in swarms defying numerical calculation, and destroying, like locusts, every green thing. The Norwegians and Laps have many superstitions connected with these curious animals; amongst others, that they fall from the clouds. I object only to the word *fall*; for that they dwell above the clouds I can attest from ocular demonstration. Some of their habits, however, are singular enough to feed the

credulity of the ignorant Nordlanders. The father of Mr. Broder Knutzdon, from whom I received great kindness at Christiania, once saw an army of lemmings crossing a river. The foremost plunged in, ranging themselves one in advance of the other, so that the head of each was supported on the back of another, while the links of this living chain were formed by the *dovetail* of their little legs. In this manner they constructed a continuous bridge from bank to bank, on which the Lilliputian army passed over. The one holding to land on this side then let go : and the rearmost ascending, one after another, crawled over the backs of their fellows, till many had attained the shore. During this movement, the rest of the line being gradually carried down the stream, like a string of boats fastened at one end, each was conveyed to the opposite bank, and resumed his place in the line of march.

We succeeded in killing the first lemming we saw. Its skin, which I took off with care, is reserved to afford subject for an amusing conversation amid the pleasures and comforts of our *Alma Mater*.

Continuing a western course for six hours, we reached at half-past four another shed, occupied by three girls and distant fourteen miles from the former place. The guide called it Leetloos; but as the names he assigned are known to no one else, he certainly coined them for the occasion. The man was quite a character. He bore the Saracenic name of Oollah. He talked of England, and could chant a Lutheran psalm. His walk in front of the horses was provokingly sedate and calm, unaffected by entreaties or promises : nor did he once lose his equanimity nor confess his ignorance till an occasion I shall presently mention.

The arrangements at Leetloos were similar to those at Feelsihoon. *Floottegroot* and huskier rye bread were

all that the girls could offer. Our stores supplied but little more. We had calculated on reaching a village in three days. This time had now elapsed, and we had scarcely proceeded half way across the fjeld.

Urged by the necessity of the case, we started again at half-past seven in the evening to reach a *boo*, or pile of stones, at a distance of seven miles. The jaded horses excited our compassion; and we, only less jaded, relieved them of our weight. One of them had kicked me in the morning on the ankle-bone: I was not furnished with any thing to put under the stocking; and the wound has every day grown worse and worse, still causing me much pain. Under such circumstances, however, nothing short of a broken bone arrests the traveller. It was impossible to stop; for delay might subject us to something worse than inconvenience.

At this elevation, (four thousand feet,) snow surrounded us on all sides. Here and there we traversed its untracked surface for a quarter of a mile together, guided only by stones that a stragglng rein-deer huntsman had placed, one upon another, to enable him to retrace his steps. The prospect on every side was sublime and almost terrific in its wildness. Soon after the commencement of our evening march, it began again to rain. From nine to half-past nine, and from half-past nine to ten, we expected that each minute would bring us within sight of the *boo*. At length Oollah confessed that he had lost the way.

The sun had set with all the angry symptoms of a storm, and dense black clouds deprived us of the advantage of a northern twilight. The wind and rain increasing broke my umbrella, which had hitherto sheltered me a little. My companions were equally unprotected. A consultation was held, and we determined to march through the night. The man pronounced the horses un-

able to proceed. The alternative was to stand still for six hours, drenched as we were with rain, or to return to the abode of the girls whom we had left three hours before. The last was preferred; but Oollah maintained that the horses *must* rest. It was neither a time nor place for argument; and reason would have availed little with one who, as guide over a trackless waste, knew that power was his own. While he parleyed with one of the party, the other two turned their horses' heads, and made some way before he discovered their purpose. He pursued, but in vain. In a few minutes the whole cavalcade was in retrograde motion, and at one o'clock in the morning arrived at the spot from which it had started at half-past seven the preceding afternoon.

The simple mountaineers arose at our call. A fire and some *flotteegroot* cheered us not a little; and when our clothes ceased to steam, we three weary travellers, forgetful of our English gallantry, turned into the bed which the friendly peasant girls resigned to us. Its base was hay; its length five feet, and the breadth contracted in proportion. We slept at first through very weariness, but ere long awoke through actual pain. The curved position of the legs was more painful than repose was grateful, and our triple bed proved as uncomfortable as it was anomalous.

The morning of the sabbath found us in a situation preventing the possibility of the day being spent altogether as one consecrated to God. It was, however, emphatically, a day of rest. We had an opportunity of observing at leisure the surrounding country. Snow, and granite, barren as its own nature, an occasional cascade, and gneiss hills covered with the rein-deer or Icelandic moss, were the only objects which the enormous masses of mountain encircling our abode presented to the view.

The three girls to whom we were indebted for a lodging, had been there but a fortnight. They were sent by their parents with a herd of cows, to pass two months in the mountains. The entire desolation of the spot precluded fear. We were the first, and should probably be the last, of human kind whom they would see there. Their manners were peculiarly interesting. There was nothing of levity, nothing of affectation. What provisions they had they gave, refusing all payment: nor did they receive without evident pain the trifling acknowledgment we compelled them to accept. I have since doubted whether they had ever before seen money; and Mr. Janson, a Norwegian gentleman residing in this town who has been greatly interested in our tour of discovery, inclines to the opinion that they never had. Their dress was a short striped jacket with sleeves; a loose garment from the waist with tucks all round, reaching down to the knees; and dark drawers with socks and shoes. Their beautiful auburn hair, whose colour consorted with the bright healthful hue of their complexions, was neatly tied into cues, which hung down to the waist. Their modesty and simplicity were equally striking. - You will not believe we left them without a keepsake, however trifling in value. But we were greatly perplexed. Our bag contained little but an English bible, that they could not read, and a pair of shoes worn out both above and below. We were really poor and destitute. In this dilemma my broken umbrella was quite a prize. They gazed with wonder at this eastern emblem of royalty. Its bamboo stick, its tattered silk, its ivory handle, and whalebone radii were so many sources of admiration. Could we fail to leave with our simple friends so appropriate a souvenir of their three adventurous guests!

It was with much regret that at six in the evening we

left these pleasing specimens of human nature to attain, if possible, the *boo* that had foiled us the preceding night. It rained again, and when we reached the mountain in question, we were all wet through. The guide left us in search of the hut. A storm raged furiously. The cold was intense : and we were glad to shelter ourselves under a rock, whose projecting surface admitted a man to crawl under it and lie flat, though with his hat touching both the ground and the roof. In this state we remained, most miserably wet, till Oollah brought the joyful intelligence that the *boo* was found. He added, however, that it was occupied, for two hunters had taken possession. We were rejoiced to find any of our race so near, for we had lost all confidence in Oollah, as he had in himself; and a hope suggested itself that the hunters might know the way to Bergen, and be prevailed on to act as guides. We hastened to the spot. They permitted us to share the shelter, and sold us a haunch of rein venison which, after the wretched fare of the past week, proved most acceptable.

The *boo* was like that we occupied on Friday night. Eight men could lie with knees bent and bodies curved; but not otherwise. The ground was so damp that steam rose as in a vapour bath. Our coats were wet through, and we had no other covering; for we had left Christiania with clothes for three, and had already been absent ten days; nor could we guess how soon we might reach Bergen, the first place where our wants could be supplied. Yet, notwithstanding hardships and dangers, there was not one of the party who regretted the enterprise. An opportunity of exploring an unknown tract occurs but once in a life; and while we expected that every mile would bring us to scenery which would reward our toil, we could also look forward to future days when, by a snug fire-side, we might

recall in pleasing conversation recollections of the past; and, like the old soldier of the "Deserted Village," might

"Shoulder the crutch and show how *fields* were won."

At half past two on Monday morning, the 26th instant, we rose from the ground, and taking a little food cooked over night, began our march.

" ————— The morning lower'd,
And heavily in clouds brought on the day."

From Kolbooa, where we had passed the night, we walked a Norwegian mile, nearly equal to seven miles English, without being able to see ten yards in advance, on account of a fog. As the huntsmen were going the same way, they undertook to guide us; and want of confidence in Oollah induced us thankfully to accept their offer. It was well that we did so; for trackless masses of snow, far larger than any we had traversed, lay directly in our route. Sometimes, the horses descended a frozen inclined plane, one false step on which would have involved the rider in certain destruction. Sometimes, the half melted surface broke under the incumbent weight, and the deeper subsidence of the animal was arrested only by the breadth of his chest. As the mist cleared away, we saw that we were passing through scenery of a highly interesting character. The mountains appeared in a less unbroken line, while cataraacts here and there indicated the presence of some mighty reservoir above, from which their waters were supplied. Bold peaks, rugged precipices, and extensive lakes, varied the scene.

Every thing conspired to stimulate feelings of hope and interest which had never flagged, when suddenly,

at nine o'clock, a glacier burst on our view. We were descending into a valley. A dark mountain rose above us, and a cataract rolled down its cleft uneven side. A crown of ice reposed in grandeur on the summit, two thousand feet above. The thickness of the glacier was some hundred feet; the edge of its upper surface appeared quite even. Its extent was said to be ten English miles. The effect was truly imposing. In Switzerland, the glaciers are viewed from spots above, or on a level with, them: here they stand on vantage ground. Their position enhances the sentiment of terror they are calculated to inspire; while their enormous extent, far beyond the limits of sight, affords ample scope to the imagination.

Hitherto our course had been ascending; now it was occasionally in a descent, though alternating with ascents less steep and rugged. The rein-deer moss had disappeared; and with it the animals, the proud boast of arctic fields. We now came to a succession of hills of granite utterly naked, devoid of even moss and lichens. They extend about ten miles, and are dreary in the extreme. The effect, however, is good. They prepare the eye to receive with a fuller force of contrast the lovely prospect that shortly opens on it.

Without the least warning or expectation we came to the edge of a mountain, and saw the termination of our labors. The delight we felt was ecstatic. The sun shone upon the valley stretched out three thousand feet below. At an angle formed by the meeting of a double chain of hills, four cataracts pour their waters from different elevations into a river which seeks the neighbouring fiord. For four days we had not seen a tree. A whole forest now lay before us. In the valley the Lilliputian haymakers were tossing about the grass in all the short-lived gaiety of a northern summer. The

church and parsonage smiled upon the scene. The most beautiful fiord in Norway expanded itself to our view. On the other side, a ridge of mountains rose perpendicularly to the height of perpetual congelation. Their snow-clad summits now appeared beautiful, because distant from us, and formed a contrast with their richly wooded slopes and the fertile valley. A descent of seven miles occupied two hours and a half. As we approached nearer to its blue waters, the Soe fiord, the village of Opedal, and the rural parsonage of Ullensvang, seemed to multiply their charms. The view of the Skreeken-foss and Riuken-foss, (or "noisy" and "vapory" water-falls,) the two largest of the cascades, is more imposing from below, where their size is more justly appreciated. The first fall of the former from the top of the cliff, three thousand feet above the fiord, may be about four hundred feet. It then rushes down a precipitous slope of somewhat greater extent, still preserving its character as a waterfall. From that point it runs along an inclined plane of forty-five degrees for two thousand feet, and is lost in the river.

I am afraid to express what we felt when standing on the summit of the cliff, surveying the scene around : but each of us thought that our labours were more than repaid. We were probably the first, except a straggling unobservant huntsman, who had ever beheld this masterpiece of nature's works. We were assuredly the first who had ever dwelt on it at the end of such a journey, with minds so prepared to receive and contemplate its beauties. It is a bold assertion, but true—that I cannot recollect any view on the Alps or the Himala, which, uniting the minute beauties and grand outlines, the loveliness and sublimity, the varied objects, so numerous and so perfect of their kind, is altogether equal to this coup d'œil.

At the priestegaard, or parsonage, we were received with primitive hospitality. The priest, by name Hertzberg, a provost of the Lutheran church, was absent; but his wife welcomed us cordially. Though we could not speak a word of Norse, yet modes of evincing gratitude are easily found. The language of the heart is more universal than that of the tongue.

We were suprised to find that none of the provost's family had ever ascended the eminence overlooking the house, from which we had just descended; nor had any of them an idea of what exists above, much less on the other side of, the fjeld. In all probability, however, the provost himself is not equally ignorant. In this town he is held in high estimation as a scientific man; and certainly the world is much indebted to his meteorological studies. On his table we were much pleased to find a number of the British and Foreign Society's bibles.* The last book we saw in the inhabited world on the other side of the Hardanger was a psalter in Oollah's hut. The first on this a bible. It was a cordial to the soul. Our hearts, I trust, were not insensible to recent mercies, yet those were small, compared with the gift that book proclaims.

We stayed under this hospitable roof till noon the following day; then embarked on a boat and were rowed to Bergen. I have already expatiated so largely on the portion of my tour I thought most likely to interest you, that I must withhold my pen from the excursions

* As these sheets were about to enter the press, the author received a letter from the venerable provost, favoured by a gentleman who visited Ullensvang in the following month, and who brought to England the melancholy.tiding of his death.

it would gladly make into every little creek through which we voyaged. A Norwegian fiord can never be described. The wind was contrary; hence, a voyage of eighty-four miles occupied three days, which in such scenery passed too rapidly away. The mountains on both sides the fiord, at first covered with perpetual snow, then with broken patches, at length exhibited well wooded summits, as the gradual decrease of height brought them within the limits of vegetation. Behind a splendid ridge, about twenty miles from Bergen, the glacier of Folge Fund bursts upon the view. It was ascended by Professor Esmark, whom I visited at Christiania. He calculates that it is nearly forty miles in length, and twenty in breadth; and that its summit is raised upwards of five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Its upper surface appears even, as seen from below. The ice like that of the Swiss glaciers, is green; and, being semi-transparent towards the angle formed by the horizontal and perpendicular surfaces, when the sun shines strongly in the opposite direction it acts something like a prism, and exhibits various combinations of the constituent rays of light, like fragments of a rainbow grotesquely shaken together.

The existence of glaciers in Norway and Switzerland, and their non-existence in the loftier mountains of Kam-schatka, the Andes, and the Himala have often afforded me subject of curious speculation. Most men are fond of theory: knowing this, I will not venture to decide that mine is correct. It is generally admitted that glaciers consist of snow, more or less interspersed with air-bubbles and ice; and always covered with a coating of congealed snow-water, which communicates a granulated appearance to their surface. The process of formation consists in the melting of the surface of the snow and its subsequent conversion into ice. An accession of

snow is then received from the clouds or from impending heights, and the surface of the mass undergoes a similar transformation into ice. In proportion to the quantity of snow falling at one time, and to the rapidity of succession of such falls, admitting or not admitting the intermediate formation of ice, must be the relative proportion of those bodies as constituents of the glacier, and the degree of its transparency when formed. But, in every case, an alternation of temperature, above and below the freezing point, is essential; and such a proportion between these alternations is required as will admit of the snow-water being arrested by the frost, before it has escaped into the valleys and formed mountain streams. If there be no frost there can be no snow. If the frost be perpetual there can be no ice on the snow, because no water to be congealed. If the temperature be more frequently above than below the freezing point, the snow will gradually be melted, and the glacier formed in the autumn will, in the course of years cease to exist. Therefore frost must predominate in point of duration over a milder temperature. Now such a state of atmosphere can exist only near the limit of perpetual congelation, allowing the horizontal line of that limit to vary in altitude in different countries according to their respective latitudes. Above that line it is evident there can be no thaw; and very much below it there is never an excess of frost. Hence, whatever the extent of a glacier, its summit will generally be found near the limit of perpetual congelation. In certain positions, as in the glacier of Grindelwald, the base may be considerably lower; but then there will be a gradual and continual diminution of the body of the glacier, which would soon become extinct unless supplied by avalanches from the surrounding hills.

In order that glaciers may be formed in such a situa-

tion, there must be either valleys at a convenient elevation, or the summits of the mountains must attain just the point required. The former is the case in Switzerland; the latter in Norway. Hence it is that there the glaciers are always below, or on a level with, the eye; here, always above it. In the loftier mountains of Kam-schatka, the Andes, and the Himala, attaining the height of sixteen, twenty-five and thirty-two thousand feet, where the limit of perpetual congelation may be fixed at an altitude of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen thousand feet respectively, their summits cannot be crowned with glaciers, because frost is perpetual. In those latitudes the genial temperature of the air is such that vegetation is attracted close to the limit of perpetual congelation; and a few hundred feet higher or lower, a remarkable diminution or increase of heat is perceptible. Moreover, at the height required by our hypothesis, the mountains are steep and the valleys distant. Snow, falling from the clouds or from occasional avalanches, passes by a rapid transition from regions of frost to a warm climate, and is immediately converted into water, which forms a part of some mountain stream before it can be arrested by the cold. So much for a theory, which you are welcome to discuss and refute.

It was midnight on Thursday, the 29th instant, when we reached this town, from whose residents we have experienced great attention. Having left our portman-teaus and letters of credit at Christiania, we had yesterday to request a loan, without the usual vouchers, from Mr. Janson, the American consul, who treated us with great politeness.

Last night he invited us to a large party. The ladies sat together; so did the gentlemen. Dinner at noon admits of supper being eaten with a relish. It is consequently a substantial meal, and a glass of spirits be-

forehand, to whet the appetite, is considered by ladies and gentlemen a *sine qua non* for the encounter. When a meal is concluded, whether dinner or supper, the master of the house shakes hands with all his guests, and thanks them for their society; after which the gentlemen retire with the ladies, and coffee is served. We ought to learn from our less polished neighbours, and abolish the odious practice of sitting over the table, when those who form the charm of our social meetings have adjourned. On the other hand we may congratulate ourselves that English drawing rooms are not dishonoured by tobacco and pipes, the unfailing resource of Norwegian gentlemen.

A particular species of sweet cheese, highly prized here, is produced on special occasions. It is called "*gammelen orse*" or old cheese, which Mr. Janson told us had been converted by the ingenuity of some English traveller into "*gammela Norse*," or old Norway. The mistake, on which he seemed to say some fable has been built, has afforded, as we have likewise heard in other quarters, much amusement to the natives.

Mr. Janson passed some years with Mr. Greaves at Clapham. It was a strange coincidence that I should meet at Bergen a pupil of my quondam much respected tutor. He showed us a geographical lesson-book, well known in English seminaries, in which it is gravely stated that the Norwegians eat horse flesh. Travellers in a strange land are liable to fall into mistakes like that about the cheese; but a mis-statement, such as this, is an outrage on the sense of the British and the character of the Norse. He earnestly requested us to correct, as far as in our power, the erroneous impression to which this falsehood has given rise.

Among the many striking provisions of nature for the wants of man, I have been interested in observing the

juniper tree. It grows where no other wood is to be found, and requires little or no drying previous to use as firewood. The benefit resulting from this peculiarity to the peasants, who keep their cows during the summer months at a high elevation, is incalculable.

I have now brought my journal up to the present day. If its minuteness have wearied you, forgive me. It has occurred to me that in after life, these sheets will be my only reference to recall associations on which I shall love to dwell. In my future travels through Scandinavia I shall have neither servant nor companion, and must therefore talk Norse, (though as yet I know scarcely a sentence,) or nothing. The road from Bergen to Christiania, is considered richer in the beauties of nature than any in Norway; but it is difficult and dangerous; therefore few travellers attempt it. They prefer the easier route to Trondheim, which offers little of novelty to one who has enjoyed the finer scenery of the western districts.

It has struck one o'clock in the morning, and my companions are asleep. The jackals and wolves are striking up a second to the air of the watchman, who is passing under my window singing his usual chant, a Norse prayer that God may bless the city, concluded with the quarter of the wind. To words of form their proper meaning may justly be appropriated when felt. Accept then the application of the watchman's prayer to yourself, as comprising my every desire on your behalf.

LETTER VIII.

Christiania, August 12th, 1830.

As I make my letters my journal, I constantly impose restraint on my pen, and confine it to matters of fact, even when I might be inclined to range over other ground.

My last was closed at Bergen, which was always considered the capital of Norway till the cession of this country to Sweden; when Bernadotte choosing to be crowned in Christiania, thus constituted it his metropolis. Bergen, however, contains more wealth and a larger population. The one has nineteen, the other only ten, thousand inhabitants. You would scarcely suppose that a town so large should be without a single respectable hotel. Yet so it is: and private families receive the very few strangers who visit Bergen. My fellow-travellers and I lodged in the house of a Madame Danielson. She supplied us with the usual morning and evening meal, comprising cheese in addition to our own breakfast list; and for dinner we went to the only house in this large town where it can be procured.

Norway is in a state of demi-civilisation, a century behind Sweden, which is a century behind Denmark, and at least another century behind France and England. Nothing marks this more strongly than the degraded state of the women, who are regarded as convenient appendages, rather than as companions, to the men. Among the lower orders, they perform the hardest work. In the higher ranks their duty is to minister to their lords. The word lady is not known. When a gen-

tleman introduces his wife, it is with two words, "my wife." This unqualified brevity grates on an English ear; and the impression of severity thus conveyed is not diminished by observing the laconic speaker throw himself carelessly into his chair, with a pipe in his mouth, while his wife waits on her husband and his company. The Norse ladies claim the exclusive privilege of attendance on strangers. The mistress of a house seldom sits while her guests are eating. She changes their plates, and acts in every respect as a servant. She speaks when she is spoken to; and does as she is bidden. This custom at first quite deprived me of the pleasure of my meal; but it appears that the women are as happy as they desire to be: and though an Englishman may wish it were otherwise, he must conform unobtrusively to the custom of the country.

Bergen stands on the western coast of Norway, at the junction of two fiords; and is protected from the sea by several small islands. The town is partly situated in the valley, and part of it rests on the swelling bosom of one of the hills that rise on three sides, protecting it from the inclemency of northern winters. It is built entirely of wood. The effects of the conflagration of April last, in which many hundred buildings were consumed, are sadly conspicuous. The branch of a fiord washing the foot of the mountain, divides Bergen into two parts; from each of which, the view of the blue waters and of the surrounding hills smiling in the verdure of summer, and reflected by the tranquil surface, is exquisitely beautiful.

The houses are neat and cheerful: through the valley, ranged in one long street from which others branch off; and on the mountain's slope, scattered with pleasing irregularity. The predominant colour is green; in summer gay, consorting with the dress of nature; and in

the long eight months of winter gratefully contrasting with the glare of snow. At the present season, this northern town, though spoiled of its metropolitan honours, is peculiarly cheerful and interesting. Surrounded by the ocean and the towering heights of mountains hoary with the snow of ages, Bergen stands an isolated outpost of the civilised world.

The Englishman who is loth to encounter the difficulties of travelling, satisfies himself with a luxurious tour through Germany and Italy, and is willing to believe that the bleak regions of the north can ill repay the enterprising traveller : but he little knows the loss he sustains.

In consequence of its great distance from Christiania, and the difficulties of the road, Bergen has not, as far as I can ascertain, been visited by any of the English tourists (except Mr. Everest) who have of late years entered Scandinavia. Even by the Norwegians themselves, it is regarded in general as a kind of *Ultima Thule* ; an extreme point they dare not hope to attain. At the same time the known and acknowledged beauties of the surrounding scenery are such that every one admits his own loveliest spot to be inferior to this fairy land, which he recognises as the "apple of gold in the picture of silver."

On reaching the capital and ascertaining the superiority of this tract of country in point of scenery, I resolved, if possible, to overcome the obstacles and to see the west of Norway. Some account of the result you will have read in my last letter. The undertaking was arduous, but the recompense has been ample. I would not on any account but have accomplished the journey, nor undertake it again. Bergen is so excluded by its position from intercourse with other parts of Norway, that the inhabitants of Christiania and Trondheim are far less acquaint-

ed with it than they are with Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, or London. Perhaps there is something in this fact which invests it with a peculiar interest, independent of the pleasure one feels in having attained the spot by effecting a passage, hitherto unexplored, over a chain of mountains.

There are two castles towards the sea. They form the only defence of the town; nor does it require more, for its position amply secures it against any attack by land; as the only approach is through narrow defiles, which a smaller band than that of Thermopylæ might defend against an army. The inhabitants, like those of the more northern and southern districts, eat little meat. They live almost entirely on fish. This is the chief article of sale in all the markets; and the quantity brought into the town is so great that the air is in many parts tainted by it.

The mountains and sea alike operate to moderate the severity of winter, which in these parts is much milder than on the eastern side of the Fille fjeld. In this provision of nature there is a more striking instance than at first sight appears of the providence of Him whose mercy is over all his works. In the east of Norway, the peasants, who inhabit chiefly the high ground, are dependent on frost for the carriage of their timber to a market at a time when the usual water conveyance is blocked up. At the same time their own supplies of food and other necessities can be obtained only when the snow is sufficiently hard to enable them to drive their sledges over its surface; so that to them a mild winter is a serious misfortune. The rapidity and skill with which they guide sledges, gliding over ground in summer wholly impassable, and regardless alike of the rivers, chasms, and rocks, whose dangers lie concealed by the

snow, are scarcely conceivable by the mind of a southern tourist.

At Bergen, on the other hand, the case is reversed. The population is supported by fisheries; and it is essential to their existence, cut off as they are from all other supplies, that the bays and creeks should be open. Accordingly, they are scarcely ever shut up by the frost. Nor is this all. It is in the depth of winter that the coast is most frequented by shoals of herrings, skates, and cod: and thousands of both sexes are occupied every day in salting fish, which could not be properly cured if the cold were so intense that they were frozen as soon as caught. In that case some might, indeed, be preserved, as in Russia; but those to which salt is essential would necessarily be destroyed. One of the species most abundant (but that is in the summer,) is the stock-fish, of which prodigious quantities are dried in the sun, to furnish food for the crews of trading vessels.

You have, no doubt, heard strange accounts of the sea serpent; and, since this is the cradle of such stories, you may probably expect from me some notice of the animal; so you shall have the result of my enquiries. It is very generally believed in Norway that there is a species of serpent, superior in size to any known on land, inhabiting the northern sea off this coast. The natives think that it frequents the lower parts of the ocean, and thus account for its being so seldom seen. The size is variously estimated, from fifty to eighty feet. The head is represented as long, and the two fins, or arms, (for I know not what term to apply to such anomalous limbs,) as enormously powerful. These, with the tail, are its only weapons. The back is said to be scaly. Many superstitions regarding it, not worth repeating, are indulged by the ignorant. In some parts of the country this serpent is called the "Kraken;" and there seems little

reason to doubt that an animal, more or less corresponding to the description and measuring upwards of fifty feet, was seen some few years since in the Folden-fiord.

Referring to the history of Norway, written by Eric Pontoppidan, bishop of Bergen, who flourished in the last century, the writer finds the following mention of the Kraken, (Part II. chap. viii. sect. 8.) which is here inserted as being the least incredible part of a heap of fables recorded by the learned prelate.

"One of the north traders, who says he has been near enough to some of these sea-snakes alive to feel their smooth skin, informs me, that sometimes they will raise up their frightful heads and snap a man out of a boat, without hurting the rest : but I will not affirm this for a truth, because it is not certain that they are fish of prey.

"It is said that they sometimes fling themselves in a wide circle round a boat, so that the men are surrounded on all sides. This snake, I observed before, generally appears on the water in folds or coils ; and the fishermen, from a known custom in that case, never row towards the openings, or those places where the body is not seen but concealed under water ; if they did, the snake would raise itself up and upset the boat. On the contrary, they row full against the highest part that is visible, which makes the snake immediately dive ; and thus they are released from their fears. This is their method when they cannot avoid them : but when they see one of these creatures at a distance, they row away with all their might towards the shore, or into a creek where it cannot follow them.

"When they are far from land it would be in vain to attempt to row away from them ; for these creatures shoot through the water like an arrow out of a bow, seeking constantly the coldest places. In this case they put the former method in execution, or lie upon their

oars, and throw any thing that comes to hand at them. If it be but a scuttle, or any light thing, so they be touched, they generally plunge into the water, or take another course."

The climate on this side is said to be not so healthy as on the east of the mountains. Physiologists attribute many of the diseases prevalent here to the mists, which rise from the sea, and, being unable to attain an elevation sufficiently great to pass the Fillefjeld, remain on the coast, keeping the atmosphere constantly damp and insalubrious. Scorbutic and leprous affections, (particularly the elephantiasis, which is common in India,) used to prevail at Bergen; and still continue, though in a less degree, to afflict the inhabitants, who have recourse to some simple herbs said to possess sanative properties. The small-pox is little known; though occasionally it visits the town as an epidemic, and carries off numbers. It then departs, and will not be seen again perhaps for years.

As there are no public conveyances, I was obliged at Bergen to purchase a vehicle called a cariole. It is a species of gig peculiar to the country, just large enough to hold one man, and exactly fitted to the shape. The value is trifling and the accommodation considerable. To an invalid, the exercise of a ride in one of these carioles, which have no springs, is an advantage that may be calculated in inverse proportion to the comfort.

Here, as in Sweden, it is necessary to send an avant-courier, called a fore-bud, to order relays of horses at every post station. When he reaches the first, he delivers one billet with the number of horses required, and the hour specified, and gives the rest to another man to carry on to the next station. The farmer, whose turn it is to supply horses, is sent for; and his boy is immediately despatched into the interior of the country, sometimes a

distance of fifteen or sixteen English miles, to bring the animals, which have been grazing on the mountains. Notwithstanding all this labour, the expense is covered by three halfpence a horse per mile; and the forebud is paid for as one horse.

The courier having been despatched, I left Bergen at five in the morning on Monday, the 2d instant, with the two interesting friends who were my companions over the pass of the Hardanger Fjeld, for the chief village of a district called Vossevangen, fifty-six miles on the way to Christiania. The road lay through valleys in which all the beauties of Norwegian scenery are concentrated. Sometimes, the mountains rise on either side with forests of birch and fir spreading over their gentle slopes: at others, they seem like perpendicular walls of granite blackened by time, and terribly grand in their sterile loftiness. We crossed two fiords and a lake. The fiords I have already described as arms of the sea extending a great distance inland, and flanked by mountains crowned with eternal snow. Every mile some cataract or waterfall offered a beautiful accession to the constantly varying landscape. This is a country of forests and waterfalls; of mountains and fiords. The scenery is neither Swiss nor Thibetian. It is unique. It unites many beauties of the Alps and the Himala; and if better known, would be a favourite resort of travellers. At present there are neither travellers nor inns. A bed of hay, with a blanket off the horse's back, has been all we could procure for many successive nights; often we have had to lament the want of so comfortable a litter.

As my companions had no gig, they were obliged to ride on the cars of the peasants. These consist merely of boards nailed on shafts, without any more elevated seat. Over a bad road such a conveyance is intolerable;

and as we all tried it in turn, both sitting and standing, we were sadly bruised at the journey's end.

After sixteen hours' travelling in various modes, by land and water, we reached Vossevangen at eleven at night. It had rained, as usual, the greater part of the day. We were without a servant, and none of us could speak the language.

The churlish publican growled recusantly in answer to our scarcely intelligible application for admission; nor could we muster enough words to make him understand that he should be paid for turning out of bed. At length I contrived to get in, and besieged his chamber. My wet coat and muffled mien bespoke, better than words, our wants; and the sight of a gentleman stimulated his cupidity.

At length we secured two beds; but every thing we had, whether on our bodies or in our bags, was wet; and a bundle of dirty paper, the miserable substitute for coin, intended to defray my expenses to Christiania, was nearly destroyed by rain and the friction occasioned by the jolting of my gig.

In the morning we received a visit from the priest, to whom a gentleman of Bergen had favoured us with a note. He talked German badly: so did my companions. He asked if I understood Latin. I answered in the affirmative, and that I should be happy if he would converse in that language. The reply availed me nothing; for, turning quickly round to another of our party, he continued to speak in German, and expressed no inclination to address me. It is a curious fact, and may serve to show you how little French is understood here, that, in the enquiry as to what languages each could talk, French was the last referred to: and it proved to be, with the exception of the Orientals and our native tongues, that in which all of us could most fluently con-

verse. Mr. Unger was very obliging, and kindly asked us to sup with him the following Thursday when we expected to return to Vossevangen from an excursion to the Voring-foss, which (except that at Gavarnie in the Pyrenees) is the largest waterfall in the world, and the lion of Norway.

You will form a just estimate of the state of the people and the paucity of travellers, when you learn that we have heard of but one Norwegian, (Professor Hungstein, who measured it,) and four Englishmen, who have seen this natural wonder.

A journey of ten miles, which my companions performed on horseback and I in my gig, over a road probably never before visited by so civilised a conveyance, brought us to Valsenden, a village in the district of Graven, consisting of a few huts on the side of a lake, which we crossed to its opposite bank, about a mile distant. Here we procured two horses and a guide to escort us ten miles over a fjeld: though it was with difficulty that we made ourselves intelligible to the peasants, who had never seen foreigners before, and could not conceive for what purpose (sinister no doubt) we had intruded on their mountain privacy.

It rained of course; and our journey over the fjeld, through bye-paths thickly set with brushwood, was painfully laborious. Towards evening we reached the village of Ulvig, situated on the Soefjord, and engaged a boat to carry us to a single hut on another branch of the bay, called Eidfjord, about ten miles off. Here, in a miserable hovel, on some dirty straw, and among the most wicked and uncivil people we have encountered, the night was passed rather in expectation of morning than in sleep. We rose at four, and with great difficulty procured some husky rye cakes from the peasants, who had refused us any the night before.

From Eidfiord, five and a half Norwegian, or thirty-eight English, miles from Vossevangen, the Voring is ten miles distant: but ten miles over mountain-paths occupy no little time. The *foss* is situated at the extreme point of a valley which becomes gradually narrower as it completes a second semi-circle in the form of an S. The river falls perpendicularly, without a single contact with the rock, nine hundred feet into a valley scarcely broader than itself. The effect is very grand. The body of water is perhaps equal to that of the Handek in Switzerland. Before reaching the edge of the precipice it has acquired such velocity from its course down a gently sloping plane that it is projected several feet in advance, and forms a succession of folds, like flakes of snow, of an enormous size and convex figure. These seem for a moment to pause in mid-air as if supported by their own buoyancy; then, gradually sinking, they lose their peculiar character, and, joining in the rush of water, dash themselves into the abyss.

We stood for some minutes contemplating with a mixture of surprise and terror this savage spectacle. In the gulf below was the blackness of darkness: a glimmering of light reflected through the sinuous valley just made the "darkness visible," and discovered "shades" in which the ruins of some stony buttresses of the world lie mingled together in mighty fragments and in strange confusion. All is naked and abrupt. The common terms of language are lost in the description of a spot probably unrivalled in point of savage wildness and fearful sublimity. The surrounding country consorts with the impression this scene is calculated to inspire. All nature stands aghast. The very mountains seem petrified by the sight. Their bare surfaces of gneiss are unvaried by a single tree or moss; and animals fly from a

wild which may almost be said to terrify the vegetable creation.

The fruit that grows nearest to this stupendous fall is the cloudberry, or *rubus chamæmorus*. It is about the size of a strawberry, of a luscious taste and yellow colour. We ate a large quantity of this novel and wholesome fruit, found in these regions in great abundance on the limits of perpetual congelation.

Turning from this interesting scene we resumed our journey. Part of the route to be re-traversed lay along the precipitous sides of mountains impending a fearful abyss, where there was never sufficient room to place the foot with firmness, and often scarcely enough to hold the toes or heel. The mountaineers had fixed a line of poles along the slippery side of the rock; and with the assistance of these, we were enabled to proceed. It was four in the afternoon when we returned to Eidfiord. The accommodation the preceding night had been so wretched, the people were so uncivil, and the difficulty of procuring food was so great, that, notwithstanding a strong contrary wind, we resolved to cross the fiord the same evening on the way back to Ulvig, which our maps described as the residence of a priest.

The weather for four-and-twenty hours had been boisterous, and the arm of the sea that forms the Soefiord was in a state of considerable agitation. Our frail bark, though manned by three men, was little calculated to encounter a gale of wind, for it was a boat without a deck, and the least uneven motion of the oars caused the gunwale to dip under water. After an hour and a half, however, we turned a sharp angle, passing into another more tranquil branch of the fiord; where pursuing our course for a similar period, we reached Ulvig at nine in the evening.

The latter part of the day proved partially fine, and

the close of the excursion most agreeable. The scenery affords a constant feast. It is only too rich; for the enjoyment almost fatigues. At this season the peasants are making hay; and their cheerful faces and singular costumes add much to the interest of every landscape. In a country where so much rain falls, the hay could never dry, if it were left on the ground, as in England. It is, therefore, hung over frames of wood, like clothes on lines, one under another. Thus the top layer protects the rest, which are all saved at the expense of one.

At Ulvig we were kindly received by the priest, a bustling little man, who seemed to love his pipe and his bottle. I wish it were possible to convey to you some idea of the conversation. He understood a little of four languages, but the least possible degree of any except Norse. My companions spoke German; I Latin. The priest, whose name is Rutting, tried each in turn. The salutation of "good morning" at nine at night, had fathomed the depth of his English. Now and then a German word was dropped; and a sentence commenced in Latin was sure to end in Norse. The scene was ridiculous to a degree, and one part of it, in which he strangely perverted the meaning of a common Latin word that admitted of no easy explanation, overcame us all. The poor man was pained; so were we. The evening, however, passed pleasantly away; and a present of a few dollars, as we bade him good night, nominally for the poor, but virtually for the priest, sealed our pardon. The good lady of the house waited on us at supper; and in the morning we were surprised by a visit from her daughter, who brought us each a cup of coffee before we left our rooms: an attention which, from the simplicity of their national character, the Norwegian women can pay to a stranger with perfect delicacy, arising from the absence of all consciousness of impropriety.

In the course of conversation with Mr. Rutting, we were confirmed in the opinion already suggested by the map, that we had been traversing the surface of the very fiord on which Ullensvang stands; and that the hut we had just left was within five Norwegian miles of the parsonage-house where we had been so hospitably entertained on our descent from the Hardanger fjeld. While there, we had made particular enquiry for the Voring-foss. Accurate information on that occasion would have saved us the present journey of two hundred miles: but, in the absence of the provost, no one was able to state either the distance or direction of the waterfall, which, though within sixty miles, was wholly unknown to the simple inhabitants of Ullensvang. We have frequently had occasion to remark that the Norse know nothing of the topography of their country. A postmaster, two days since, told us that the next post station to his own was seven miles distant; it proved to be twenty-one: and even Mr. Unger, the kind and intelligent priest of Vossevangen, had misdirected us to the *foss*.

Returning by the same route to the parish of this amiable man, we fulfilled our engagement of supping with him. He was once in the army, and has consequently a better knowledge of the world and more popular manners than the generality of his Lutheran brethren. He interested himself greatly in the account of our pass over the Hardanger; and was astonished to hear that we actually came from the opposite side, since no intercourse is maintained between the inhabitants of the eastern and western districts.

On Friday, the 6th instant, my two pleasing companions returned to Bergen to take ship for England. How much their intelligence, amiable dispositions, and patience in the endurance of no common hardships, have tended to increase the pleasure and diminish the pains of

our journey, it would be difficult to estimate; but I may truly say that I have not discovered that quality essential to a delightful travelling companion in which either of them is deficient. Parting from my friends with much regret, I proceeded in solitude towards Christiania.

Unable to talk the language, and in an unknown country of which no guide-book was procurable, I had some difficulties to encounter. On these, however, the unusual excitement would not suffer my mind to dwell. For eight-and-twenty-miles, during which the horse was changed three times, the road lay through valleys indescribably beautiful. Some waterfalls, especially one near a village called Staleim, riveted my attention for many minutes. The height of it is about two thousand feet; but it is not quite perpendicular; otherwise, it would surpass the Voring-foss.* An equal number of stupendous waterfalls probably exists no where in a similar space. The district is appropriately named from the multitude, variety, and beauty of these, the country of *fosses*, or *Vossevangen*.

From Gudvangen a boat carried me over the Teroen fiord. The distance is twenty-eight miles; the time occupied was about eleven hours, the wind being contrary. It rained hard; nor could I solace myself by interchanging

* The author had not an opportunity of measuring the height of this cascade, (which is not a perfect waterfall,) either geometrically, or by means of a stop-watch. He calculated it by the altitude of the mountain, which, being covered with perpetual snow, must be at least four thousand feet. The *foss* seemed to commence in the upper half of the mountain's side; a fact which an eye, accustomed to measure distances in hilly countries, can decide with some degree of certainty.

with the sailors observations about the weather : yet the day passed rapidly away. The grandeur of the scenery cannot soon be forgotten. The fiord runs up from the northern ocean, for two hundred miles, through valleys flanked by mountains varying in height, inclination, and fertility. Here a chain of hills, and there a grand solitary peak, loses its summit in the clouds, or exhibits above them an unsullied crown of snow. Hundreds of cascades fall into the clear waters of the fiord. Neither men nor domestic animals are to be seen for miles together. All is wild as beautiful, and beautiful as sublime.

There is perhaps nothing which strikes a northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters ; and the farther he penetrates into the Arctic region, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At a depth of twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds composed entirely of shells, sand lightly sprinkled with them, and submarine forests, present through the clear medium new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Capel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observations in Norway, that sometimes in the fiords of Nordland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet ; and that, when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss, the visual illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress over the surface ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vertex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes : though an exception may be

made in favour of some parts of the China seas and a few isolated spots in the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Saya de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the world of shells and coral which the translucent water exposes to view at a depth of thirty or five and thirty fathoms.

It was long past midnight when the boatmen hailed Leirdalsoeren, and as my journey was to be continued early that same morning, it was necessary to send off the forebud before retiring to bed. Necessity is the mother of invention. With a stock of scarcely twenty words at command, I contrived to have the man despatched by three o'clock in the morning, and started myself at six.

The road was very mountainous. The first twenty-one miles, running along a fearful precipice, occupied five hours; and the next no less than seven. This second part was over a mountain known by the name of Fillefjeld. The acclivity is so steep, that, were it not impossible for a horse to climb so precipitous an ascent, one would be inclined, under the guidance of the eye, to say that the road forms with the horizon an angle of 45° . In the ascent, trees are left below. The firs and birch gradually dwindle away, become thinner and more stunted, then vanish altogether. The neighbouring hills are covered at this altitude with patches of snow. Reindeer moss, (of which I hope to convey a specimen to England,) wild strawberries, and cloudberryes, from their position justly so called, grow here in abundance. This mountain is the boundary of the provinces of Bergen and Christiania, or Aggerhuus. On the western side of it, the dress of the women is peculiar. They wear a cloth jacket like a sailor's, closely fitted to the figure and buttoned in front. To this masculine vest is appended a

petticoat of blanketing. The hair is either tied in cues, or covered with a handkerchief, which has two corners projecting at the sides, and floating on the air behind.

Within a few miles of the Fillefjeld, the loftiest peak of the Norwegian mountains rears its venerable head. It has only lately been discovered by men of science and submitted to trigonometrical observation, from which it appears to be nearly eight thousand feet in height. The vast chain comprehending this and the Fillefjeld is known under various names: and is sometimes called the Lapland* Alps. Its natural history, in every department of that science, is peculiarly interesting. This is the grand depôt of Norwegian minerals, many of which are found in no other quarter of the world. Here, too, is nature's nursery for flowers that capriciously wither and die in a more temperate clime. Like a fond child, they reject a foster nurse and, clinging to their graceless parent, decorate her with their charms;

" For the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind them to their native mountains more."

It is not only in mineralogy and botany that this tract of country offers specimens of remarkable interest. Its entomology is equally striking. I have already made you acquainted with that singular animal, the lemming. A traveller over these fjelds is yet more forcibly struck with the labours of the ant, which is about the size of the black ant of Hindoostan, and twice as large as that of our own country. The mounds these insects raise stand from four to six feet in height; and the broad straight road to them, from which numerous little bye-paths di-

* The author suspects this appellation is incorrect.

verge in every direction, is far larger in proportion than those that lead for several miles, through planted avenues, to some of the towns of Germany. If one of these little cities be disturbed, the alarm and distress occasioned bring into exhibition all the order, diligence, and united interests of the sable population. Every diminutive atom of wood and earth is replaced with architectural accuracy; and the insufficiency of individual strength is compensated by uniformity of design, concentrating in one point the efforts of thousands.

Such a scene can scarcely fail to recel to memory the anecdote related of Timour Shah; who, as he sat for some hours, during the heat of a summer's day, in a hut on the confines of the Indian empire which he was about to invade, amused himself by observing an ant that strove to carry up the wall a grain of corn. The indefatigable labourer fell sixty-nine times, but succeeded the seventieth. Timour's perseverance was stimulated; and in after life he used to say that to that ant he owed his conquests.

"What great events from little causes spring!"

But to return. The mountaineers of Norway say that by boiling great quantities of ants they obtain formic acid, or a species of vinegar that serves for culinary and medical purposes.

Ermines abound in this country; but they frequent chiefly the lower parts of the mountains, with the valleys. In villages they may be seen running about the barns and other outhouses, as numerous as squirrels on the thatched roofs in India. The colour of their fur inclines to dusky red, which in winter is exchanged for a coat of virgin white; while the tail retains its tip of black. Two or three skins may be bought for a shilling, except in the

vicinity of a town, where the demand necessarily increases the price.

I overtook the forebud at the foot of the Fillefjeld, and should have been delayed, but the peasant who conducted me over that mountain (for one always accompanies the horse,) was prevailed on, for a small additional payment, to go another stage of ten miles. The road runs through a lovely valley bordering the Mios lake,* to a village called Thune, in the parish of Vang. The church and parsonage are on the road side. No inn was at hand, and the custom of the country sanctioned the liberty, so I wrote a few Latin lines to the Lutheran priest, saying

* In some parts the road is very dangerous. The following account of what it was in the last century is extracted from the learned Bishop Pontoppidan's History of Norway. Part I. chap. ii. sec. 6.

"The most dangerous, though not the most difficult, road I have met with in my several journeys in Norway, is that betwixt Skogstadt and Vang in Volders; along the fresh-water lake called Little Mios. The road on the side of the steep and high mountain is in some places as narrow and confined as the narrowest path, and if two travellers meeting in the night do not see each other soon enough to stop where the road will suffer them to pass, and chance to meet in the narrowest parts, it appears to me, as it does to others whom I have asked, that they must stop short, without being able to pass by one another, or to find a turning for their horses, or even to alight. The only resource I can imagine in this difficulty is, that one of them must endeavour to cling to some corner of this steep mountain, or be drawn up by a rope, if help be at hand; and then, to throw his horse down headlong into the lake, in order to make room for the other traveller to pass."

that it was my intention to pass the sabbath in Vang, and begging permission to occupy a room in his house. His name is Munster. He talks French, and is above the common standard of sacerdotal intellect in Norway.

The following day, Sunday, the 8th instant, he was obliged to visit one of his distant hamlets. Of these he has two in addition to his chief village. I was left alone with his wife and her sister. Breakfast was sent into my room at eight o'clock. At ten I was summoned to a solitary *dejeuné à la fourchette*; and, at three in the afternoon to join the family at dinner. The meal consisted of fish, and strawberries with cream, which, as well as the milk, is very luscious. As the ladies spoke only Norse, we had little intercourse. What was necessary was conducted in few words, the deficiency being supplied by signs. We looked unutterable things!

The priest returned in the evening, and we had some interesting conversation.

When we parted, I put into his hand a small sum, with a note requesting him to accept it, either on his own account or that of the poor, as an acknowledgment of his kind hospitality. I almost feared he might be hurt, for he is superior to the generality of the Norwegian priesthood. Yet hospitality, manifested to an uninvited guest, demands a return; and on three similar occasions money had been accepted. In the morning the servant brought me a note, of which the following is a copy:—*Monsieur, Je sais que vous ne connaissez point les mœurs des Norvégiens. Ils font l'hospitalité sans recompense. Permettez donc, que je vous remette votre argent, priant vous de croire, qu'il m'a fait grand plaisir, de vous pouvoir rendre un petit service. Souvenez vous de moi, quand vous pensez à Norvège. H. G. Munster.*" There is something manly and kind in the note: but, on the point referred to, perhaps he mistakes the "*mœurs des Norvé-*

giens." Yet others might have been as liberal, could they have afforded it. On the whole, I was pleased with my visit.

On Monday, the 9th instant, resuming my journey, I drove sixty miles in my little gig to a village called Tomlevolden, where there is a tolerably comfortable farmhouse for the reception of travellers. The scenery is less wild and grand than on the western side of the Fille fjeld. I was conscious of having quitted that peculiarly beautiful tract of country which the Norwegians, perhaps not unjustly, regard as the most picturesque in the world. On this side, the valleys are more like those of Switzerland: the forests like those of Sweden. The mountains are less in height; the waterfalls less numerous.

The following day I accomplished the same distance to Vang. Forty miles of the road lay along the banks of a lake called Reinfiorden. In one of the stages a girl of fourteen accompanied me to bring back the horse. She sat behind the cariole with great complacency, and we enjoyed as much conversation as our knowledge of each other's language would admit. A boy or man usually attends the horse, and is frequently a troublesome neighbour. He is generally the proprietor of the animal, and his solicitude for the beast occasionally leads to quarrels with the driver. On one occasion, the man who was with me seized the reins; and, though the horse was trotting gently, insisted on my going slower. He repeated the act, and at last stopped the gig. I was obliged to proceed; and, after remonstrating in vain, had no alternative but to try my physical force against his. This is the only instance of mal-treatment I have experienced in Norway. The people are very civil; and a traveller meets with little besides courtesy and kindness.

At Vang there is only one dirty hovel and the parsonage. A Latin line, addressed to the priest, secured a wel-

come to his house. He is an elderly man, named Steinson, kind, courteous, and sensible. He speaks a little English, a little French, and a little Latin. Our conversation exhibited a curious medley of the three. There was a freedom and urbanity in the manner of this old gentleman that could not fail to please. I left him yesterday morning with a donation for his poor, which, being less scrupulous than the priest of the village of the same name in the west, he accepted thankfully; then resuming my journey at eight o'clock, I reached Christiania again, after an absence of twenty-six days, at four in the afternoon.

In a former letter I attempted to introduce this capital to your acquaintance. I was then a stranger in a strange land, and could only judge of what presented itself immediately to the sense of vision. I have now wandered through the most interesting and characteristic, as well as most untravelled, parts of the country; visiting at the houses of the rich and dwelling in the huts of the unsophisticated poor; and perhaps I ought not to leave a spot so endeared by the beauties of nature and the offices of friendly hospitality without a few words on the national character of its government and institutions.

Norway was subject to Denmark till the year 1812, when, by the treaty of Kiel, it was ceded to Sweden, as the reward of her union with the allies against Napoleon. The Danes, as has too often been the case, were made to suffer for what was their misfortune rather than their fault. Previously ill-treated, and despoiled by England of their naval power, they were on this occasion plundered of the better half of their land possessions. Nor was the arrangement less ungrateful to the parties contracted for. The Norwegians loved Denmark and hated Sweden. They would rather have died than lose their political liberty, which they considered compromised; and they were prepared to resist to the last drop of life-blood the

fulfilment of a contract between foreign powers, by which a million and a half of men were made over, like a bale of goods, from one sovereign to another : but England's honour (or dishonour) was involved; and concession or a blockading squadron with starvation was the alternative.

Though the circumstances were painful, yet there is little doubt that the political amalgamation of two countries geographically united, separated from all others, too thinly peopled to possess individual security, and thus, from a combination of these causes, necessarily possessing similar interests, promotes the welfare of both. Sweden supplies Norway with corn and sundry manufactures. Norway yields to Sweden a race of men, sailors from the cradle, with a line of coast which places her in a condition to defend herself against Russia, without incurring the dread of a simultaneous invasion on the part of Denmark. Perhaps, too, that peculiar description of soldiers, who fight on skates, or snow-shoes, and who can run with rapidity and facility on ground over which a pedestrian would painfully toil with tardiness and fatigue, is not the least important acquisition Sweden has gained with the ceded territory.*

* As so cursory a mention is made of this remarkable body of men, it may interest some reader of these letters to form a better acquaintance with them through the medium of Sir Capel de Brooke's description. The following account of the *Skilobere* is extracted from the 8th chapter of his *Travels through Norway*.

"The uniform of the *Skilobere*, or regiment of skaters, is light green; and in summer they are chasseurs, and armed with rifles. As soon as the snow falls in sufficient quantity, and is in a state to bear them, they put on their *skies*, and commence their winter manœuvres, in this

Conscious of these mutual benefits and anxious to conciliate his new subjects, Bernadotte has wisely permitted Norway to retain the ancient form of government that her people marked out for themselves; imposing on them only a Swedish viceroy, who is his own son, Oscar; so that the Norwegian is still among the most liberal constitutions of Europe.

The Storting, or parliament, is convoked every third year. It imposes taxes, regulates the courts, and audits the public accounts. The king has a veto; but this can be exercised only twice on the same proposition from the

singular kind of skate. The left *skte* is shorter than the right, to enable them to turn quicker in wheeling. They are covered with seal-skin, that the men may ascend the mountains with greater ease and safety; the hair preventing the *skte* from sliding backward. The speed with which these skaters perform their different manœuvres is very astonishing: they glide along the frozen surface of the snow like lightning; and go down the steepest precipices with inconceivable velocity."

"The *Skjelobere* have frequently been employed with great success against the enemy, in the wars with Sweden. Indeed, an army would be completely in the power of even a handful of these troops; which, stopped by no obstacle, and swift as the wind, might attack it on all points; while the depth of the snow, and the nature of the country, would not only make any pursuit impossible, but almost deprive them of the means of defence; the *Skjelobere* still hovering round them like swallows, skimming the icy surface, and dealing destruction upon their helpless adversaries."

"A pair of their *skies*, which I brought to England with me, are six feet five inches in length."

Storthing; so that if that body pass an act for the third time, it becomes law, *malgré le roi*. In fact, therefore, the power of the king, when opposed to that of the people, extends only to the protraction of the period of a law's first operation to the ninth year, or the meeting of the third representative body.

The Storthing is now sitting. I have just been to the assembly. It presents a curious spectacle. Some of the members are dressed in coarse woollen cloth like blanketing; with hair hanging profusely over the shoulders, broad-brimmed hats of various shapes, and boots of a certain size. The whole costume, as well as their humble mode of speaking, or rather reading their opinions, attests the unsophisticated simplicity of these worthy sons of our northern ancestry. They tell a tale of days once known in England, before the progress of luxury had introduced abuses which call for a corrective hand; the hand of a moderate, judicious, and Christian reform. After the labours of the day, the members all dine together in a large room on the first floor of the hotel in which I lodge. The table is laid out neatly but not sumptuously; and decorated with flowers, a simple and beautiful substitute for the silver ornaments of more luxurious countries.

The constitution is purely democratic. Abhorrence of an aristocracy is carried to such an extent that only three of the ancient nobility are left in Norway; and their titles will die with them, or with their sons. Moral excellence is hereafter to form the only distinction between man and man.

The established form of religion is Lutheran; nor are there many sectarians. The churches are very plain, built generally of wood, and little ornamented inside or out. Norway is one of the few countries in which no Jews are found. When silver mines were first discovered, a foolish prejudice prevailed that these lovers of money

would secure and retain possession of the coin; they were therefore expelled. Thus here, as every where, the sons of Judah are a "bye-word" among the people.

I have already casually expressed, on two or three occasions, my opinion of the national character of the Norse, nor can I add much to what has been said on that subject. Like all mountaineers, they are devotedly attached to their country; and inspire the love of liberty with the free air of their mountains. The better orders are kind and hospitable, opening to the traveller their houses and their hearts. Among the lower classes, on the contrary, there is an avidity of money with an indifference as to the means of acquiring it, that reminds one of Italy. They are addicted to drinking; and the climate, rendering fermented liquor perhaps in some degree necessary, is pleaded in excuse for the indulgence of an odious vice. The men are taller than the Swedes; perhaps nearly as tall as ourselves; and the women in proportion. Both sexes are very fair, with teeth of virgin white, light auburn hair, and cheeks in which the eloquent blood bespeaks health, happiness, and freedom. The general mode of salutation is by shaking hands, which they do with great cordiality. The common food of the peasantry is milk, cheese, butter, and oat or rye cakes, about the size of pancakes but a little thicker, (like the Indian *chipatties*,) which they call in the Norse tongue "*flat-brod*." To this simple diet some piquant dried fish is added, such as herring or smoked salmon. The latter, cut in slices, affords a delicious morsel even to an Englishman. I am told that some of the numerous mosses with which the mountains abound are eaten in times of scarcity; and that that called Icelandic moss, (*lichen islandicus*,) when boiled, yields a very nutritious gelatinous substance.

The houses of the peasants swarm with vermin which

are secreted by the moss stuffed into the interstices of the logs that form the walls. Probably the mode of huddling together at night, adopted by these people, is attributable to the difficulty of securing themselves from loathsome insects. Something like a large box is placed in one corner of the room, with some straw and sheepskins at the bottom. In this the whole family deposit themselves without distinction of sex or age. The better classes adopt the uncomfortable German mode of sleeping between two feather beds.

The trade of Christiania consists chiefly in timber. Formerly the Norwegian timber, like the produce of almost every other country, sought the London market, and was swallowed up in that enormous gulf of commerce: but the duty imposed of late years in order to favour the importation of American timber, and the impolitic mode of levying that duty, by which small are made to pay much more in proportion than large planks, have checked the exportations hence to England. As the Norwegian deal is far superior to every other, and subject to a less rapid decay, it is much to be lamented that such a barrier to commercial intercourse between nations who have a common political interest should be suffered to exist. There are only two species of fir here, the Scotch and Spruce, so that but little variety is visible in the foliage of the Scandinavian mountains. The wood of one of these is as bad, as that of the other is good, for the building of houses and ships. A merchant of Frederikshall told me that the dry-rot is not known in this country. His accuracy of observation can scarcely be doubted; and the fact he states, if correct, should be a subject of enquiry to those connected with our dock-yards.

Besides her foreign commerce, Christiania carries on a small inland trade with Dramen, Kongsberg, and

Stockholm. Between these towns the road is passable for carriages; therefore merchandise, though in small quantities, can be transported: but at Bergen, as land-carriage is impracticable, there is no inland trade. The commerce is entirely foreign, consisting chiefly of lobsters and timber. The fishery off the coast is very extensive, and many thousand lobsters are shipped weekly during the season, for London. They are all bought by anticipation in the English market; so that not one can be obtained at Bergen. The fishermen receive here a sum of money equal to a penny for each fish, and on their arrival in London the agent is paid three halfpence. This price appears small by comparison with the cost in town; but a large deduction from the fishmongers' profits is made by the loss sustained on those that die, and by the charges of freight.

If in these details I have been too minute, it is attributable to the extreme interest I now feel in every thing connected with Norway, and to the consciousness of my ignorance on these subjects before a personal visit to the country; a consciousness which leads me to an inference, perhaps incorrect, that you may have studied, as little as myself, the modern history of Scandinavia. If such be the case, you will wish for information. If not, and you be already intimate with this vast continent, you cannot fail to love it, and will be gratified to use my lines as notes which may recall favourite associations, carrying you in imagination to scenes already familiar to your travelled mind.

LETTER IX.

Stockholm, 17th August, 1830.

After a delightful tour in Norway, I started quite alone on Thursday, the 12th instant, in a cariole, or Norwegian gig, from the capital of the ceded to the capital of the ruling country. Stockholm is about four hundred English miles from Christiania. The first day I travelled forty miles through an interesting country to a village called Ous.

The road, which through Norway was bad, improved as it approached the confines of Sweden; and beds of sand gave place to well-consolidated gravel. Between Christiania and Ous are two bridges and three ferries: some of them over rivers of considerable size. The ferry is pulled across by means of a rope fastened from bank to bank, on which the boatman lays his hands, applying all his strength to impel the boat in the opposite direction.

On one of the rivers, the Glomen, an immense mass of wood was floating down the stream. You can form no conception of the quantity of timber that is thus conveyed from one part to another of Scandinavia. I am informed that some years ago the bed of one of the large rivers in the south of Norway was completely filled up with firs sunk by the weight of superincumbent logs, which reached a height of sixteen feet above the surface of the water. The stoppage was owing to a drought that continued for three years; after which a flood ensued, and carried away the accumulated mass,

hurling it down the rapids, with a roar like thunder, during many successive days.

My forebud had ordered a bed: so, as the man of the house expected a guest, he was prepared to supply hot water, butter, and cream. Some tea from Bergen was cooked; (for that term alone expresses the mode of preparation;) and at midnight I lay down, to rise at half-past three.

It rained all night of course, and in the morning rained again. The body becomes habituated to this sort of weather, and constant motion prevents ill effects. Thirteen miles from Ous, the fort of Kongsvinger rears its venerable head. The Glomen flows majestically at its base; and the surrounding country offers to the view an interesting variety of hill and dale, rivers and cataracts, evergreen forests and eternal snow, characteristic of the rich scenery of Scandinavia.

At midday, between the villages of Magnor and Morast, I passed the boundary of Norway and Sweden. There is no custom-house, and no demand for passports on this frontier, as on the other by Frederikshall. My honesty led to a fortunate occurrence. Passing a house which, standing alone where houses are very scarce, I concluded to be the custom-house, I stepped to see whether any one would come out; and at length called to a man at the window, asking in broken Norse if he wished to examine my portmanteau. He thought I wanted Swedish for Norwegian notes; and bringing a quantity, took all my money at a more favourable rate than I could procure for it in Christiania; giving me twenty per cent. more than I had just before been offered at the post-house.

Here I bade adieu to a country where I have experienced greater pleasure from the beauties of nature and more hardships than I had ever known before. It was

with deep regret that I quitted Norway, the Switzerland and Lilliputian Himala of the North. Yet so it must be. "Joy has ever its alloy of pain:" and earthly enjoyment is as transient as it is alloyed.

I now left behind the bold outlines of Norway, with its fiords and fjelds, its flowery valleys and milky cataracts. There is a striking contrast between the scenery of Sweden and Norway. This is formed by rocks rising in naked majesty, or mountains flanked by forests and crowned with eternal snow; while blue fiords ramify among these giant features of creation, sometimes contracted to a thousand yards; then, expanding themselves over the surface of a league in breadth. That consists of land here gently waving, and there broken into quick and hurried undulations, like the motion of the sea after a storm. Forests of firs form the unvaried dress of nature; and the humbler fresh-water lake is an unwelcome substitute for the majestic arm of the ocean.

It was a novelty to drive over ground gently undulating through cultivated fields. The corn is acquiring a golden tint; and the land, just shorn of grass, is on the point of being ploughed for a richer crop. Throughout this northern continent vegetation is singularly rapid. Were it otherwise, the crops could not be secured before the early winter set in: but this admirable provision of nature compensates for her six months' torpor. As the sun scarcely dips under the horizon during the summer, the heat of his rays is not lost at night before their influence is again perceptible; thus, by accumulation, the temperature of the valleys increases daily, and corn is matured and stacked two months after the seed has been sown.

In the course of the journey I passed a church built of bricks, one of the very few that is to be met with in a country where wood is the chief constituent of every

building. Most of the village churches are so rude in structure that it is difficult to comprise them within any general description : but there is a something in the tout ensemble of most which convinces an Englishman that the stately and elegant arches he loves and reveres are unjustly called Gothic, if that term be intended to connect them with the labours of the simple artificers of Gothland. The term "Gothic architecture" is generally used with so indefinite an application, that it is difficult to affix to it any precise meaning. The restorers of the Grecian orders in Italy, in the sixteenth century, seem to have designated as Gothic every ruder style which then existed. In that sense, and with a strange confusion of ideas, the epithet is used by Sir Christopher Wren* and subsequent writers : but it seems now to be generally admitted that the term was misapplied ; for the heavy and cumbrous style of architecture which prevailed over Europe from the fourth to the twelfth century was a rude and incorrect imitation of the Grecian, as handed down through Roman models. In England it was called Saxon, because it obtained during the period of the Saxon dynasty : but it is to be traced to our Roman conquerors, whose skill and science were lost in the amalgamation of their descendants with the uncivilised Britons. When England became part of Christendom

* "Gothic architecture is a congestion of heavy, dark melancholy, monkish piles."—*Wren's Parentalia*.

In direct opposition to these words, in another part of the same work, Sir C. Wren speaks of it as consisting of 'slender and misshapen pillars, or rather bundles of staves and other incongruous props, to support arched roofs without entablature.'

in the sixth century, the Pagan temples were consecrated to Christian worship. By degrees the emissaries of the Pope manifested their zeal by teaching their converts to raise superior structures of stone after Roman models. Some of our abbots are said to have hired workmen from Rome, and themselves to have made journeys thither, for the purpose of studying the architecture of St. Peter's. When the Danes and Normans, who, as Pagans, were relentless in the destruction of Christian churches, were themselves converted, they became equally zealous in the erection of those monuments of their penitence and faith that still exist in vast numbers in England and Normandy. All the Norman bishops seem to have been skilled in architecture; for almost every cathedral church in our island was re-built by one or other of them within half a century after the conquest. Their object was to unite the sublime and beautiful. Hence, on the one hand, the length and loftiness of their buildings; on the other, the elegant decorations and the series of arches which form an unrivalled masonic vista. This, which is called the "pointed style," was gradually improved by the efforts of Normans, English, and French, at a time when those people were intimately connected by political ties; and, instead of being derived from either Goths or Italians, was probably the fruit of Norman zeal and ingenuity, and the pure growth of English soil.

But to return from this digression. In one of the first stages in Sweden I was accompanied through a forest of firs by a fine girl of eighteen. She jumped up and took her seat behind with all the confidence of a man and the innocence of a child. At the end of the stage, she mounted her nag, and returned to the plough or the farm. There is a peculiar simplicity in the Scandinavians. They are unacquainted with some of the deco-

rum and perhaps more of the evils of a higher state of civilisation. In one house I entered, a girl of sixteen or seventeen, of great beauty of feature, was cooking the family meal, with no other garb than a petticoat. In another, two men and three women were distributed in three beds. My entrance did not disconcert them. One of the women arose, and procured me some milk ; while the others only stretched themselves to look at the stranger. The men turned, and yawned ; then composed themselves for " a little more sleep and a little more slumber."

I halted after a journey of eighty miles at Strand, where nothing was procurable but milk and butter. The hovel was a wretched one, and I was thoroughly uncomfortable. Perhaps this was owing, in part, to a want of equanimity ; for I had been vexed by the bad conduct of the man who accompanied me through the last stage. Towards the end of it, I had to cross in a ferry the lake of Vermelen, from the opposite bank of which the village of Strand is distant a quarter of a mile. On arriving at the water-side, no boatmen were at hand ; and I waited a long time. The owner of the horse then insisted on unharnessing the animal and returning, because it was late in the evening. As it was his duty to convey me to the next post station, I would not suffer him to go away ; especially as I should have been unable, at that hour and with my ignorance of the language, to obtain another horse. He persisted in his determination ; therefore I had no resource but to take the beast by force and lead him on the ferry. On such occasions, inability to reason with the individual, and a consciousness that physical superiority is on the side of the villagers, who will always espouse their brother's cause, are painfully felt. But on these and many greater

annoyances the traveller must calculate, placing them in the scale against much enjoyment.

The next morning I started at half-past six, and accomplished nearly twelve Swedish, or about seventy-five English, miles by eight in the evening. The road lay through forests of fir, and was not strikingly beautiful in any part. Incessant rain through the day necessarily detracted from the pleasure of a drive in an open gig. Under less unfavourable circumstances, the surrounding country might have worn a better aspect.

In the course of the day I passed through two towns, Carlstad and Christinehamn. Carlstad is situated on an island at the northern extremity of the lake of Wenner, one of the largest in the world, whose ample surface presents an unbroken horizon to the eye of the inland citizen. The town is named after Charles the Ninth of Sweden, by whom it was built. The streets are long and broad. The houses, though built exclusively of wood, sometimes attain the height of three stories, and have an imposing appearance. Most of them, however, are roofed with turf, as is the case with the houses in the vicinity; and these elevated grass-plots, which attract the eye of the stranger, produce an effect not altogether unpleasing, were it not associated with the dirt of the interior. Carlstad is the capital of Wermeland, and contains a population of two or three thousand. It is the residence of the governor of the province, and a bishop's see.

The surrounding country abounds with mines of iron, lead, and copper: while the Wenner affords an easy means of transportation to Gothenborg, and thence to England. The forests of fir and birch in this neighbourhood are now and then interspersed with alders and junipers, which attain a greater height than I have observed in Norway. In these woods there is a great

quantity of game, with many wild animals. The capercali, or cock of the woods, (now peculiar to Scandinavia, though, in former days, it used to be known both in Scotland and Ireland,) abounds in Wermeland more than in any other province of Sweden. Its plumage is exquisitely beautiful, almost bearing comparison with that of the hill-pheasant of the Himala; nor is its size inferior, as it averages from ten to twelve pounds, Woodcocks and blackcocks are not rare. Hares are found in great abundance. So are foxes, wolves, bears, and lynxes. There are a few badgers, wild cats, gluttons, and elks. In the southern and central parts of Sweden, however, the elk is scarcely ever seen, as he does not often descend below the sixty-fourth or sixty-fifth degree of latitude.

The costume of every district has its peculiarity. The dress of the peasants of Wermeland is generally black. Their coats are cut straight behind, and have no buttons. Their hats are low in the middle, and broad brimmed. The tout ensemble is ungraceful and triste. At Christinehamn, which is a smaller town than Carlstad, I took the precaution to lay in a stock of bread to last till I reached Stockholm; and it was well that I did so, for some bacon and an omelet were all that the house where I lodged at night could supply; yet they were enough for one who had lately bivouacked four nights in the region of snow, with provender not so good.

In the neighbourhood of Christinehamn, and, indeed, the observation applies more or less to the whole line of road from Kongsvinger to Westeros, masses of rock are scattered over the surface in great confusion. Here, enormous blocks of granite, in an isolated position, expose their barren surfaces to the gaze and wonder of the traveller. There, smaller boulders lie scattered in profusion, and partially rounded, as if by the influence of

water. A heathen might fancy that the sons of Terra had prepared them as offensive weapons against the gods!

As it was Saturday, I stopped at the gate of the priest's house in the village of Wall, and sent in a note, as on many former occasions, to say that, with his permission, an English traveller would take shelter under his roof for the night. This request was worded as politely as my unburnished store of Latin would admit, and prefaced with an observation that the priesthood are constituted by their office the friends of mankind at large. National hospitality sanctions what might otherwise be deemed an intrusion; for here, as in India, every gentleman's house is open to a traveller. To my surprise the note was returned, with an answer that the priest was out. I construed this into an intimation that the priest did not understand Latin, and went to the post-house, where a better room awaited me than I had expected. A forebud was immediately despatched all the way to Stockholm; nor was I sorry that my body should enjoy the day which, in no less mercy to our physical than spiritual necessities, is set apart as a season of rest.

On Sunday morning I attended divine service. The language, it is true, was unintelligible; yet there is a pleasure in being within the sanctuary where God's people are met together to honour his holy day. There is little difference, as you are aware, on essential points, between the Lutheran and English churches. The priest wears a long robe trailing on the ground, with a lappet behind, resembling that of the under-graduates at Cambridge. The men and women sit in different parts of the church. The service is conducted much like our own; but there is more singing, and some part (I sup-

pose the psalms) is chanted by the minister alone, who does not join the congregation in the rest.

The ceremonies of marriage and baptism are also similar to ours. In the one, however, no ring is given, as far as I could observe. In the other, water is placed thrice on the head of the infant, instead of the forehead being thrice marked with the cross.

The parishes are very large. Twenty, thirty, and even forty miles is the common extent of one. The people have necessarily to go a long way to church. At Wall the environs of the building were crowded with little cars; and four or five hundred men were collected in the church-yard, though the village itself does not seem to contain ten houses. There would probably have been a still larger assembly but it rained nearly the whole day.

On Monday I quitted my resting-place at four in the morning. A long journey was before me; and as the time of arrival at each station was fixed, it was necessary that it should be punctually observed. At the third post-house, only twenty miles from Wall, I had the mortification to learn that the forebud, who ought to have arrived on Saturday night, had preceded me by a few hours only. There is no redress and no possibility of ascertaining, without the sacrifice of a week, to whom blame attaches, since the man is changed with the horse at each relay. Accordingly, I quietly pursued my way, assured of soon overtaking the courier, and resigned all hopes of reaching Stockholm on the morrow.

At noon I halted at Orebro, a little town, where I procured some meat. It was the only meat except bacon that I had tasted since entering Sweden six weeks ago; unless at Bergen and Christiania, where I dined four days; and on the Hardanger fjeld, where we were so fortunate as to obtain from a huntsman the haunch of

a reindeer. Orebro is a neat town, with a market-place and regularly built wooden houses. Here the diet was held which elected the present king as crown prince of Sweden. I had a letter of introduction to a man at this place, who proved to be a bookseller. He spoke English; and it was quite a relief to meet with some one, though but for five minutes, with whom I could interchange an idea.

When a man travels in the north, he must make up his mind to part with many comforts, and to be content even when ground for dissatisfaction exists. On his arrival at an inn, instead of the officious attentions of an English landlord, he must expect a reception cold as the snow on the mountains. He may have to wander himself in search of the half-dressed girl on whom the work of the establishment devolves; and when he has found her after a painful search, he must not be angry at the assurance that 'neither bed nor food can be obtained. If he travel alone in a gig, he will frequently be obliged to unharness the horse himself, and take charge of the tackle till the morning. When the gig is to be cleaned, he must at least stand by and overlook the operation, thankful that a substitute can be found to save his personal labour. Delicacy of taste and feeling will suffer an hourly martyrdom. He will often be tried by negligence, perverseness, or obstinacy; yet his temper must remain unruffled. Without such a constitution of mind, travelling in the north will be a source of constant trial, vexation, and pain.

At five I overtook the forebud at Koping; but I had arrived within the influence of the capital of Sweden. Horses are kept waiting at each post, and an avant-courier is unnecessary. I had also learned that from Westeros, a town fourteen miles beyond the proposed limit of my day's journey, a steamer plies every Tuesday to

Stockholm. Thus, what appeared a misfortune proved an advantage; for, being unshackled by the forebud, I was enabled to urge each little nag to a faster pace, and arrived at Westeros at ten o'clock at night, having accomplished a hundred and ten miles in seventeen hours and a half.

Westeros is recognised at a great distance by the lofty steeple of its cathedral, which is no less picturesque than interesting from historical associations. Here reposes, in the traveller's resting-place, the weary mortality of Eric the Fourteenth, whose follies and cruelties are almost forgotten because their penalty was paid by his misfortunes. Westeros is the capital of Westmannland; the residence of a bishop and the governor. A long street forming the main part of the town is wretchedly paved; the inn, too, is as uncomfortable as can be imagined: so that the town has little of intrinsic merit to recommend it to notice; but its situation is beautiful. Standing on the bank of the Malar, it commands a view of the blue waters, now contracted within the limits of a river, and now proudly expanding themselves into a lake whose smooth surface is broken by innumerable little isles.

This morning I embarked on the steamer, and sailed seventy-five miles to Stockholm, down the Malar. As in Norway, it is called a fiord; but, alas! the name alone is Norwegian. The mountains and valleys, the flowers and cataracts, the picturesque and the sublime, are all wanting. I could envy the Norse their country. It is a treasury of beauties; a pinnacle, whence one cannot fail to look with awe and admiration from nature up to nature's God:

"O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nōrint!"

The banks along which we have sailed are altogether Swedish. They are neither plain nor mountainous ; but undulate gently, and are covered with forests of birch and fir, sometimes interspersed with elms and alders. The party on board was entirely native. I formed the only exception. At first I suspected a man who bowed little, and had a book like a Quarterly Review in his hand. Besides, he *looked* proud, and seemed to regard the rest as his inferiors. The conclusion was, he must be English ! Happily it proved to be erroneous.

We arrived here at six this afternoon, and to-morrow I shall proceed to explore the city.

My journey from Christiania has been as pleasant as a solitary drive could possibly be. Perhaps you will wonder how, with neither servant nor companion, I can travel in a foreign country without any knowledge of the language ; indeed, I wonder also. Sometimes I am reduced to extremities to make myself intelligible, yet seldom fail to do so in one way or another. A man cannot travel a fortnight alone in any country without learning enough of the language to get his wants supplied. This I found in Norway, and it was rather tantalising that, just as I began to enjoy the benefit of experience and could talk a little, though very little, with the people, I passed into Sweden and had to commence another grammar. I am without a companion from necessity ; without a servant from choice. It is not here as in France, Switzerland, and Germany, the beaten route of travellers, that you meet your countrymen every day and in every town. On the contrary, you travel miles and miles without seeing a rational being. A traveller for pleasure is a rarity. Except in Christiania I did not meet one in the whole of Norway, unless unwittingly on the road. I make this exception, because I passed a gentleman on the Fillefjeld who seemed to be English as he did not

bow. I fancied too that I recognised his features; and, on examining the post-books, I found my conjecture borne out by the name. I have not engaged a servant, because experience has led me to the conclusion that travelling servants, as a body, are as bad a set of men as exist—the very Cretans of their race; and (as a Hindoo once observed to me about the Indians) “more clever, more knave.” They are generally a source of trouble rather than comfort; and the man who can do without one is happy.”

Posting is very cheap. It costs little more than a penny a horse for each mile, including something for the ostler and postilion, who are grateful for a donation of a penny or three half-pence each. As no horses are kept on the way, it is necessary to send an *avant-courier* twenty-four hours beforehand to order relays; and that you must calculate within an hour the period of your arrival at each station, or pay for your bad arithmetic. On the punctuality and speed of this forebud depends the comfort of the journey: for if he sleep and you overtake him, which is the case three times out of four, you have to wait some hours at each post-house, till horses are brought from the neighbouring farms, or the more distant commons. Every land owner is obliged in turn to supply horses to the post station. Some of them live at a great distance; consequently, as the remuneration is so small, the obligation is considered a hardship, particularly in the season of harvest, when the cattle are required to get in the grain, and the fine weather is so short that the loss of a day is of material importance.

The Swedish horses are yet smaller than the Norwegian; generally not above thirteen, and often not above twelve hands high. In England they would be called ponies. Their manes and tails are kept uncut. The little creatures are as wild as the forests in which they

graze. They get no corn to eat ; and are never cleaned. When not employed, they are turned loose into the woods, to pick up what they can find. Their masters are much attached to them. The owner, who almost always accompanies, to take back his animal, shows his affection in a variety of ways. If he thinks his beast is over-driven, he will interfere by force or by tears, according as he calculates the driver's strength compared with his own. No bearing-rein is used, and I have never known a horse to fall. This, since I have had experience of about five hundred, (a hundred and thirty of which I have driven harnessed to my gig,) is a high testimony to their surefootedness. Their mouths are very hard, nor can any force of the arm applied to Swedish bits arrest their progress ; but this matters little, since they are governed by the voice ; and will suddenly halt from a full gallop in obedience to the *burr* of the driver. The tackle consists generally of ropes : and is sometimes large enough to go over two of these diminutive creatures ; while, at others, its deficiency for one is supplied by pieces of string. Yet malgré dirt, size, wildness, and tackle, the Swedish horses travel well, and go up or down hill at the full gallop of their little legs, so that you may make six miles an hour through the day. It is a mistake to suppose that a traveller moves quickly in Sweden. The smallness of the horses, delay of the forebud, and numerous hills, conspire to retard his progress. Owing to these causes I never effected more than a Swedish mile, which is equal to six English miles and eleven hundred and forty yards, in an hour.

The roads are particularly good. They are made and kept in repair, like those in the interior of India, by the landholders, who are responsible for that which passes through, or skirts, their estates. A portion is allotted to each peasant. This is marked by red posts engraved

with his name and placed by the way-side, at a distance of eighty or a hundred yards from one another. A superintendent pays periodical visits to each post station, and delinquents are punished for *bad ways*. As the soil is one that rapidly imbibes moisture, rain has no sooner fallen than it is absorbed. On Saturday last, though during my journey it rained for twelve hours incessantly, yet, after an hour's interval, the roads exhibited no signs of the torrents that had washed them. This is a great comfort; for, with one exception, it has rained every day since the 12th ultimo, when first I entered Norway.

Good inns are scarce. They must necessarily be so while the number of travellers is small. At present the accommodations are generally very poor, and the houses always dirty. The people are for the most part civil and honest; yet not so universally as I was led to believe. A book kept in every inn for the entry of complaints is a security to the foreigner, although its revision by the magistrate is a matter of mere form. On one occasion, a woman, who had charged me three times the proper amount, volunteered to refund the whole if I would erase my complaint from the book. In these houses, poor as they are, you can generally get coffee, milk, eggs, hard bacon, and black rye bread, with a bed, such as it is. The price of every article used to be fixed, and a *tariff* was hung on the wall of the eating-room, as in Prussia: but of late this has ceased to be the case; and you may guess who gains by the innovation. Travelling as I did, the charges for food and lodging amounted to about five shillings a day, which is probably four times as much as a Swede would have paid under the old regulation.

Still the expense is very trifling, and even were it high, it is a privilege to be able to obtain good accommodations, whatever they may cost. In the other half of

Scandinavia, the ground will often be your couch, and your knapsack the pillow. Unleavened cakes, far inferior to Indian *chipattees*, with more of husk than the flour of rye, is all the farmer's cottage can supply. His cows are in the mountains, to save the grass of the valleys; and the stock of summer milk is reserved to supply cheese for the winter. Of animal food you find none, because the peasant eats none, except occasionally a hard morsel from the flitch of the late tenant of the sty, who last year formed one, and not the least important, of the family group. Thus the sense of taste finds little to minister to its pleasure. But this is a trifling drawback. Even the greater privations he experiences weigh little against the enjoyment the tourist derives from the scenery of Norway. It is indescribably beautiful. But in former letters I have dwelt so much on this subject, that I must now impose a check on my pen.

LETTER X.

Stockholm, 24th August, 1830.

On the evening of Tuesday, the 17th instant, I reached the capital of Sweden. The view of the metropolis from the bay down which I sailed was *riante* and picturesque. The Malar, an anomalous existence between a lake and a river, joins an inlet from the gulf of Bothnia in the centre of the town : thus, standing on the main bridge, you have salt water on one hand and fresh on the other. Before reaching the city, the Malar divides itself into two parts encircling an island ; which, as well as the adjacent banks united by bridges, is occupied by handsome buildings. The little bay that runs up thus far is the only salt water visible, so that in this respect the situation of Stockholm yields to that of Christiania and Copenhagen.

The site of Christiania, indeed, is perhaps as beautiful as that of any capital in Europe. Unfortunately, the internal are inferior to the external recommendations. You enter it with an impression that a plague has lately swept away the great mass of the population : you leave it with a conviction that the plague still rages. I never beheld so melancholy a city. The sombreness of "Night Thoughts" or "Meditations among the Tombs" smiles at the pall that Christiania wears.

But to return to Stockholm. There is little to detain a traveller in this regularly built modern city, which stands on the site of the ancient towns of Sictona and Birca. The parallel rows and formal quadrangles of her public edifices may appear beautiful to a Swede, whose

ideas are frozen within the sixtieth degree of latitude; but they cannot interest a southern tourist.

The palace, the glory of Scandinavia and pride of the north, has attained a premature old age. A miserable covering of plaster intended to hide the shabby brick now craves a cleaner coating to conceal its own shame. The interior is by no means pre-eminently grand. There are gilding and dirt in abundance, but there is little appearance of either taste or wealth: and a few worthless daubs form the royal collection of paintings. Still, the wonder is to find any thing of the kind in so northern a latitude. The Swedes deserve credit if they follow us at the respectful distance of two centuries.

A church, dedicated to the Seraphim, contains the dust of a long line of kings. The vault is open. Descending, you find yourself in the presence of what was Charles the Twelfth, Gustavus the Third, and others. The clothes are exhibited in which the first of these great kings and warriors was shot at Frederikstein. From that place I carried away a portion of the rock on which he leaned at the moment, and which now forms his monumental stone. Historical associations of this kind are peculiarly dear to me. They are fraught with classic interest, without carrying the mind back to periods where she is lost in the wide expanse of the past.

It would be neither profitable nor interesting to enter on an account of each public building in Stockholm, which has been far better described by a host of travellers. It is better to dwell chiefly on objects that stand out in the high relief of scientific or moral interest, touching but lightly on some few others of a pleasing character, which have dropped unnoticed, as full ears of corn, from the sheaves of former gleaners.

In a literary point of view, there is, perhaps, nothing so interesting in the capital of Sweden, as two manu-

scripts in the king's library. I have no doubt they are mentioned by Dr. Clarke, whose travels in Sweden I have not at hand. He will have given their history after a thorough investigation. I will therefore only mention them, in order to refer you to his volume.

They are both in Latin. The first, called the *Codex Giganteus*, is of enormous size. It is said to be written on ass's skin. It consists of forty books, each of sixteen pages; and comprises the whole of the Old Testament, (except the books of Kings, of Nehemiah, and Ezra,) with a large portion of the Apocrypha; several books of Josephus's antiquities, and the whole of his Jewish wars. It contains the interesting and well known passage regarding our Saviour, which alone would render it a valuable relic. The version of the Psalms differs from our own, but I cannot say to what extent. Of the books of the New Testament, it contains the Evangelists, the Acts, and all the epistles of St. John, St. Peter, and St. James; but none of those of St. Paul. Strange as it may appear, this singular manuscript ends with a treatise on magic, and a gilded picture of the arch enemy of our race. From this circumstance it is sometimes called "*Codex Diaboli*." The *Codex Giganteus* was taken by Gustavus Adolphus from a Benedictine convent at Prague. Its date, though involved in doubt, is attributed to the thirteenth century.

The second manuscript is of a different character. It is a treatise on the various diseases to which the human frame is liable, with a drawing of each case; and purports to have been written between the years 1349 and 1412, during the prevalence of a plague in which the writer performed sundry wonderful cures.

Under the library is a museum, enriched by Gustavus the Third with paintings and antiques during his sojourn

in Italy : but the collections of the north are very poor, compared with those of Italy or France, or even England.

Not far from Stockholm is the town of Upsala, famous for its university, in which the great Linnæus was a student, and afterwards a professor. In the cathedral is a simple tablet on the ground with the inscription "Ossa Caroli à Linne." Such an epitaph, like that Napoleon coveted* and Howard obtained, is infinitely superior to the overwrought eulogies whose palpable falsity too often dishonours the marble and the memory of those whom they would immortalise.

This was the spot where Christina threw off the royal diadem, and selfishly deserted a country devoted to her person and her reign. It is the fashion to admire this queen in all she said and did, but especially in the philosophy that enabled her, in the prime of life, to renounce the splendour of a throne. I am sadly heterodox. In Christina and in Charles the Twelfth I see more to blame than to approve. Each was actuated by selfishness and vanity, and each sacrificed to personal gratification the welfare of Sweden. A determination not to marry ; a peevish reluctance to receive the reiterated solicitations of the states ; a desire to indulge her favourite

* When the writer of these letters was at St. Helena, he was informed that Bonaparte, before he died, expressed a wish to have his initial N. engraven on his tombstone.

At Agra, in the northwest of Hindoostan, a magnificent mausoleum, such as Europe cannot boast, is erected over the ashes of the great king, conqueror, and lawgiver, Akber, whose name stands in solitary grandeur, the simple but impressive panegyric of his fame.

studies; and a distaste for the trouble of governing; were the motives which influenced the queen to an act that might have involved her country in all the troubles of a disputed succession and civil war. We cannot love the Swede, bound to her country by the ties of kindred blood and royal lineage, who could exclaim, "*Enfin me voici libre et hors de Suède, où j'espère bien ne rentrer jamais :*" nor can we admire the philosophy which permitted a weak repentance of an act so deliberately performed.

In Charles the Twelfth the king was lost in the general. He did nothing for his country but exhaust her finances and spread the terror of her arms. Like Alexander, he was the wonder and the torch of the world. A voluntary exile from his capital, and almost from his country, he never saw the former after the campaign that immediately succeeded his coronation. Ever fighting, flying, or recruiting, he neither knew, nor suffered his officers to know, repose; and the civil government was necessarily neglected by a sovereign who commanded his chancellor to be always "booted and spurred."

I know this opinion militates against many early prejudices; but my conviction is that the historians of Sweden have as much overrated Christina and Charles the Twelfth, as those of England have Mary Queen of Scots and Charles the First; both of whom richly merited punishment though not death. The self-same principles brought Charles the First of England to the scaffold, and Charles the Tenth of France to an inglorious exile. *Nomen et omen!*

In the sanctum of the cathedral is a wooden image of the Scandinavian god, Thor: an idol which I had feared had ceased to exist upwards of a thousand years; nor did I know that it had survived the dawn of civilisation. To this rudely carved log, human sacrifices were offered

on this very spot. The ceremony with which a traveller is introduced to this block of wood might induce the belief that the dark shadows of Thor and Odin, or their brethren Brahma and Boodh, were still spread over this Christian land. It is singular that such a relic of superstition should be found in a country so firmly devoted to the Lutheran faith; and where, though all religions are tolerated, an acknowledgment of the confession of Augsburg is demanded from every candidate for civil office. The great opulence of this temple is cited by Adam, an ecclesiastical historian of Bremen, as an example of the wealth which naval power never fails to secure. He says that it was entirely ornamented with gold; and that the people were in the habit of assembling there in large numbers to worship the statues of Thor, Woden, and Fricca.*

Not far from Upsala is the far-famed iron mine of Dannemora, that yields the finest ore in Europe; the whole of which is put in requisition for England. It is interesting to remark how every thing of every kind seeks England as a mart. Bullocks in the wildest parts of Russia are killed to supply her with tallow. The lobsters and herrings of Norway are exported, without the reserve of a single fish, to contribute to London's Billingsgate. And the steel-yielding iron of Sweden, instead of being purchased for the proximate army of Russia, is advantageously exported to the distant shores of England. Iron and copper abound in great quantities throughout Sweden. The only limit to the production of these metals seems to be assigned by an enactment

* Thursday, Wednesday, and Friday, are named after these deities.

which, by protecting timber, is intended to guard against a too rapid destruction of the forests. Swedish iron is especially valuable because, the ore being smelted with wood instead of coal, the metal is partially carbonated, and therefore with less difficulty converted into steel, which is only a purer carbonate of iron. The peculiarity of the mine of Dannemora consists in its being open. There is one such, I remember, at St. Austle in Cornwall. A series of fearfully deep and irregular fissures extends over a surface of about half a mile, while mounds appear in every direction formed of ore, pyrites, and scoria. The greatest depth attained is said to be two hundred fathoms; the same as in the Cornish mine Dalkoath. Thus here, as there, the "orange rind" is scarcely pierced. At Fahlun there is a large copper mine that has been visited by all the kings of Sweden, whose names are inscribed in a book presented to the traveller. A hundred and eighteen feet below ground is a room called the banqueting apartment, where the king was wont to be received and regaled. To the shame of the nation be it recorded, that the name of Gustavus Adolphus, inscribed by himself on the wall, has been effaced; while in its stead, those of Carl Johan and Oscar, the present king and heir apparent, stand conspicuous in characters of gold.

At Adelfors, in Smoland, there is a mine yielding a sulphate of gold, in which native gold is sometimes found. I am not aware that silver in an uncombined state has ever been discovered here, as it has at Kongsberg in Norway. It is generally extracted from galena, an ore of lead. The country abounds with granite and porphyry of a fine and beautiful texture. The latter is brought chiefly from the mountain of Sweeher, and specimens elegantly wrought are exposed for sale by all the lapidaries of Stockholm.

Yesterday, on my return from the king's country summer house at Rosendal, which is worth a visit only on account of a magnificent porphyry vase that it contains, (said to be the largest in the world,) I met his majesty and the prince in a carriage drawn by six milk-white horses. When one reflects that he is the only European sovereign who has raised himself by his talents from the rank of a private individual; and that he is the only one of all the great characters to whom the French revolution gave birth, who still retains his exalted position; in the present dearth of genius among crowned heads, and while the ambiguous result of a second revolution is yet pending, one cannot but feel that Bernadotte is really a great man. His manners are affable, his countenance handsome, and his figure commanding, though not tall. He maintains but little state, and in Sweden is popular. He is reputed to have said, certainly with more vanity than good taste,—"I am so martial, that when I look in the glass I am frightened at myself." The prince's features are not so regular, nor is his expression so open, as his father's: at the same time, there is something pleasing in his appearance. He returned the day before yesterday from St. Petersburg in a frigate, which is now riding gracefully on the tranquil bosom of the bay before my window. Her colours are flying in honour of the king, who is going on board in half an hour; the humbler shipping obey the command; and the water is teeming with northern galleys, full of groups dressed in all the variety of Scandinavian costume. The Norse, who have no love for the king imposed on them, suggested, when I was in Christiania, that Oscar had gone to solicit the sanction of Nicholas to his future succession. If so, a striking proof is afforded of conscious dependence. The Swedes say his visit was one of cu-

riosity alone. He wished to see the finest capital in the world.

The legislative assembly of the country is formed of four estates: the nobles, priests, citizens, and peasants, duly elected by their respective bodies. A bill may originate with any one, but it must be sent simultaneously to the other three, to ensure freedom of debate and vote. The king has a casting vote and a perpetual veto.

The Swedes have a sufficiency of titles to compensate for the lack of those distinctions in the sister kingdom of Norway. There, only three peers exist; here, the succession of every son to the nominal rank of his father has created a swarm of half starved nobles who would not dishonour the palace of the Great Mogul, where some thousands of kindred bodies might be found. There are four orders of knighthood; those of the Seraphim, the Sword, the Polar Star, and of Vasa; which are distinguished by blue, yellow, black, and green ribands respectively. The first is confined to royal blood and twenty-four of the highest nobles; the second to naval and military officers; and the fourth to those who have distinguished themselves in science or commerce; while the third is open as a reward for every species of merit.

The population of Sweden is estimated at three millions; that of Norway at a million and a half. In the former country the nobles amount to eleven thousand. As in France before the revolution, the aristocracy is too large to be either powerful or rich; hence it can offer no check to the influence of the crown. Yet the Swedes are liberal in their ideas, and at all times free in the expression of them. The press is under a very moderate censorship. General satisfaction with the government and universal contentment prevail. This may be attributed, in a certain degree, to the scantiness of population com-

pared with the extent of land: for, though the soil is poor, hands can always find employment. Consequently, beggars are never seen: men are not driven to the high-ways for a subsistence; and discontent has no time to spring up in minds constantly occupied.

Regarding her external relations, I will only observe that Sweden looks to England for protection against the encroaching power of Russia. The mouse quakes, because her enemy has only to stretch forth her paw. A Russian standard already waves on the islands which run close along the Swedish coast. Nicholas has only to wish, and unless England thunder "No!" to seize. Such a reflection would under any circumstances be painful to feeling minds; but to the Swedes, it is doubly so, because they have always gloried in their naval prowess: a boast which has been handed down from early generations. Even in the time of Tacitus they are spoken of as "Seated on the very ocean," and possessing a naval force. This continued to increase till the eleventh century, when being the first maritime nation in Europe, the honour was assigned to them of framing the nautical code; which was first written at Wisby in the isle of Gothland.

So much for politics. I turn to a theme of higher interest; a subject that will occupy the enlarged capacity of glorified spirits when kings and kingdoms are no more. In my travels through Norway, I found that every family had a psalter and a prayer-book; but not always a bible. The Norse are strict in the observance of forms, yet, generally speaking, a suspicion is excited, one scarcely knows how, that they regard more the "outward visible sign" than the cultivation of the "inward spiritual grace." In Sweden a spirit of enquiry has been excited. The bible is received with avidity. The king was present at the last meeting of the society, and they of "Cæsar's

household" boast that they serve the King of kings. The premier is no less known in England than in Sweden as one who is deeply interested in all that concerns the progress of true religion. He clasped my hand, and held it for nearly a quarter of an hour in earnest conversation. Amongst other things he said with great fervour, "Mon ami l'évêque m'a écrit beaucoup pour vous ; mais ici, vous n'avez pas besoin d'une lettre de recommandation ; c'est assez d'être un Anglais et d'avoir regard à la cause de la bible." It is remarkable that, with the exception of a few Moravians and a sect to whom the name of "Readers" is applied, because they have no specific form of worship and only read and pray, there are scarcely any dissenters in the country. It is difficult to account for this peculiarity, because all forms of Christian faith are equally tolerated here, though Jews are permitted to reside only in the three largest towns.

To-day I have received a visit from one of the most intelligent foreigners I have met. Count de Voyna is the Austrian ambassador to the Swedish court. During his visit, England was the topic of conversation. He is quite enamoured of her public institutions, and the liberal opinions of her sons. Her tenure of India, with all the civil and political arrangements dependent on it, is the object of his highest admiration. He delights in her literature and in her poetry. Yet, notwithstanding this high opinion of our country and her moral emanations, there are some things he strongly reprobates. "I cannot," said he, "approve by any means your social laws. You are proud and haughty towards each other, and towards all. However intellectual, however fascinating in conversation, if a man belong not to a particular coterie, he is not a desirable acquaintance. This lord has not received him, or that lady has frowned on him ; or he has not admittance to Almack's. Such a disaster is sufficient

to keep a man of merit out of view. I cannot approve the system. Rank, birth, and office are mere names. It is mind that makes the man. I have a few private friends in England; but they are all among the country gentlemen. I hope to realise my ardent wish of visiting your country in the ensuing year; and as soon as I can obtain release from public duties, I shall retire into the country, and there my intercourse shall be with minds, however clad, from whose stores I may enrich my own." In this strain he spoke at length. It was gratifying to listen to his just encomium on what I hold so dear. It was interesting to hear a man, the representative of the third sovereign of Europe, place mind and mental treasures above rank and its mere contingencies. I endeavoured to persuade him that those amongst us, whose sentiments he would value, held opinions on this point coinciding with his own. Time stole away rapidly during this interview, which was curtailed by a man entering to remind me of an engagement. As we parted, the count put into my hand a letter of introduction to the Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg, whom he represented as one of the few kindred spirits he has met. Count de Voyna is a Pole by birth. His person and manners are peculiarly engaging. He talks English like an Englishman; and tells me he is equally at home in French, German, and Swedish. He spoke with great feeling of his country, and of the sufferings and moral degeneracy of his countrymen. They bear reluctantly, he says, the yoke of Russia, which has smothered but not quenched the fire of their spirits: at the same time, the illiberality of her political system has exercised a pernicious influence over the expansion of the public mind, and fostered hatred in the hearts it has enslaved.

To this interesting individual I was introduced by Lord Blomfield, the British plenipotentiary, for whose

very obliging attentions I am indebted to the letters of Lord Aberdeen and my friend Mr. Money, the consul at Venice. Lord Blomfield is beloved by every class of persons in Stockholm. There is but one opinion regarding him. His kind and affable manners ensure affection, while his moral excellence and public character command esteem.

I hardly know whether to consider it a misfortune or an advantage that I have no books giving an account of the scenery, statistics, and government of the kingdoms of Scandinavia. On the one hand, perhaps I remain ignorant of some things I might learn; on the other, I imbibe no prejudices. In a foreign country, conversation with the natives is probably the most correct source of information. Of this I have availed myself to the utmost, particularly in intercourse with intelligent men at the tables of the ambassador and Count Rosenblad, to whom I am much indebted. When not otherwise engaged, I have dined at the noblemen's club, to which foreign gentlemen are admitted. Dinner is a meal soon despatched, and the company often disperses as early as five o'clock; so that one sees little of any body in the ordinary course of a party. A fashion prevails throughout the North of taking a glass of spirits with anchovies, or something equally piquant, to stimulate the appetite before entering the dining room. This is a vile system, equally bad in theory and practice.

Every facility is afforded to a traveller through Sweden. He is scarcely reminded by queries regarding a passport that he is in a foreign land: but on his arrival at the capital he is greeted with a paper containing a formidable list of queries, enough to make him suspect himself. After stating his name, nation, and profession; his age, religion, and residence; he is asked, "In the

service of what country are you? What year and what month did you leave home? To what place did you first go? Thence to what place? The first place of your arrival in Sweden? By land or sea? (One might have thought their geography would have led to a certain inference on this point.) Where do you now intend to go? Your business here? How long shall you stay at Stockholm? How long in Sweden? State your acquaintances and addresses, &c." The preparations for a Russian tour are expensive and troublesome. Nobody seems to know accurately what is necessary. I believe I have at length obtained the documents required; but it has not been without numerous petty vexations.

One of the greatest annoyances to which a traveller is subjected arises from the dirt of the people. They are insufferably unclean. After travelling some days with a Swedish count, I had to tell him three times that some dirt in patches on his ears had proved an eye-sore ever since we had been together, before I could effect the removal of the offensive, but kindred, matter. The houses also are filthy. I have two rooms for ten shillings a week, under the roof of an aged demoiselle who keeps a "restauration:" and I cannot persuade the maids that they ought to sweep the floor every day; or, at least every other day. They are content to allow the mass to accumulate for a week before they think right to remove it. Rooms cannot be obtained in Stockholm for less than a week. Even at the hotels, it is necessary to engage them for that term, though the traveller occupy them only for a night.

To a dabbler in languages, the observation of eastern words in this northern tongue affords matter for curious speculation. The Swedish, in its origin, we know to be purely Teutonic; yet there is a mixture, though scanty,

of Slavonic words that strike harmoniously on an eastern ear.

In writing this letter the train of my ideas has been broken by repeated interruptions. The king has passed under my windows. The guns have been firing. The hurrahs of the sailors on the yards of the frigate, and a noisy buzz of voices in the town, have served to dissipate my thoughts and to make me forget much that I had wished to say. I have taken a berth on a Finnish packet which sails for Finland to-morrow. The Norwegian *cariote*, bought at Bergen, has been sold here for nearly two thirds of the cost price, and will be replaced at Abo by a calèche. I have now been travelling so long alone in a country where every word spoken is unintelligible to me, that I am not sorry to have met an English gentleman who is going to St. Petersburg and will be my companion.

LETTER XI.

Kyrola, in Finland, 1st September, 1830.

At five in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 25th of August, I embarked on a packet which carried me across the gulf of Bothnia to the shores of Finland.

As we sailed down the bay, the view of Stockholm was highly picturesque. Her Grecian buildings, her domes and spires; the shipping in front, and the forests behind; above, the clear blue sky; and beneath, the azure mirror which reflected the whole; all united to form a coup d'œil such as Stockholm alone presents.

Our party was large, and many friends had come on board to prolong the parting hour and make an eternity of moments. Their boats, rowed by women whose tender nature became the touching office, kept alongside to carry back the tearful freight. At length the sad hour arrived. Tears, real or feigned, were shed in abundance; and eyes only half suffused would have been thought to indicate a want of sympathy, had they not been taught, on such occasions, to speak unutterable things. In a minute the doffed hats were reinstated; the handkerchiefs restored to the pockets; the women rowed hard; sorrow gave place to mirth; and "Voilà, le rôle est fini!" Evident insincerity threw an air of ridicule over the farce. A Finnish *camero*, or counsellor of state, with his family, had engaged the only good accommodation in the vessel; and I was obliged to put up with the captain's berth, a crib without a cabin. An English gentleman occupied the opposite mattress. The

camero spoke scarcely a word of French; but, fortunately, one of our companions, a professor of Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, was able and willing to act as my interpreter; and evinced additional kindness by giving me letters to a count and countess, both Fins, whose houses are on the road through Finland to St. Petersburg.

In the morning of the 26th we crossed the gulf of Bothnia, and at five in the afternoon threw out an anchor off the islands of Aland, where the first Russian custom-house is stationed. The ancients justly regarded this sea as sluggish and almost stagnant; but we need not give equal credence to their popular opinion, that the sun rose out of the top of the gulf; and that they not only heard the sound of his sinking again into the waters, but that they also saw, on very clear days, the forms of his horses crowned with halos of glory!

In arranging for passports at Stockholm I had great trouble; for no one seems to know exactly what is required. Forms are multiplied for the sake of the pockets of a tribe of hungry, ill-paid secretaries; and there, as in England, I heard that the rigidity of the Russian custom and police was unparalleled in Europe. Expectations grounded on such information could not well be exceeded by the result. They might, however, be pleasingly nullified; and such was the case: for, instead of a search, I was invited, with other passengers, to take coffee on shore with the superintending officer; and had an opportunity of observing the manners of a Finnish family. For this kindness we are all indebted to the professor, who was a friend of the custom-master. The hospitality of our host detained us a couple of hours after which we resumed our course. Passing many islands well wooded, and some a little cultivated, we arrived at Abo at one in the afternoon of Friday, the

27th of August. The distance from Stockholm is about two hundred and sixty miles.

The population of the islands, which form almost a continued line between the two shores, is calculated at only six thousand. They live by fishing, and by the carriage of wood to the two neighbouring countries. The Fins and Laps have a common origin, as their features, form, and language indicate. Throughout both countries, those are denominated Laps who live, as nomades, with and on their rein-deer; and those are Fins who support themselves exclusively by fishing. In our employment of this last Teutonic word, we use the whole for a part; and thus lose the clue which the word *fin* affords to the generic appellation of a race of fishermen.

Abo is situated on the river Acura that flows through its principal street. This is said to have been, before a late dreadful conflagration of its wooden buildings, the largest street in Europe; a statement I repeat with doubt of its veracity. The town is of great antiquity; and was the capital of Finland till the emperor of Russia determined to raise Helsingfors to that rank, on account of its being a hundred and forty-six miles nearer to his own residence. The fire of Abo afforded a favorable pretext for removing the university: and the population of the town is now reduced to about ten thousand souls. There is a floating market here, like that of Stockholm, for the sale of vegetables. The women stand knee-deep in water; and a little parapet, raised on the bed of the river, serves to secure the market from being carried away by the stream, while it affords a dry walk for the customers.

The cathedral is an old building of brick, in a rude style of architecture, without a single external decoration. It is under repair, and the masons would not

suffer me to enter to see the only object of historical interest in the interior, namely, the tomb of Catherine, the wife of the unfortunate Eric XIV. The observatory is quite modern, as yet scarcely finished. It is in the sixty-first degree of latitude, and is the most northern in the world. It stands on a high rock, commanding an uninterrupted view; but such a one as satisfies at first sight. The surrounding country is a mass of barren granite resembling the environs of Delhi. Finnish and Indian rock are much alike, and equally uninteresting. There is one peculiarity in this prospect. The eye is arrested by an extraordinary number of small wind-mills, which lead one to suppose that every person grinds his own corn; for they are evidently not required, as in Holland, to drain the fields of superfluous water.

It is a happy circumstance that man is so constituted that the only charm required to attach him to any country is that it should be his own. The Fins would not exchange their country and their servitude for the freedom of England, much less for the romantic hills of Norway or of Switzerland. Their patriotism has been the theme of admiration among all nations and all ages. A Roman historian, speaking of their entire destitution of arms, horses, and settled abodes; of their hardships, toils, and dangers; concludes with observing that they provide for their infants no better shelter from wild beasts and storms, than a covering of branches twisted together. "This," he says, "is the resort of youth: this the receptacle of age. Yet even this way of life is in their estimation happier than groaning over the plough; toiling in the erection of houses; subjecting their own fortunes and those of others to the agitations of alternate hope and fear. Secure against men, secure

against the gods, they have attained that most difficult point, not to need even a wish."

The contrast between Finland and Sweden is very striking. I could fancy myself in Asia. The peasants wear long loose robes of a coarse woollen manufacture, secured by a silken ceinture like the *kummerbund* of the Mussulmans. Their beards are thick and long. Their dress, except the European hat, resembles that of Beoparries from Cabul. Two churches in Abo, with Byzantine domes, remind one that, though the mass of the people now profess the Lutheran faith, they are subjected to a government which, till lately, acknowledged as its ecclesiastical head the eastern patriarch of Constantinople. Their cupolas are shaped like those of a Mahomedan mosque, and painted with the favourite colour of the followers of Hussun and Hussein. Nay, more! a crescent glitters on the top of the dome; and the delusion would be complete, if the emblem of Mahomedanism were not surmounted by a cross, which proclaims the triumph of Christianity over the fallen crescent.

Few carriages are to be seen in Abo. The *droshki* is the commonest vehicle. A bench, across which two persons can sit, *comme a cheval*, one behind the other, is placed on four low wheels; over which a broad circular board is fixed to secure the riders from dirt. The driver is in immediate contact with the horse's tail. Over the head of the animal is a singular contrivance to supply the place of a bearing rein. A thick piece of wood, the extremities of which are fastened to the end of the shafts, rises in a circular form two feet above his ears. From the top of this a rein is attached to each side of the bit. The force applied to bear him up is consequently a perpendicular instead of (as with us,) a diagonal. He can scarcely trip, or if he do, he must re-

cover himself, with the assistance of such a mechanical power. The apparatus appears awkward at first, but the eye soon becomes habituated to it. Most of the *droshkis* have only one horse, while those of a superior order are furnished with two. The second, however, is intended solely for ornament. It is harnessed on the near side, and made to canter with its neck bent, not ungracefully, in a curve towards the left knee. The shaft horse draws the carriage and trots, while the *furieux* capers.

With the kind assistance of the Swedish consul-general we contrived to get through the tedious formalities of the passport office by noon the following day. I joined his family circle in the evening in order to see something of Finnish manners. Such opportunities are not to be lost, though they are not always of an agreeable nature, as the want of some medium of verbal communication renders the interview frequently nothing more than that word literally imports. In the present instance, however, the consul talked French, and gave me much information. After leaving him, I had a curious meeting with a merchant who exchanged my Swedish for Finnish and Russian money. He spoke nothing but these three languages, and we had a good deal of business to transact. A spectator would have been amused by observing the expedients to which we mutually had resource. My little knowledge of Swedish was drawn on to the utmost, and served in good stead of greater proficiency: for at last, what was required was done; and more could not be desired.

The worthy *camero*, our fellow passenger from Stockholm, left Abo an hour or two before us. I had won his affection by telling stories in a jargon of German and Swedish, mixed up with French, to his little girl. Accordingly, he came to me in the yard of the inn, and, taking off his hat, made a profound bow, which I re-

turned in kind and courtesy. Approaching nearer, he took my hand and uttered sundry incomprehensible words. To these I replied by bows. A further approximation of his face to mine terminated in a salute of my right cheek, and then the left, which astonished me not a little. Perhaps I felt less grateful than in duty bound; for the good man's chin, not "newly reaped,"

"Was like a stubble field at harvest-home,"

and wounded me sensibly! I had not anticipated such a welcome to Finland.

As my English companion was travelling to St. Petersburg, we joined purses and bought the best of two calèches offered to our choice, for eighty banco dollars, or six pound fourteen shillings sterling. It is a miserable conveyance, and the repairs have given us much trouble; but as we require it only to carry us to St. Petersburg, a distance of four hundred and twenty miles, our hope was that it might last till we reached our final destination. We travelled all night, and on the morning of Sunday, the 29th ultimo, arrived at Helsingfors, where we passed the remainder of the day.

The road is good; and the country flat, like Sweden, but of a wilder character; the foreground being chiefly rocky, with forests in the distance. The horses are small. They go at a full gallop; and the velocity with which a carriage generally moves down hill cannot fail to try the nerves. We hired a coachman for five pounds from Abo to St. Petersburg. He can talk only the language of the country; and when my companion calls out to him, which he does repeatedly, and always with increased energy, to drive slower, the man conceives that we are urging him to greater speed, and flogs the horses more and more, till the weak fabric of the car-

riage swings fearfully from side to side. However, with or without danger, we have been making rapid progress, and as nothing is to be gained by delay, that is what we desire. Travelling in Finland is superior to, and cheaper than, that of any country in the world. The cost, including every thing except carriage and coachman, is one shilling per horse for ten miles English, or less than two pence half-penny per mile for two horses. There is no need of an additional horse for a forebud, as in Sweden, since horses are ready at every station and the change occupies but little time.

We passed several gentlemen's seats, and smaller well-looking houses. Such campaigns are seldom met with in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. In Zeeland, I saw not one respectable house between Copenhagen and Elsinour; scarcely one between Helsingborg and Christiania; none between Bergen and that capital; and only two on the road to Stockholm. As the higher orders here are richer, so the peasantry are more depressed, than those in Scandinavia. Their subdued expression of countenance and the mildness of their manners accord ill with the idea of ferocity which we are apt to associate with large mustachios and shaggy beards. I am inclined to think their state of vassalage differs but little from that of slavery. I speak, however, without sufficient knowledge; as inability to communicate with those around and an entire destitution of books leave no source of information open to me except careful observation.

In Finland, as in Sweden, the steeples are generally built apart from the churches. Were these erected on some neighbouring hill, one might suppose the object to be an extension over the whole scattered parish of the circle within which the bell is audible: but they are frequently on lower ground, and always quite close to

the building, the top of whose pent roof is sometimes higher than that of the steeple.

Helsingfors is a handsome modern city. The public buildings are ornamented with a profusion of pillars and pilasters, chiefly of the Corinthian order. None of these are of stone; but the stucco is well worked and covered with a thick coat of colouring. Additions continue to be made to the town, which will soon rank among the finest of the northern capitals. At Abo there is an inn called "La Societé:" but here, as in most of the towns in the North, travellers are conducted to an indefinite sort of an establishment, half private and half coffee-house, where little comfort is to be found.

The Russian government liberally allows the whole revenue of Finland, small as it is, to be expended within the limits of the country. The Fins have a council of their own, and none but a native can fill any office of trust. At first, I am told, they regarded their annexation to Russia as a hardship; probably because they remembered that Peter the Great had conquered a portion of their country, which was thereby dismembered. But the kindness of the emperor has now conciliated them: and so long as he treats them with consideration, there can be no doubt that it is an advantage to the Fins to be attached to a nation which has the power to protect them against foreign enemies.

At an early hour on Monday morning we continued our journey. The only towns on the road are Borgo and Lovisa. Eighteen miles on this side of the latter is the river Alberfors, the boundary between old and new Finland, or that conquered by Peter the Great and that ceded by Sweden in consideration of Russia's guarantee of Norway and the succession of Oscar to the throne of Bernadotte. In Russian, or Old Finland, the peasants wear a cloak or caftan, sometimes called a

khalaat, resembling in form, as well as name, the eastern dress. It is tied round the waist by a ceinture of serge. The hat is broad-brimmed; the trowsers are of linen; and the boots excessively wide and cumbersome. The men could not possibly be mistaken for civilised beings. The hair is sometimes in youth bright auburn, and generally in maturer years of a light brown colour; but always disgustingly dirty. Here, as in Scandinavia, it seldom, even in age, falls off. The men wear it quite covering the ears, and as long in front, but shaved off the back of the head. Their necks are left bare, and their faces are untansured. Less pleasing objects are not often presented to the eye. The women wear their hair fastened at the top in a conical roll, sometimes ornamented with a piece of coloured cloth.

It is curious to observe the various modes which nations have adopted of dressing the hair. The Saracens wore it long, having "faces as the faces of men (that is, unshaven,) and hair as the hair of women." A Chinaman cuts the hair off the rest of the head, but wears it on the scalp, where it is cherished till it will form three cues, substantially plaited and reaching to the ground. The Hindoo holds only one cue orthodox, and that a small one, by which he hopes to be dragged up into heaven. The rest of the head is submitted to a weekly tonsure. A Catholic priest, on the other hand, shaves only the little spot on the crown, where the Hindoo allows the hair to grow. The Mussulman, inverting the Russian mode, and adopting a style peculiar to himself, shaves the upper half of the head and preserves a semi-circular tuft of hair behind.

We reached Frederickshamn by night, having accomplished a hundred and seventy wersts, or a hundred and fourteen miles, from Helsingfors. This, like almost every town in the north of Europe, has some tale of fire

connected with it. Frederickshamn was destroyed by a conflagration in August of last year: it is still sadly desolate, only a part having been rebuilt. Since, in this state, it offers no attraction to the traveller, we started again at seven the following morning.

About two-and-twenty miles hence is the quarry of Peterlax, from which pillars are procured for the church of St. Isaac, now building at St. Petersburg. They are fifty-six feet in length and nineteen in circumference. If the whole structure be in proportion to these colossal pillars, the edifice, when completed, will be of enormous dimensions. The granite of this quarry is softer and therefore more easily worked than any other in the country.

A hundred and ten wersts, or seventy-three miles, brought us, at five in the afternoon of yesterday, to Viborg. The intermediate country is woody and interesting. The road, over a hard silicious soil, with large fragments of granite, on either side, winds through successive forests ~~of~~ of small firs. The approach to Viborg is picturesque. The immediate access to the town, which is fortified and said to have been used as a military station in the thirteenth century, is by two wooden bridges, of unusual length, thrown across an arm of the sea. The houses are large and handsome, with green roofs. The churches, like those before mentioned, have green cupolas, and are surmounted with a St. Andrew's cross over a crescent. An excellent inn, the only good one I have seen since leaving Hamburg, is in the hands of a plausible Italian, who kept us in good humour while he filled our mouths and picked our pockets. It was quite a treat to meet a man with whom we could converse. Conscious of his fascinating powers, he contrived to detain us till the following morning by delaying the arrival of the *podaroshne*, or order for post-

horses, without which no traveller can pass the Russian frontier, or obtain horses when past. Viborg being the last town in Finland where an officer of sufficient authority resides, it was incumbent on us to secure this document before proceeding further. The old style becomes current here, according to which my letter should be dated (20th August,) 1st September, 1830.

It was past seven this morning when we left Viborg. Our carriage, which had given daily symptoms of increasing debility, and had been supported from stage to stage by tonics administered at the blacksmith's shops, was seized in the course of the day with a fit of palsy that terminated in a fall and the fracture of a limb. In other words, the wheel broke in half, and we are now at a stand. We have travelled thirty-two miles to a small town called Kyröla, and have fifty-four more to go, before we reach the capital of Russia. A blacksmith and carpenter are busily occupied with tools and talent truly oriental, and give us hope that, before they have been employed six hours, they will accomplish the work of two.

The church before the windows of the post-house, where I have spent a great part of the morning, is a curious building. It is painted yellow, with perpendicular lines of white. At either end is a dome silvered over, and surmounted by a square room, like a pigeon-house, above which are a large gilded cupola and an enormous cross. But for this emblem, the Christian church might easily be mistaken for a Mahomedan mosque. Nor is it in externals only that the resemblance obtains. In the worship of the interior there is scarcely less of superstition; perhaps more of senseless mummerly: and the members of the Græco-Russian church have the same mode of prostrating themselves in

prayer and touching the ground with their heads, that is adopted by the Mussulmans.

But I must conclude. The progress of the wheel leads us to believe that we shall reach Rajajoki, the last post station in Finland, twenty-seven miles hence, before midnight. At an early hour to-morrow we shall pass the Russian frontier. We were treated so kindly by the custom-officers in the islands of the Gulf of Bothnia, that we expect similar courtesy to-morrow. Throughout my tour I have met with nothing else; and have invariably received from foreign gentlemen much kindness and attention. The recital of some instances of hospitality may amuse you in our winter evenings. In the mean time, if my letters serve to beguile an occasional half hour of your leisure, I shall be gratified; though I sometimes fear that they are too much in the form of a journal to interest any but the writer,

LETTER XII.

St. Petersburg, (1st,) 13th September, 1830.

My last letter was dated from Kyrola, where we were detained some hours during the manufacture of a new wheel for the carriage. We reached Rajajoki, the frontier station in Finland, that night; and the following morning, Thursday, the 2d instant, we entered the Russian territory at a place called Bellostrofskie. The custom-officers examined strictly, but politely, the contents of our boxes; and as we produced the *podaroshne*, or order for post-horses, with which we were furnished at Viborg, no impediment was offered to our ingress. Here, for the first time, a postilion insisted on driving, while the coachman, who pioneered us all the way through Finland, took up a humble post behind the carriage. A third horse was added, as the road runs through deep sand; and, after travelling thirty-four wersts, each of which is marked by a tall obelisk of red granite substituted for the wooden posts of Finland, at one in the afternoon we entered the capital of Russia.

Nothing of the same nature can be so imposing as the first view of St. Petersburg. The approach is through a wild and desert tract; nor is the city, owing to its low situation, visible at a distance. There are neither country seats nor gardens in the faubourg to announce the proximity of a large town. With one exception, the steeples are not sufficiently high to be seen at a distance. The entrée is under an unostentatious wooden barrière; and for a mile the traveller drives through a street formed of small wooden houses. Turning a sharp

angle, he finds himself on a bridge considerably longer than that of Waterloo, in the Strand. The Neva rolls its blue waters, as if with conscious dignity, on either side. Before him are the Admiralty, with a rich golden spire, the winter-palace of the emperor, the Hermitage, the Marble-palace, and a succession of buildings extending the whole length of the granite quay, each of which might be a royal residence. This façade, the opposite fortress with its solid walls and massive buttresses, the floating bridges, and the summer gardens, fronted by a magnificent iron palisade with glittering tops, form a coup-d'œil surpassing every other of the same kind in Europe.

There is nothing in St. Petersburg that can arrest the mind by the force of classic or historical associations; nor is there any thing in the surrounding country which can enhance the pleasure of the spectator by bringing into combination with an architectural display the picturesque beauties of nature. You are called upon to contemplate the splendour of a city; the triumph of art over nature; a superb metropolis in the midst of a marsh. Every building is an exhibition to which the various Grecian orders have lent their elegant forms without destroying the uniformity or impairing the harmony of the whole. No dirty lanes nor paltry huts are to be seen. These are kept out of view. The ground is the property of the emperor or of nobles at his beck; and at his fiat houses are destroyed and palaces erected. The poorer class of buildings observable in English towns does not in St. Petersburg offend the eye, because a practice prevails of letting out for the accommodation of the lower orders the cellars of large houses.

The site of the city is thought to have been injudiciously chosen. It stands near the mouth of the Neva in a marsh, since drained, which, in the time of Peter

the Great, was constantly under water. Notwithstanding the obstacles opposed by soil and climate, the czar accomplished his great design; and his perseverance, no less than a keen penetration into future consequences, commands our admiration. It was necessary that the new capital should be near the coast, because it was to become the centre of trade with foreign nations; and that it should be in the neighbourhood of his recently acquired dominions, in order that he might the more securely retain and protect them by concentrating his forces in the vicinity. It was his policy, likewise, to attract foreign settlers: and there was no spot in his dominions which combined these requisites so well as the one he selected.

It would be impossible to convey within the narrow limits of a letter any idea of this city. So detailed and graphic a description of it has lately been published by Dr. Granville, that I refer you to his work rather than make an attempt to transport you to St. Petersburg, or to place the great capital on your breakfast table. I will, therefore, simply sketch an outline, which, in after years, may serve to recall to my own mind objects now vividly impressed.

The first hut in St. Petersburg was raised by Peter's own hands in 1703. It is now protected from the influence of the elements by a brick covering constructed over it. A few wooden sheds gradually collected round this nucleus, and a small citadel with six bastions was erected. In 1710, the first brick house was built. In 1712, the residence of the emperor was transferred from Moscow to the new city, then dedicated to the patron saint of the royal founder, and called after him St. Peter's town. Most of the original edifices have been destroyed by time or fire. Now, none in the principal streets are permitted to be built of wood. The usual

material is brick well stuccoed; and the proprietors being compelled by law to renew the outer wash once a year, the buildings always look new. The modern houses are built on piles, because the ground is too marshy to sustain their foundation. They are lofty and generally handsome, with roofs nearly flat and sheeted with iron painted red or green. They are all numbered, and the name of the proprietor is inscribed on each door. The ground floors are chiefly used as shops; the cellars are let to the poor; and the family occupy the first and second stories. The panes of glass in the houses of the rich, are of an extraordinary size, measuring often six feet by four, and frequently much more. Each appears like a separate window, and the combination of several such panes in one frame imparts to a building an air of great magnificence.

The streets are for the most part straight, broad, and long; intersecting each other at various angles. The larger are furnished with trottoirs; an improvement effected immediately after Alexander's visit to England. At the corner of each, in a sentry-box, a police-man is stationed with a halberd. The Neva flows through the city, the largest portion of which is on its left, or southern bank; though a considerable space on the opposite shore, besides fifteen islands in the river, is covered with buildings. The Nevka, a branch of the Neva, forms the northern and northeastern boundary, while the opposite quarters are defined by the town ditch. The circumference of these limits, though not yet filled up, is said to be nearly twenty miles; and the population about four hundred and thirty thousand. Three large and several smaller canals studded with bridges, some of cast-iron and many of granite, yield an air of gaiety to the town and promote the carriage of goods between its distant quarters.

The great charm that, independent of its architectural beauties, distinguishes St. Petersburg from every other city, is the presence of the noble river whose waters, unlike those of the rivers on which other European capitals stand, are quite blue and transparent; these, reflecting the long lines of Grecian pillars that rear their stately forms upon its banks, present a second city to the view. The Neva, at its broadest part, is about three quarters of a mile in width. It is deep, and would admit ships of heavy burden to come close to the wharves, but a bar across the embouchure prevents those that draw more than seven feet of water from going higher up the river. On one side, a quay of granite, raised ten feet above the level of the water, extends nearly two miles and a half in length. This is furnished with landing steps at stated distances and stone benches for seats. A broad handsome carriage-road with a double pavement runs along it; while a superb façade of public edifices and private mansions commands the river. On the opposite side stand the fortress, the exchange, the academy of sciences, the museum, the college of miners, and a whole line of public buildings, the profusion of whose splendid pillars and pilasters almost fatigues the eye. Near the centre of the city, facing the Admiralty, is the Isaac bridge, on one side of which runs the English, on the other the Imperial quay;* the one named from the palaces, the other from the merchants, occupying the respective quarters. In a street behind, and parallel to, the English line or quay, called the English back line or

* On these quays no shops are allowed by law; nor in the large and handsome street called the Great Morskoi.

Galernoy Oulitsa, is the comfortable inn in which I am lodging. It is kept by a man named Reay and his daughter, Mrs. Crostwith, a pleasing woman of superior intellect and education.

Near the Isaac bridge, under the hand of a skilful architect, the marble church is rising up, for which, as I have mentioned in a previous letter, granite columns of enormous size are procured from Peterlax in Finland. Close to this stands the famous bronze equestrian statue of Peter the Great. He is represented checking his steed just as he has attained the summit of an arduous rock. The horse rears, and his rider looks calmly round, seeming to triumph in the consciousness of power and security. Beneath him is a serpent whom the charger tramples to death. The simple inscription is

PETRO PRIMO

CATHERINA SECUNDA.

1782.

The statue, weighing sixteen tons, rests on a piece of granite supposed to be the largest ever moved by art. It was brought out of a morass four miles from St. Petersburg; and when it reached the spot where it now lies, it weighed fifteen hundred tons.

The admiralty, whose façade is fourteen hundred feet in length, in the centre of a line of buildings that face the river, exhibits an ambitious spire covered with a thin sheet of gold. From it, as from a focus, three principal streets diverge on the opposite side which are called, *Prospektives*. The largest of these is the Nevski Prospektive, so named from Saint Alexander Nevski. This street is two English miles in length; and a hundred and eighty feet in breadth. The houses are of stuccoed brick, and the shops are tolerable good; but neither in their external

appearance nor in the furniture of the interior can they be compared with our own. The Nevski Prospektive is as inferior to Regent Street as the public buildings and quay above described are superior to the corresponding objects in London. In the centre of the Nevski Prospektive stands the "Church of our Lady of Kazan," the construction of which occupied ten years, from 1801 to 1811, under the superintendence of a native architect who was originally a serf of Count Strogonoff. The plan of the interior is borrowed from that of St. Peter's at Rome; but the semi-circular collonade that forms the Roman piazza is here made to embrace the portico, and to act as a façade to the church. This consists of a hundred and thirty-two pillars of the Corinthian order, distributed in four concentric curves; each pillar being thirty-five feet in height, formed of yellow stone. At the extremities of the colonnade are large portals, which give a finished appearance to the whole, and admit carriages to pass through them to the other sides of the building. The interior of the church is in the form of a cross, each arm terminating in a Corinthian portico. The aisles are flanked by pillars of spotted granite bearing a high polish, and ornamented with gilded capitals. The pavement is composed of marbles of various colors, and resembles mosaic work on a large scale. The great altar presents a blaze of gilding that would dazzle the eye if an ordinary quantity of light were diffused through the church; but owing to the bad arrangement of the windows and dirty condition of the glass, the interior is shrouded in a sombre and mysterious gloom not ill consorting with the dark views and blind credulity of the religionists who worship there. Standards, the keys of captured fortresses, and various trophies of a similar nature, decorate this temple consecrated to the Lord of Hosts." The symmetry of the structure is destroyed by the smallness of the dome, which seems as if

intended for a building of inferior dimensions. Among the trophies is a baton said to have belonged to Davoust, the destroyer of Hamburg. The only monuments I noticed are those of Moreau and Kutusoff. Over the latter are suspended some standards captured from the French.

Two days ago a grand religious festival was celebrated in honour of Saint Alexander Nevski; when, after attending divine service, or rather showing himself, in the church of our Lady of Kazan, the emperor proceeded in his carriage to the monastery of the saint at the end of the Prospektive. The sight was very imposing. The street was lined with carriages; and the church was crowded to excess. As the emperor entered, the folding doors in the centre of the "*Ikonoclast*" (or screen which separates the nave from the altar,) were thrown open, and the archbishop came forth arrayed in a gorgeous dress of gold and purple. In each hand he held a chandelier, and uttered some sentences rendered inaudible by the full peals of a sacerdotal choir which at the same moment echoed through the church, together with reiterated cries from the people, "*Gospodi Pomeloe, Gospodi Pomeloe*; creating a volume of sound that overpowered all others, and conveying, I trust, to heaven the prayers of many a heart, "Lord have mercy upon us!"

The religion of the Greek Church was adopted by the Russians in the tenth century; being established without opposition by an order of the grand-duke Vladimir, the first convert to Christianity, who sent emissaries to various churches of Christendom for the purpose of observing the forms of each. Since his object was to influence the ignorant through the medium of the senses, his choice was not injudicious; for there is something in the service of the Greek church that rivets the attention far more than that of the Roman Catholic. There probably is not more real religion, but there is a greater appear-

ance of devotion. The devotees seem to be more in earnest and to have more personal faith in the virtue of the rites they celebrate. This may arise in part from the ignorance and intellectual debasement of the Russians compared with that of the Catholics one has seen in more enlightened countries: but it is, doubtless, attributable also to a certain something difficult to describe, but in which no one who has been in the habit of attending Greek and Romish services can fail to sympathise. Is it that, in the former, instrumental music is excluded, while words of prayer and praise arrest the mind, chanted in the deep sonorous voices of the priests; and that to sounds of definite import we are loth to attach ideas which impugn the reality of feeling and the veracity of sacred functionaries: while, in the latter, full bursts of the organ overpower the voices and give to the whole the effect of a display of sacred music? Or is it that in the Greek Church the service is performed in a language intelligible to the congregation, while in the Romish a learned jargon is adopted always incomprehensible to the people, and often to the illiterate priesthood? Or is it, possibly, that here there is no bowing down to carved and graven images: and though worship scarcely inferior is paid to highly-wrought designs on tapestry and canvass, yet being familiar with such productions of art exhibited in our own temples and regarding them with an interest which the subjects render almost sacred, we are reluctant to believe that the Russian devotee converts his gaze into sin, by the admixture of an irrational and idolatrous sentiment? Or is it that we are more disposed to resign ourselves to sacred feelings inspired by the ceremonies of a Church tolerating our own dissentient creed than to those that might otherwise result from the services of one which marshals our strongest prejudices in array against itself by denouncing us as

heretics and accursed? Something, perhaps, is due to each of these causes; much to the union of all; and not a little to the fact that the Greek church, though itself scarcely purer, holds in equal abhorrence with ourselves the abominations of that apostacy against which our own has *protested*, and still maintains an incessant spiritual warfare.

The doctrines of the Russian Church are precisely those of the Greek; and so is its constitution, except that the former has cast off all allegiance to the patriarch of Constantinople and acknowledges no head but the emperor. The secession from the eastern church took place under Peter the Great, who found that the patriarch possessed more influence in his dominions than consisted with his own autocracy. The ecclesiastical government is now in the hands of a synod held periodically at St. Petersburg, and formed of clergy under the presidency of a layman.

The Greek, like the Romish clergy, are divided into secular and monastic. The former are generally men of low birth and very illiterate. Possessing no influence from either rank or erudition, they seldom rise in their associations above the lowest orders of society. The profession usually descends from father to son; consequently, men are brought into the church by the mere contingencies of birth, devoid of all religious feeling, and even against inclination. Hence their immoral lives and total neglect of their cures. A secular priest is obliged to be a married man. While single, he is not admissible to ordination; but once in orders, he must remain "the husband of one wife;" if she die, he is not allowed to wed another. The priests are paid by the produce of lands appropriated to them by the crown in the middle of the eighteenth century; by gratuities for the celebration of mass in the houses of the *seigneurs*;

and by fees on occasions of marriages and births. They wear broad-brimmed hats and loose robes of any colour. The hair is allowed to flow down the back and cherished with Israelitish pride on the chin.

The monastic clergy are subject to rules similar to those by which the same body is governed in the Romish Church. They are distinguished by a high conical cap, long veil, and black gown. The discipline of monasteries is very severe, and vows once entered into admit of no dispensation. The regular clergy are divided into seven grades, through which they rise according to merit or interest. The first is that of monk; then prior, *hegoumenos*, (or abbot of a smaller institution,) and archimandrite (or abbot of a large monastery): to these succeed the higher orders of bishop, archbishop, and metropolitan. In education they are said to be greatly superior to the secular clergy; and, no doubt, are so: but their ignorance of foreign languages, if I may judge from three whom we encountered in the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski, the principal monastic institution in St. Petersburg, forms a curious exception to the general acquaintance with other tongues displayed by the Russians as a nation. The three monks referred to were addressed by our party, anxious to elicit some information regarding the monastery, in French, Italian, German, Latin, and English; but the only reply we could obtain was a sentence of Russ.

No Russian is at liberty to change his religion, under pain of banishment to Siberia; at the same time great liberality is exercised towards Fins, Livonians, and foreigners in general; and it is an interesting fact bespeaking the religious toleration of the government, that in the street in which the Greek church of the Virgin of Kazan is situated, Catholics, Armenians, Lutherans, and three other sects of Protestants, have their respective

places of worship. Till lately, Jews met with equal indulgence; but about three years ago some of their tribe were found guilty of an infringement of the custom-laws, and the whole body were banished from St. Petersburg and Moscow. Only forty-eight hours were allowed for the disposal of their property, though many possessed large houses and an extensive stock in trade. The necessity existing for immediate sale induced crafty purchasers to bid only half the value, and the loss sustained in consequence was as severe as the ukase was arbitrary and cruel. The order was subsequently modified with regard to Moscow, where Jews are allowed to remain forty-eight hours at a time for the purposes of trade. An understanding with the police officers has converted this into a permission of permanent residence; for those who have houses in the city take a walk outside the gates every second day; and, violating the spirit of the law, punctually obey its letter. Roman Catholics, except Jesuits, are tolerated equally with Protestants; but the late emperor banished the Jesuits from his dominions for attempting to proselyte members of the Greek Church.

Numerous festivals are observed by the Russians, and celebrated with much religious pomp and pageantry. Each Wednesday and Friday is nominally a fast day; but the four great annual fasts, namely that of the Virgin, comprising the first fifteen days of August, and those of Whitsuntide, Christmas, and Lent; are rigidly observed by all good Christians. The last two of these continue during six and seven weeks respectively. That of Lent, with the ensuing carnival of Easter is the most famous. For an account of it I am dependent on verbal information and such books as chance to fall in my way.

During seven weeks preceding Easter the Russians

are prohibited from eating the flesh or produce of animals; the restriction extending even to milk, butter, and eggs. A curious exception is made in favour of nobles, soldiers, and most employes of government, who are required to fast during the last two weeks only: the imperial family keep holy but seven days in Lent. This previous abstinence prepares all parties for the enjoyment (if enjoyment it can be called) of a week of revelry and gluttony, during which they indulge in every species of excess; as though the uncurbed license of the appetites were no less a matter of religious duty than the fast previously observed. The Sunday before Easter the churches are adorned with boughs and artificial fruits. The following Thursday, the archbishop assembles a large body of monastic clergy, and exhibits to a crowded congregation a representation of the Saviour washing the apostles' feet; himself acting the part of our Lord, while twelve priests supply the place of the apostles. On Easter-eve a model of the holy sepulchre is presented to the people. During this day, which is the last of the fast, the markets are filled with viands of every species. The only business performed is that of buying and selling the components of the morrow's feast. Large carts full of meat, vegetables, fish, and sweetmeats, are seen in the streets; and night is awaited with all the ardour of enthusiasm, gluttony and wantonness. Some time before midnight the people crowd to the churches which remain full of anxious expectants, bearing in their hands tapers whose concentrated blaze diffuses a brilliant light around. A priest informs them that the bishop is gone to search for the body of the Saviour. As the clock strikes twelve, the doors of the sanctuary are thrown open; the bishop, sumptuously appareled and decked with a profusion of jewels, marches forth. A long retinue of priests, similarly dressed, follows; and the bishop

proclaims to the audience—*Christos voscress*; that is, "Christ is risen!" This declaration is received with shouts of exultation; the bells ring a joyful peal; and the choir strikes up a hymn of praise in honour of the risen Saviour. When this is concluded, the bishop and priests throw themselves on their hands and knees, and crawl all round the church, kissing the pictures of saints and other sacred relics. The spectators follow their example; but preferring living to inanimate objects of salutation, they set about kissing one another: then, leaving the church, commence an inordinate meal which lasts, with little intermission, for a week.

During this period the same custom of salutation is continued; nor is it confined to equals, but prevails among acquaintances however different in birth, education, age, or sex. A noble lady cannot refuse a kiss from the meanest peasant, if he advance with an egg in his hand in token of the conclusion of the fast, and the words *Christos voscress* on his tongue. She is obliged by her religion to receive the egg with courtesy to return the kiss in kind, and to reply, *Vies tiny voscress*, "Verily he is risen." The habit of personal salute obtains more among the Russians than any of the other continentalists. After the first introduction of a gentleman to a lady, he kisses her hand whenever they meet while she gracefully returns the compliment on his cheek.

The festivities of Easter continue with almost savage exuberance for a week; but there are few or no breaches of the peace. It is a singular trait in the character of the natives, that amidst all their boisterous sports and licentious revelries, they never quarrel; and whenever anger is excited, seldom as it is, it vents itself in words. Their language contains a remarkable variety of terms

of abuse, with which they are satisfied, without having recourse to the more brutal expedient of blows.

But to return to St. Petersburg. It may emphatically be called, as Burke with less propriety designated Calcutta, a "city of palaces;" for the royal residences are very numerous, and most of the public buildings might, from their architectural magnificence, be mistaken for such. That of the Grand-duke Michael, with the imperial Taurida and Anichkoff, is in the interior of the capital; those of Oranienbaum, Yelagine, Kammenoi, and several others, are outside the town. I have visited many, and have found them elegant and picturesque as country chateaux, or excelling in the severer grandeur of metropolitan palaces. Besides these, there are three of a highly imposing character, which peculiarly attract the traveller's notice, being all situated together on the same quay of the Neva, in a straight line with the long façade of the Admiralty. They are called respectively, the Marble-palace, the Hermitage, and the Winter-palace. The first of these derives its name from the material of which the columns are formed. The lower part of the wall is built of granite; the upper of a dark stone, which is either marble or gray granite. A peculiar splendour is communicated to this structure by the massive capitals and basements of the pillars which, as well as the balconies, are composed of bronze richly gilt. It was originally built for Count Orloff, the favourite of Catherine the Second; and afterwards tenanted by the last King of Poland, who here terminated his unfortunate career. It is now uninhabited; and, for some reason, strangers are not admitted.

Separated by a little space from the Marble-palace is that called the Hermitage, which Catherine the Second set apart for the enjoyments of social life. Every quarter of the world has contributed to supply this superb edifice

with something valuable in the departments of art or science. Besides the collection of cameos, jewels, statues, antiques, and books, there is a gallery of paintings* which would be esteemed good even in Rome or Florence. One long room is furnished with four hundred portraits of the chief officers of the Russian army, painted by the late Mr. Dawe, an English artist of great merit in the service of the Emperor Alexander. Ascending the staircase, we were conducted into a spacious apartment, one door of which leads to a conservatory of trees called the Winter-garden; beyond this is another called the Summer-garden, four hundred feet in length, formed of soil elevated on masonry to a height of more than forty feet. This artificial garden must have been the result of prodigious labour; but in St. Petersburg, all public works are on a scale of magnificence that fills a stranger with astonishment. Under a despotic monarchy no one dares find fault with demands made by government on the purse of the people. To enter on a description of the Hermitage would be to involve myself in the labour of a month; and as I have already referred you to a work wherein all that is worthy of remark in this capital has been described with interesting minuteness, I will only add that I never before visited a building which excited such sentiments of pleasure, admiration, and astonishment.

The Hermitage, though a distinct building, is attached to, and considered as forming part of, the Winter-palace, which was built in the middle of the last century. This

* The well known Haughton collection that belonged to Sir Robert Walpole was, to the disgrace of our country, suffered to be carried away to enrich the treasures of the Hermitage.

is the largest royal residence in Europe, occupying an area of forty-five thousand square yards, and capable of accommodating a thousand inmates. The basement and upper stories are built in different styles of architecture, so that the exterior is cumbrous and inelegant. The most splendid apartment, probably unrivalled in the world, is the great hall of St. George, a hundred and forty feet by sixty, surrounded by forty marble columns in double rows, with capitals and pedestals richly gilt.

Before dismissing the palaces, I may mention that there is one at a village called Tzarskoe Celo, or the emperor's village, twenty-two wersts from St. Petersburg, to which Monsieur Djunkorski, one of the counsellors of state, from whom I have received great kindness, drove me in his carriage the day before yesterday. In our way we stopped at the establishment of an enterprising English quaker who has been engaged for some years under government in draining the morasses around the capital. He has succeeded so well that his house now stands in the midst of luxuriant corn-fields, in a spot which had probably never before been trodden by man. A little further on, we passed through two villages, allotted to a German colony, whose industry has diffused an air of comfort that contrasts strongly with the general appearance of a Russian village. I will not weary you with a description of the palace at Tzarskoe Celo, which exhibits the same profuse magnificence as the royal dwellings at St. Petersburg, but contains only two rooms strikingly characteristic; the one, covered from floor to ceiling with amber; the other lined, half way up its walls, with lapis lazuli; the floor being inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The rooms where Alexander sat and transacted the chief business of his empire, as well as the bed-room, with the hard mattress on which he slept, cannot fail to be regarded with great interest. This suite of apartments

is said to remain in the state in which he left them. His hat and gloves are on the chair, his boots by the door; and his pocket handkerchief on the table. These rooms are consecrated to the memory of the deceased. There are some who object to such memorials of the dead. To my mind they are pleasing. They serve to maintain the connection between those who live on earth and those who have preceded them in departure hence.

We drank tea at the palace with General Merder's family. He is a favourite of the emperor and empress, and preceptor to the young heir apparent, the archduke Alexander Nicholayvich. These three interesting personages we saw; as also the little archduchesses, who were in the room next to that in which we spent the evening. Walking round the gardens with our kind hostess and some other Russian ladies, we encountered many groups assembled there to see and be seen, and to pay their respects to the emperor in the course of his usual promenade. The officers were in full uniform: the ladies in handsome afternoon dresses. Most of the latter spoke English; and that with a fluency which the Russians generally display in all the languages of Europe. My companions gave me some interesting details of the Persian ambassadors sent over a year or two ago by Shah Abbas; speaking of them as men of polished manners and finished education, thoroughly at home in the languages and diplomacy of the various European courts.

In a large institution, standing close to Tzarskoe Celo, for the instruction of children of the Russian nobility, my friend pointed out two young princes from Georgia and one from Cashmere who have been sent to St. Petersburg for education. I was surprised to find they do not understand Persian. One of them has picked up a little French, and was pleased at the opportunity of dis-

playing his fancied proficiency. The elegant form of the Cashmerian boy, his slender figure and supple limbs, so characteristic of an eastern child, contrasted strongly with the hardy and broader structure of the young Russians.

The mint at St. Petersburg is well arranged. The machinery and superintendents are English. The former was made by Bolton and Watts of London, after the model of that used in our own mint. Wherever an Englishman goes, he cannot fail to remark the preference given to the artificers, machinery, and manufactures of his country. In nearly all the large institutions of this metropolis the superintendents are Scotch or English; and their steam-engines, as well as most other articles of machinery, have been imported from England. The labourers in the mint are serfs of the emperor. We were detained till their dinner hour, and witnessed a painful process, derogatory to the dignity of more civilised Europeans. All the native workmen were clothed in very thin white jackets and linen trowsers without pockets. As they moved in files from the laboratory to the dining-room, each serf was examined by a police officer, who passed his hands over the whole of the man's body, from the crown of the head to the feet, to ascertain if he had any coin secreted in his hair or dress. At night, when the workmen leave the house, they are stripped to the skin and go out in other clothes; at the end of the year those they have been in the habit of wearing are burnt to obtain the particles of metal adhering to the fibres of the cloth. While a manifestation of respect sometimes teaches men to respect themselves, habitual distrust necessarily engenders disregard of that virtue in which the party is supposed to be deficient. Hence the Russians are faithless.

The coin commonly current is a ruble, divided into a

hundred copper kopecks. Of this there are two sorts, the paper and the silver ruble; the former nearly equal in value to eleven pence of our money; the latter to three shillings and four pence. Originally, the one was merely a representative of the other, as our one-pound notes were of twenty shillings; but latterly, paper has been so depreciated by an excess of issue and other causes, that its value has been diminished in the proportion just stated. In the middle of the seventeenth century bars of silver were used instead of coins. These were marked at regular distances with notches, (*rubli*,) according to which a greater or less portion of the bar was cut off to settle an account. The word *kopeck* is derived from *kopea*, a spear, because formerly the copper coin was stamped with an impression of St. George spearing the dragon. I have seen no gold in the country. A platina coin, called an "imperial," has been lately struck. Its value is not quite a guinea. This is the first piece of money that has ever been coined from platina. The metal is generally found as an oxide. Dr. Wollaston was the discoverer of a mode of combining it with chemical agents so as to render it tractile and fit for coinage. On his death-bed he disclosed this secret to Mr. Herschel, the astronomer, under whose instruction a person, named Johnson, was employed in the preparation of the metal; and when the Russian government sent to England for some one who could undertake the superintendence of a platina coinage at St. Petersburg, this man was selected for the purpose. The metal was prepared, and a coin struck with great skill and neatness: but, in the mean time, the value of platina had been much depreciated by a large importation from America; and it was considered inexpedient to put into circulation a metal that would be liable to very great fluctuations in value. Hence the

"imperial" has never left the mint, except when purchased by visitors as a curiosity.

The museum of the Academy of Sciences contains figures of the inhabitants of various uncivilised countries, attired in their national costumes. Among these are dresses of several of the tribes of Siberia, the Samoiedes, Kamtchadales, Laplanders, Chinese, Kouriaks, and Japanese. There are also several natural curiosities. The chief of these is the skeleton of a mammoth that was found buried in an iceberg on the bank of the Obi, in Siberia. As the ice gradually dissolved in a summer more than usually warm, bears attacked the flesh, which was in a state of high preservation, and destroyed the skin; but the skeleton was secured with the exception of a single foot. It now stands in the museum close to that of a large elephant; and though the one is not much less in height than the other, a comparison of their joints shows how superior the mammoth must have been in strength and bulk. From a part of the skin which is preserved it appears that the animal was furnished with long hair; a fact affording strong presumptive evidence that it inhabited the cold latitude in which the body was discovered; and that it was not, as some theorists have supposed, the native of a tropical region. Another produce of Siberia exhibited here is a piece of native iron weighing nearly seventeen hundred pounds.

I have visited with great interest the prison, a refuge for the destitute, a cotton manufactory in which eight hundred foundlings and two thousand adults are employed under the superintendence of a Scotch general, and the China, plate glass, and iron manufactories; institutions admirably arranged, which cannot fail to recompense a foreigner for some trouble he may encounter in gaining admittance. I have been delighted with St. Petersburg. Every thing here is novel; every thing

interesting; and every thing in a style of magnificence that is perfectly astonishing. To describe all that is worthy of note would fill a volume; and as books have been published containing detailed accounts of this capital, I refrain from minute particulars.

The houses of the lower orders are made chiefly of wood, having projecting Swiss roofs, small windows, and narrow balconies with ornamented balustrades. Those of the higher classes are built of stuccoed brick, much like our own, but on a larger scale, and with a profusion of Grecian pillars and pilasters. In all, the principal article of furniture is the stove. This consists of four walls of brick, cased outside with white, or painted, tiles, which rise to a height of five or six feet, and sometimes to the top of the room. The inside is well furnished with flues, so that the air of the whole room is equally heated by the large radiating surface presented to it. A fire is lighted once in twenty-four hours, and when the wood has ceased to blaze, the heated air is confined within the stove. In large houses, one of these conveniences may be found in almost every room, and always in the hall.

But this careful distribution of heat is not the only precaution rendered necessary by the rigour of a Russian winter. External air must be excluded. For this purpose every house is furnished with double windows. In the month of September, after a succession of fine warm days, the outer windows, which had been displaced during summer, are fitted in, and the interstices calked with tow. A layer of sand, with a few handfuls of salt, is then strewed between the two frames to absorb all the moisture; and the inner ones are secured so that no communication can take place between the external and internal atmosphere. The use of stoves deprives the Russians of the cheerful comfort of an English fireside,

and windows constantly closed render the rooms close and sultry; but these means preserve an equality of temperature, so that in the severest winter thermometers throughout the dwelling generally stand at 60° of Fahrenheit.

The climate of Russia is not so prejudicial to foreigners as might be supposed, because the extreme cold of winter and the heat of summer compel them to be observant and careful. Among the natives, too, catarrhs, consumptions, rheumatism, and other diseases resulting from cold, are not so prevalent as in countries where the rigour of winter is less severe. In more temperate climates, extraordinary precautions are not considered essential to the preservation of life. The natives become careless of the changes of weather, and negligent of themselves; hence the bad effects which ensue. Here every peasant is a strict observer of the thermometer, and can talk with as much accuracy of the degrees of heat and cold that have been exhibited during the season, as a philosopher in England. He dresses accordingly. In warm weather he wears a shallow broad-brimmed hat, and a caftan, or robe like the Persian's, tied by a ceinture of silk round the waist. His beard is always long, and his hair close shorn behind, level with the bottom of the ears. A shirt hangs outside his loose trowsers; his neck is left bare; and stockings are regarded as a needless luxury. In winter his hat is exchanged for a fur cap, wrapping over the ears and sides of the face; his light trowsers for thick cloth or blanketing; and, instead of the caftan, he wears a cloak of sheep, wolf, or bear's skin, with their hair turned inwards. His hands are similarly protected by shaggy gloves, which tie up four fingers together, allotting a separate division to the thumb; and his feet by lined boots coming up to the knees. A flowing beard and long moustaches form a

natural guard to the lower part of the face, so that the eyes and nose alone are exposed.

Thus equipped, a Russian walks or rides on a sledge, almost unconscious of cold, though cutting rapidly through a bleak wind when the thermometer shows 50° of Fahrenheit below freezing point. The only object of solicitude is his nose. This is occasionally frost-bitten. Having lost all sensation in that part, the sufferer is made acquainted with the accident by some passer by, who observes its natural colour to be changed. He immediately rubs his nose with snow, which imparts some of its own heat to the flesh previously reduced to the temperature of the air. This, together with friction, restores circulation, and the nose is saved. If the remedy be not quickly applied, or if he approach the fire, the part mortifies and falls off. The same observation applies to the fingers and toes. Considering the intensity of cold in winter, and the multitude exposed to its influence, it is a matter of surprise that so few are seen with mutilated members.

The dress of the higher orders of Russians resembles that of similar classes among other European nations. In winter, they, like the peasants, are furnished with stout cloaks lined with fur, but of superior quality and foreign manufacture. In the selection of fur the Russian gentlemen are very particular. Fifteen or twenty-five pounds is a price not uncommonly paid for a single collar. The ladies follow French fashions; while the lower class of women differ little in appearance from those of Finland, except that they tuck up their hair; and many wear caps richly ornamented with gold.

One peculiarity in the climate of Russia is remarkable. There is neither autumn nor spring. Summer passes away and it is winter. Winter was yesterday: to day is

summer.* The first intimation of the setting in of frost is received from Lake Ladoga, which, being inland and considerably north of St. Petersburg, is frozen before the Neva. The river is generally frozen in November, though sometimes not till December; and the event is preceded by unsettled weather, thick fogs, and strong winds. As soon as masses of ice begin to float down from the lake, the bridges, which stand on large barges, are opened in the centre and allowed to swing round to either side. But few boats, and those only of a large size, are suffered to cross, for fear of the heavy blocks of ice. By degrees, these close up the river, which likewise freezes; when, a deep fall of snow filling interstices and levelling the surface, the ice is declared passable, and is soon covered with passengers, horses, skaters, sledges, and carriages, exhibiting a scene of great gaiety and amusement. The bridges are replaced; and the communication, previously cut off, between different parts of the city, is renewed. The streets present an aspect no less novel. Carriages are deprived of their wheels and placed on sledges, gliding over the hard and even surface of snow with a rapidity and security highly interesting. Stoves are lighted in the principal squares for the benefit of the *isvostchiks*, or drivers, and others whose profession compels them to stand still in the open air. The roofs of the houses are covered with the same unvaried dress of virgin white, and studded with crows, which assemble in groups

* It is calculated that throughout the year there are three hot, or tolerably warm, days to two winter days and one in which it is moderately fair with frost at night. The extreme heat of summer seldom exceeds 80° of Fahrenheit in the shade, and the extreme cold of winter is rarely more than 30° below zero.

as numerous as those that may be seen throughout the year in Calcutta. All this is the effect of a few days. Summer has passed away like a dream, and winter has set in.

But a Russian winter has not the gloom of that season in any other country. On the contrary, it is a time of gaiety and enjoyment, not only to the rich in the festivities of the drawing-room, but to all classes in manly out-of-door exercises. Nor is the shortness of the day a source of great inconvenience. Long after the sun has set, his refracted rays, reflected from every object white with snow, afford a protracted twilight; darkness is frequently dissipated by a welcome aurora; and night is always enlivened by a sky which, exhibiting a brilliant illumination of starry lamps, seems to participate the joy of the city.

On the seventeenth of January the priests, marching in solemn procession to the bank of the Neva, bless its frozen waters. The rite, like that celebrated at Easter, (which resembles the ceremonies that Plutarch says were used by the heathens in search of Osiris,) seems to have a pagan origin. A wooden building is erected on the ice. In the centre is suspended a visible emblem of the Holy Spirit. The metropolitan, followed by priests, enters this temporary shed; and having pierced the ice, dips a crucifix into the hole and sprinkles the water in the direction of the crowds who line the banks. The emperor makes a point of being present on this occasion, as during most other grand religious ceremonies.

The Neva remains frozen till about the middle of April. In the beginning of that month snow disappears from the more frequented streets; and the breaking up of the ice, an occurrence hailed with intense interest, is calculated by some with singular accuracy. They are seldom mistaken in the day. Police officers are posted

to prevent people from passing over. The bridges are removed, and multitudes flock to the river to be spectators of the great event. At length, indistinct murmurs indicate a partial cracking of the ice. Masses begin to disengage themselves in the centre, and are carried under by the current. At last, a general crash is heard, like the roar of distant thunder; the whole body of ice is broken up, and frozen mountains are seen moving down the Neva, striking against each other and against the banks with destructive violence. For two or three days the river continues to be covered with similar masses which float in from the Ladoga. During this period all communication is cut off between quarters of the city on opposite banks. A salute from the citadel intimates a reinstatement of the bridges, and a grant of permission to the boatmen once more to ply their long-forgotten oars.

This event is not allowed to pass without an appropriate ceremony. The governor of the fort, attended by his staff, solicits permission to pay his respects to the emperor, and presents him with a glassful of the pure waters of the Neva, in token that they have been restored to their liquid state, and that a more genial season has arrived. The priests, too, perform their part, and bless the returning vegetation. Plants and trees now put forth their flowers, leaves, and blossoms. Nature rises with fresh energy from her long torpor, and seems to sport, with the gaiety of the butterfly springing from its chrysalis state. What in England is the work of a season is here performed in a week or two; and the sudden transition from the depth of winter to the full verdure of summer is as astonishing as it is delightful. In these observations I give you the result of my enquiries from others; for, not having been here in winter, I have not

witnessed the festivities of that season, nor the magical transformation of nature.

During September and October, and still more in the month of November, St. Petersburg is liable to inundations of the river, produced by strong winds setting in from the gulf of Finland and checking the current of the Neva. The severest calamity of this nature which has happened of late years will be fresh in your recollection. It occurred in November 1824, when the river rose fifteen feet, and threatened the whole city with destruction. Many lives were lost, and many buildings destroyed. A broad red line on all the houses keeps in constant remembrance this dreadful visitation of Providence, and marks the height attained by the water.

Twenty miles from St. Petersburg, close to the mouth of the Neva, is the island of Cronstadt, the station for Russian shipping. A steamer leaves the capital at an early hour every morning during summer, and returns the same evening, so that the docks can be inspected with very little trouble and difficulty, provided only that care has been taken to secure the necessary signatures to the passport, which is always a matter of great importance, and generally embarrassed with unnecessary obstacles for the purpose of extorting money. Cronstadt is well fortified towards the sea, and surrounded by little isles furnished with batteries. Its chief protection is the shallow water investing it on all sides, and leaving only one narrow channel, from which, in case of invasion, the buoys would be removed. About fifteen thousand sailors are kept here, trained like soldiers, to act as a marine corps against an enemy. The navy of Russia is not large. Having so small a coast to guard, and so little facility for the maintenance of a fleet, it is not her policy to do more in this department than may be sufficient to protect her German provinces and Finland against Swe-

den. As her commerce is entirely in the hands of foreigners, her merchantmen are likewise few. Most of the ships in the docks are English or American. It is somewhat curious that at the inn where I lodge there is not a guest of any other nation; and more than half our party are captains in the merchant service of England or America.

As all large ships are built at St. Petersburg in a dock yard off the granite quay already referred to, where the water is shallow, a number of camels are kept at Cronstadt for the purpose of carrying them down the river. Camels are hollow cases of wood so constructed as to embrace the keel and lay hold of the hull of a ship on both sides. They are filled with water and sunk, in order to be fixed on. The water is then pumped out, and the specific gravity of the whole mass being decreased, the camels and vessel gradually rise. The process is continued by an addition of camels till the ship is raised sufficiently to enable it to pass the shoals. Since my arrival, two of the largest ships in the Russian navy have been launched from this dock yard, in the presence of the emperor, with all the parade which invariably attends similar events in this great capital.

There has been no levee this month; but Lord Heytesbury, the English ambassador, to whom I am indebted for some obliging attentions, has offered to present me at the first that is held after my return from Moscow, for which city I purpose to set out to-morrow.

LETTER XIII.

Moscow, 23d (11th,) September, 1830.

Before quitting St. Petersburg it was necessary that I should make up my mind as to the route to be pursued from Moscow, because a traveller is obliged to advertise his name in the public newspapers three times before he can obtain permission to leave the country. This form occupies nearly a fortnight, and the final passport can be procured only at St. Petersburg or Moscow, at which ever of the two places the advertisement has been published. As the standing camp, the chief object of interest at Warsaw, has been removed for the winter, and as the road through that part of Poland is as tedious as a monotonous bed of sand must always be; while, on the other hand, the German provinces of Russia, with their large-commercial towns, the western part of Poland, and the extensive territories of Prussia, offer much of novelty and interest, I resolved to return to St. Petersburg and pursue the road by Riga, Polangen, and Koenigsberg, to Berlin, though it is five hundred miles longer than that by Warsaw to the capital of Prussia. Accordingly, having put things in train to secure a passport as soon as I return to St. Petersburg, and having obtained permission to proceed to Moscow, I entered a diligence on the morning of Tuesday, the 14th instant.

The distance is six hundred and ninety-eight wersts, or four hundred and sixty-five miles. The journey occupied four days and nights. I was alone in the inside. There were three outside passengers, one of whom was

a Greek, an inhabitant of Toganrog, to which place his family migrated during the troubles of their ill-fated land. He said he knew a little of the ancient Greek; and though he could not understand my pronunciation, yet when I wrote a few words, he answered readily, and interpreted for me at the Russian inn. We had not proceeded far before it appeared that one of my companions, an obliging young adventurer of much general information, spoke Italian. Thus, considering that I was travelling in a foreign and half civilised country, ignorant of the language, and without an interpreter, I had no reason to complain. On one occasion, I met a native of Georgia, naturalised as a Russian. The rencontre was very interesting. His name was John Mortlock. He had been a slave, and was redeemed by a benevolent gentleman of my acquaintance, well known in London and Brighton, whose name he adopted in the Christian rite of baptism.

Leaving St. Petersburg for Moscow, the traveller makes up his mind to resign all comfort till he reach the end of his journey. At the post-houses he can procure scarcely any thing but tea, bread, and butter; except here and there a kind of soupe maigre, called *tschee*, consisting chiefly of cabbages and the water in which they have been boiled. The filth of the rooms is such that even those who travel with post-horses and can command their time prefer the fatigue of continued motion to a night's sojourn in one of these nondescript abodes. The state of the people in the interior seems inconsistent with their proximity to such a city as St. Petersburg. The shaggy peasant, rivalling in hairiness his own sheep-skin cloak, and lying asleep in any corner of the road; the bare-legged girl gazing with an unmeaning stare from a hole in the wall, which serves as the only window of the house; and the wild appearance of the children, the cattle,

and the buildings, force upon a stranger's mind the conclusion that civilisation has been left behind. However, every thing is new; and what is new is interesting. In spite of many annoyances and great discomfort, four days and nights passed quickly away; while memory was busily occupied in recalling the wonders of St. Petersburg, and imagination no less engaged in picturing fairy visions of Moscow.

The first twenty wersts carried us over the same road that I had travelled only a day or two before, to visit the palace of Tzarskoe Celo. At Sophea, contiguous to which little town the palace stands, our progress was arrested for three hours by a review of the troops. The peasants had scrambled, without distinction of age or sex, to the tops of their thatched roofs, to witness the military display. I followed their example, seating myself across the gable end of a cottage, to the infinite amusement of many a Russian boor who passed his dull joke on the foreigner. The emperor and empress, with several of the imperial family, were present. Thirty thousand troops were assembled to go through the manœuvres of a mock fight. Their volleys were fired with an irregularity which would disgrace an awkward squad; otherwise, as far as a civilian can judge, the duties were performed in a soldier-like manner. The scene was highly animating, and very opportune, as affording me a sight of the Russian army.

The Hussars and Cossacks wore a peculiarly martial appearance. To the disappointment of a foreigner's curiosity, the latter have been disrobed of their national costume, and vacancies in their troops have been supplied indiscriminately with native-born Russians. They are now distinguished from European Lancers chiefly by the length and weight of their spears, and by the skill with which they wield them. The word Cossack is a cor-

ruption of the Turkish *kuzzak*, a robber. The predatory tribes inhabiting the banks of the Don were called the Kuzzaks of the Don; a designation which, by an easy corruption, has been converted into Don Cossacks. The term Hussar may be traced nearer home. It is Hungarian, signifying twentieth. The name was first applied to a corps formed by a selection from various regiments of the finest man in every twenty; and being imported into other countries, was used with a more general and less accurate signification.

After three hours we obtained permission to proceed. En route, we passed through two or three large towns. The first was Novgorod, a hundred and twenty miles from St. Petersburg, built before the year 500 of our era. The *krem*l, or fortress, erected in the eleventh century, was repaired by the celebrated architect Aristotile,* of whose taste and science it remains a deserted monument, "ære perennius." The church is constructed after the model of St. Sophia's at Constantinople, which I long to see. From Moscow to Odessa the distance is only eight hundred miles; and a water conveyance would carry me speedily thence to Istambol. But as duty calls me home, inclination must be sacrificed. Novgorod once contained a population larger than St. Petersburg now does; but it has sunk into insignificance and possesses no object of interest except the tomb of Vladimir, and the brass gates he brought away from the Crimea in his expedition

* Alberti Aristotile, otherwise called Ridolfe Fioraventi, was a celebrated architect and mechanician of Bologna, who flourished in the fifteenth century. He is said to have moved a tower with all its bells from one of the churches in his native city to a spot thirty-five paces distant!

against Greece. Whether or not they are the identical gates I will not venture to decide; but some learned historians, among whom is Gibbon, think there is just ground to credit the story.

About two hundred and ten miles from St. Petersburg, and ninety from Novgorod, we crossed a little range of hillocks, designated by the lofty title of the Walday mountains, though scarcely twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. They form a water *plateau*, or elevated spot whence rivers assume opposite courses. Thus, drops which have been congregated in the same cloud, and fall within a few yards of each other, are transported, some to the commercial Baltic, and some to the Frozen ocean; while others diverge to the inland Caspian, or the Black Sea and Mediterranean. The capacious mind of Peter the Great formed a design of completing the communication, by means of a canal cut through this gently rising ground, between the Baltic and the Caspian. Many and great difficulties were to be encountered, but at length he succeeded in uniting the Msta and the Tvertsa; the former joins the Volkoff that communicates through the lake of Ladoga and the Neva with the Baltic; the other is lost in the Wolga which flows into the Caspian. The fall towards the Msta is very great; and the quantity of water that can be collected from mountain rills is insufficient to fill the canal so as to enable vessels to go down one of the falls, called the Borovitski. Water is therefore collected in a basin and the locks are opened only once a week, when all boats waiting for a passage are mustered, and shoot the falls. In the descent they are generally so shattered as to be good for little afterwards; and since it is impossible for them to reascend the cataracts, they are broken up at St. Petersburg. The canal is two miles in length, and admits about four thousand vessels annually. By its means one of the most exten-

sive inland navigations in the world is accomplished; the distance from the Baltic to the Caspian by the course of the rivers referred to, being upwards of three thousand miles.*

From an official paper published at St. Petersburg in August 1826, it appears that merchandise to the value of four and a half millions sterling passed through this canal, called Vouichni-Volotchok, in the year 1824.

A hundred and four miles from Valday stands Torjok, famous for a manufacture of shoes and sashes embroidered with gold and silver, and for that peculiar mode of preparing leather, which in every country gives the name of *Russian leather* to such as has undergone the process. I recollect, when travelling some years ago in the Himala mountains, to have been presented by one of the petty rajas with a whole skin of leather thus prepared, the only one I ever saw in an entire state. It was then a problem to me how he procured it. Information lately obtained leads me to believe that he must have got it from Ladak, the country of the Grand Lama, (which was near at hand) where a large fair is annually held for the barter of goods between Cashmerians and Tartars, who form a medium of communication between the merchants of China and Russia; Russians carrying from the fair of Nijni Novgorod home produce, which they exchange with Chinamen for tea. Torjok leather is tanned with the bark of oak, and coloured red with cochineal, which is a small insect gathered on the opuntia and dried. Some vegetable oil is added to communicate its peculiar odour. Here, as at each station where the horses are changed, the diligence

* Mr. G——, a Scotch missionary, a year or two since, made a voyage by the route referred to from St. Petersburg to Astracan.

halts for an hour; and a foreigner must possess great self-command who can abstain from laying in a stock of souvenirs of Russia from the collection of curiosities exposed for sale. These consist chiefly of sashes, caps, pillows, slippers, pocket-books, and writing cases, of Torjok, or Russian, leather, richly embroidered with gold and silver.

Tver, a large and handsome town, the capital of the government of that name, stands on the bank of the Volga forty-three miles beyond Torjok, and three hundred and fifty-eight from St. Petersburg. The population exceeds twelve thousand. Here the real character of Russian architecture is clearly marked. The churches, which are numerous, are built in the oriental style. Their cupolas of green and gold, surmounted with massive crosses gilded by the setting sun, contrasted picturesquely with the deep azure of the sky; and presented a view, to a certain degree oriental, yet strangely blended with what is peculiarly European. When Napoleon invaded Moscow, such consternation was diffused through the country, that Tver, which is only a hundred and seven miles from that city, with many more distant towns, was deserted by its inhabitants, who carried off their moveable property to remote villages. Tver derives its name from the Tvertsa that here disembogues itself into the Volga.

There is something indescribable in the feelings with which for the first time we look on things and places regarded from childhood with respect and almost veneration, conceded either to their individual grandeur, or to historical or geographical associations. In youth, especially, such sentiments are excited when the objects in question are remote, and the probability of seeing them but small: and even in after life all are more or less conscious of magnifying to themselves what is distant and unknown. It was under the influence of some such

early impressions that I approached the Wolga. I once experienced similar feelings on the banks of the Ganges. But here I mused on a much larger river, the largest of Europe; a river navigable nearly to its source, through a space of more than two thousand five hundred miles; and I dwelt on it with a kind of respect and admiration. A bridge of boats carrying us quickly across, the train of my ideas was interrupted by other objects of novelty and interest.

The approach to Moscow is characterised by an increasing resemblance to oriental costumes, as well as habits and style of architecture. Women wear long shawls covering the head and pendent to the feet, like the eastern *chudder*, which probably resembles the veil that Ruth wore, when, in the simplicity of primitive times and the innocence of her heart, she presented herself to her kinsman Boaz. The gown is generally of some bright colour; and, except that it has sleeves and is covered with tinsel, might bear comparison with the Indian *sayah*. The men carry in their girdle a hatchet that answers the purpose of a knife as well as of an offensive and defensive weapon. Their large clumsy shoes are made of the inner bark of the lime-tree; and, instead of stockings, long rolls of flannel or blanketing are twisted in a grotesque manner round their legs.

Many of the villages and small towns through which we passed are not paved, but boarded with planks; the houses also are built of logs, in the fashion already described as prevalent in Norway, with large Swiss roofs and ornamented balconies. At the inns, a picture of the Virgin is suspended in every room. To this, each person, as he enters, pays respect by crossing himself quickly and bowing, before he salutes the master or mistress of the house. The picture is generally covered with a coating of coloured metal, often plated, (in the

churches it is sometimes of pure silver,) which has holes to show the face and hands. This practice of covering the object of worship may have been adopted in order to preserve it from injury, when the art of multiplying copies was little known in Russia. It is now retained only because the tinsel is more gaudy than the picture.

Sometimes, when we stopped to change horses, women would crowd round us with biscuits, of the size and shape of a bracelet, strung, thirty or forty together, on a piece of hemp. These they insisted on our purchasing for a halfpenny or two, nor would they take a refusal. Their importunity is considered to be rather a token of good-will than the result of a desire to make money. In the course of our journey we passed several tumuli, supposed to have been raised at an early date over fallen warriors. Every now and then we encountered a caravan of carts proceeding to the capital, each drawn by two or three oxen, and laden with sugar. The wagons were shaped like boats, fixed on two low wheels, and covered with matting. Their rude structure reminded me of the eastern *hakries*.

The greater part of the road between the rival cities of Russia has been *Macadamised*; but for an extent of two hundred wersts* the old one, though half broken up, remains. In this part the motion of a carriage becomes almost insupportable. Though the diligence is as well arranged as it can be, and thickly wadded with cotton, yet the contusions received are neither slight nor few. Russian travellers always take care to provide themselves

* A *werst*, or *verst*, equals five hundred *sajenes*; and a *sajene* seven feet English. Hence a *werst* is about two thirds of a mile. The Russian *archine* equals twenty-eight inches English.

with pillows. Not expecting that the agitation of the coach would render such a precaution absolutely necessary, I failed to do so; and had it not happened that my Greek companion carried with him three, I think I should scarcely have reached Moscow without an accident. The road was originally made of trees placed side by side. Some of these exist no more. The gap remains unfilled; and incessant jolting gives one a speedy surfeit of travelling in this half civilised country. On each side a space of a hundred and fifty yards is kept clear as pasturage for cattle travelling from the south of Russia to the capital: a provision without which they would be unable to effect such tedious marches. Nothing can well be more dreary than the country through which we passed. On the west of the little elevation called the Walday mountains, the long plain is scarcely broken by a single hillock. Thick woods of fir and beds of sand are varied only now and then by patches of vegetation or a straggling village. On the east of the Walday there is more cultivation, with some variety in the foliage, but the same dull monotonous level. Were it not for the difference of temperature and costume, the traveller might fancy himself crossing the sandy plains of India. Nor would midnight sounds undeceive him, for he would hear the same howl of the wolf, and the same shriek of the owl. Bears are more numerous here than there; but I am not aware that the jackal, whose noisy troops maintain perpetual and discordant yells in the east, is a native of Russia.

For ninety-four hours I had been shut up alone in the diligence, without any longer respite than the time allotted to meals during the changes of horses, which recurred about once in four hours; and thoroughly was I disgusted with the road and the country, when Moscow dawned on my sight; but no sooner had I obtained a view of the

venerable city, with her gorgeous palaces, her magnificent array of domes and cupolas, crowned with glittering crosses, and interspersed with Gothic and Tartar towers, than I felt that the toils of the journey were far more than compensated. The effect was like enchantment. A vast assemblage of buildings belonging to every order of architecture lay before me, and an equal number whose structure has been governed by no rules whatever. In the centre, on an elevated spot, rises a pyramid of cupolas, each attaining from position an altitude higher than its neighbour, till the whole terminates in the soaring summits of the ancient palace of the tzars. On every side the eye roams over a profusion of towers, cupolas, and Byzantine domes. These last predominate, and form the characteristic of Moscow, which stands as a connecting link between two great quarters of the world. Now, while the solid battlements and Gothic towers before my window carry back my mind to days of chivalry in Europe, the mass of cupolas, so familiar to an eastern traveller, leads me forward in imagination to the heart of Asia. I see the sentries looking out for fires from their turreted heights of observation, and for a moment fancy them the priests of Islam standing on the minarets of the mosque. I listen to their deep sonorous cry that "All is well," and the solemn *wazan*, or Mahomedan summons to prayer, seems to sound in my ears, which declares "There is no God but *the* God, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Such an illusion, however, quickly vanishes; and my eye rests with pleasure on the gilded crosses which surmount the fallen crescents, proclaiming from the glittering top of every oriental dome, that a greater than Mahomet is worshipped within the walls of these temples, where the eternal Son is recognised as co-equal with the Father.

Little is known of the rise and progress of cities in

uncivilised countries, unless their history be connected with that of others, where written accounts have been substituted for uncertain tradition. Thus it is with Moscow. Some attribute its foundation to Oleg in the ninth, others to Youri, the son of Vladimir, in the twelfth century; when the Russian sovereigns held the title of *Velikoi Kniaz*, or Great Prince. For two or three centuries this country was subject to the *khans* of the Mongol Tartars, and during the incessant conflicts of the middle ages, Moscow participated the ravages of war. In the year 1238, the city was sacked and burnt by Batee Khan, when the cruelty which the Mongols exercised was such that, according to the strong expression of an historian, "the living envied the dead the tranquillity of the tomb." Ten years after this we read of the first prince of Moscow. Michael was the brother of that Alexander Nevski to whom his military exploits have secured the first rank among Russian heroes, and his virtues the first place in the calendar of their saints. Towards the end of the same century Moscow was again sacked by the Mongols, who were subsequently repulsed by Daniel, but who still continued to wield an iron sway over the tributary chieftains of Russia. Their power, however, was gradually declining, and ceased, as it regards Russia, under Ivan Danilovitch, (or John the son of Daniel). He surrounded the capital with a wooden wall, and in 1339 reconstructed the kremlin, which had been destroyed by fire and was again consumed within thirty years, at the same time that a plague raged and depopulated the whole city. After this event, her wooden walls were for the first time replaced by a stronger material; and a fortification was erected enabling the Moscovites to withstand the Crimean Tartars, from whose thralldom they were liberated under prince Dmitri, towards the close of the fourteenth century.

The Tartars had no sooner desisted from their attacks, than new enemies arose in Kazan, Poland, Livonia, and Lithuania; while the country, torn by internal divisions, was involved in wars in which the independent principalities of Kieff, Novgorod, and Moscow, bore a prominent part. In 1437 Moscow was again subjected to fire, and all the wooden buildings, even those within the walls of the kremlin, were consumed. However, she soon rallied, and Ivan Vassilivitch (John the son of Vassili) compelled the kings of Poland and Austria, who had joined their forces, to acknowledge him in 1490 as sovereign of all the Russias, and prince of Vladimir, Moscow, Novgorod, Pskoff, Yougra, Viatka, Perma, and Bulgaria. The ambassador of the allied sovereigns dignified him with the title of czar. In the reign of his son, Vassili Ivanovitch, Moscow increased in extent and population. New streets were formed, but the houses were still built of wood; and on the 12th of April, 1547, the most destructive fire this city, familiar with that element, had ever witnessed, again reduced it to ashes.

Some idea may be formed of the density of population in those days from the fact, that, within fifty-five years after this dreadful conflagration, a famine carried off a hundred and twenty-seven thousand persons in one season. During the seventeenth century Russia was engaged in perpetual wars with the Poles and Swedes, but she was gaining ground; and Moscow continued to flourish as the capital of a country whose power was daily progressing. The tzars made it their constant residence; and under the present Romanoff dynasty, which ascended the throne in 1613, in the person of Michael Feodorovitch, it continued, till the dreadful catastrophe of 1812, to increase in grandeur. From the time of Peter, the fifth of that dynasty, who came to the throne in 1696, and founded, in 1703, his favourite city of St.

Petersburg, Moscow has ceased to be the residence of a court, and has therefore declined in importance; but it is still regarded by the Russians with sentiments of profound veneration, and always designated "the capital," while St. Petersburg is called "the residence."

Moscow stands in the centre of a large plain, through which the river Mosca flows in a sinuous course, passing under the walls of her citadel, and depositing its waters in the Wolga. The form of the city is that of a trapezium nearly oblong. In extent it is the largest of Europe. From southeast to northwest it measures eight miles. The other diameter is six; and the circumference twenty-six miles. Compared with these dimensions the population is small, not exceeding two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Moscow is divided into four quarters; the *Kremlin*, or citadel; the *Kitai*, or Chinese town, which is the most ancient portion, said to have been formed of wooden buildings in the ninth century; the *Beloi-gorod*, or white town; and the *Zemlenoi-gorod*, or town of earth, named from a large rampart which surrounds it. The kremlin was built under Ivan Vassilivitch in 1491; and at that time constituted nearly the whole capital. About forty years after, the Katai-gorod, adjoining the kremlin, was constructed by an Italian, who relinquished the Romish for the Greek heresy, and was baptized under the name of Petrok Maloi. This quarter contains the university, a printing establishment, merchants' houses, and shops. The Beloi-gorod was built in 1586 under Feodor Ivanovitch, round the Kitaigorod and kremlin, which form the centre of the town. Some think that it received the appellation from a white wall which formerly surrounded it, while others maintain that it was so named by the Tartars who drove the lighter-complexioned Russians into this part when they took possession of the centre. The

Zemlenoi-gorod encircles the preceding quarter, forming the outskirts of the town. It was built under the same czar in the years 1591 and 1592. The two last mentioned divisions contain a great variety of dirty huts, palaces, convents, and mosque-like churches.

The site of Moscow is slightly elevated. The inequality of the ground on which it stands adds to the picturesque nature of the view. It would be very difficult to analyse the *tout ensemble* and describe the details which form so remarkable a whole. Perhaps your recollections of Constantinople will enable you to form some idea of the general character of the city; but even in Constantinople that strange variety is not exhibited which here prevails. Dr. Clarke humorously observes, "One might imagine all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building, by way of representative, to Moscow: and under this impression the eye is presented with deputies from the countries holding congress; timber huts from regions beyond the Arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark, not whitewashed since their arrival; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharja; pagodas, pavilions, and virandas from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces and trellises from Naples; and warehouses from Wapping." This is a happy idea of the most amusing of travellers. The only deputy who has missed his way is the minaret from India. That elegant form of eastern architecture appears to be entirely wanting; its place is supplied by Gothic and Tartar towers. The former are as modern as the days of Peter the Great, who introduced them from western Europe. The latter are very ancient. They are round; and instead of decreasing pyramidically to the top, they pass by sudden transitions from a greater to a less diameter.

All the churches, and many of the secular public buildings, are surmounted by five bulbous domes, of which the centre is the largest. This is generally gilded, while the four smaller are either gilt or green. As mosques in the time of the *khans* had always five cupolas, that number (which may be traced, I think, to the Mahomedans' veneration of Mahomet and his four followers and successors in power,) is still retained; nor is the emblem of Islam laid aside, but placed, as I have already mentioned, in a position indicative of subjection to the cross. The bulbous dome does not rise immediately from the building, as in the mosques of Hindoostan; but rests on a dwarf tower, such as I have observed in the north of Italy. Above the dome is a gilded ball on which a crescent stands. From the centre of this arises a gilt cross, ornamented at the extremities with stars, from which chains depend, and are fastened in opposite directions to the dome, for the support and security of the massive superstructure.

Various opinions have prevailed as to the origin of the style of architecture prevalent in the churches of Russia. Some think that it resembles Gothic or Saracen; but there is neither the boldness nor the lightness which characterise those orders. The peculiarity of this consists in the number of cupolas; and in their singular form, which does not correspond exactly with that of the cupolas in Constantinople, or that of the more ancient churches of Greece, Asia Minor, and the Archipelago. It has been suggested that the Chinese dome may have given rise to the Russian; but that is remarkable for the concavity of its upper surface, this for its convexity. The Persian and Indian cupolas, though not quite so convex, approach nearly in shape to those of Moscovy, the convexity of which has no doubt been increased in order to provide a surface on which the snow will not settle, lest

its weight should prove injurious to the building. On the whole, it appears certain that the Russian dome is of Mahomedan origin; and whether Persian, Tartar, or Byzantine, is a matter of little moment, since those orders are all members of the same family. The body of a church is always in the form of a cross, and modelled after the Byzantine school, while the minor decorations are of a mixed kind, partaking of the character of the age to which their Italian or German architect belonged. They are generally small, that they may be kept warm in winter; and, with the same object, many are formed of two stories, one of which is heated by flues.

The appearance of Moscow in different parts is so diversified that it is impossible to assign to it any general character, except that of strange and peculiar variety. Sometimes you may fancy yourself in a noble street in London, out of which you suddenly turn into a dirty Arab bazaar. Here, you meet with a city of Byzantine mosques; there, with the hovels of a tribe of Jews. Now you are in a large overgrown village of cottages, and now in the midst of palaces. In one part, you gaze with interest on styles of architecture which hitherto you have fancied only Spain or Venice could exhibit. In another, flowing beards and turbaned heads remind you that you are in the "Street of Tartars." Before the conflagration of 1812, the inhabited dwellings amounted to nine thousand; of which six thousand were consumed. Eight thousand have been built within the last eighteen years; so that Moscow now contains more, by one fifth, than it did before the French invasion. Most of the houses are constructed of brick; but many wooden ones remain. The streets are neither wide nor straight; and are badly paved with a kind of flint supplied by the bed of the Moskva. There is an extraordinary number of pawnbrokers' shops, containing articles from every quar-

ter of the world. Those that predominate in all, are curiosities from China, and copies of old pictures of the Dutch and Italian schools, with some few originals.

The view from the tower of Ivan Velikoi, (or John the Great,) is very striking. In the foreground, the Moskva and some tributary streams flow in a winding course through a dense mass of buildings topped with towers, domes, and steeples, whose bright green and gold, reflecting the rays of a noon-day sun, beautifully contrast with the deep azure of the sky. In the centre arises a pyramid of glittering cupolas. On every side a multitude of turrets and domes arrest attention by their novel combinations. The neutral tint of most of the buildings sets off to advantage the dazzling whiteness of some of the palaces; and groups of trees, bright in the verdure of summer, scattered throughout, spread over this enchanting view a freshness sought for in vain in any other city. The whole appears like a vast amphitheatre of mosaic, wherein all colours are blended, while vivid hues of green, silver, and gold predominate; and confirm a lingering suspicion that the scene is more than half oriental. Still, to the *bizarrerie* of an eastern capital are superadded the solidity of European work, the elegance of refined taste, and the reality of splendour; qualities essentially wanting in Mahomedan architecture. The horizon is bounded on three sides by a vast plain, and on one side by a gentle elevation, called the Sparrow Hills, where Napoleon's army encamped when first they saw the city. A battle was fought on this spot. I rode over it yesterday. There is no blood-stained earth, and the bones that once bleached there are no longer seen. The plain is cultivated, and nature smiles around. Yet who can visit it without emotion? From the grave of a tyrant's ambition and a nation's strength, a voice is heard, which tells that "the glory of man is as grass."

This place which once knew the conqueror of Europe, "shall know him no more."

The awful catastrophe that destroyed the ancient city, from whose ruins another has arisen, leaving no trace of former desolation, seems to have given a colour to the character of the people. Every one strives to forget the past. A man is no sooner buried than his memory has perished with him. I was recommended to an inn kept by Crouse. On my arrival at the bureau of the diligence, a gentleman, who understood French, communicated my order to the driver of a droshki to take me to that hotel. Having ascertained the street, he conveyed me to the only inn that was in it; but we were informed that it did not belong to Crouse, and that no such name was known there. Accordingly we went to another, when it appeared that we had been at Crouse's hotel, but the poor man, having been buried three days, his successor had contrived to obliterate his memory with his name!

In the centre of Moscow stands the kremlin. It is an irregular polygon, full of buildings, and surrounded by a high wall flanked with tall Tartar towers topped with spires. The wall resembles that encircling the palace of the Great Mogul at Delhi; except that this is of brick, whereas the latter is built of red granite; and the material, together with its superior height presents a more imposing aspect. Part of the kremlin was consumed in the conflagration of 1812; but it has been renewed with such successful imitation of the original, that it is difficult to discern the modern from the ancient structure. The wall was once surrounded by a deep ditch which separated it from the town. This now exists only in part, and the fortifications are weak; but as the sight of them recalls to memory the exploits they have witnessed in bloody wars against the Mongols, Poles, Lithuanians,

and French, they derive no little interest from historical associations.

One of the five gates forming the entrances to this remarkable pile of buildings is called *Spaskoi*, or "The Holy Gate;" and every person passing through is obliged to take off his hat in honour of a saint who presides over it, and who once rescued the city from the hands of the Tartars; or, as others say, delivered it from a dreadful pest. In a tower over this, as well as in one over a gate called *Troitskoi*, are some *capillons*, which Peter the Great brought from his favourite country, Holland.

An English gentleman residing in Moscow, who kindly devoted two days to escort me about the city, told me that when the magazine exploded in 1812, the whole of that side of the kremlin was shivered except a portion of one of the gates, called *Nikolski*, over which St. Nicholas presided in a glass case. Every window in the house of my friendly conductor, which is two miles off, was broken; but the saint's glass escaped the general destruction. The opportunity of extolling his power was not to be lost. The priests discovered that he had wrought a miracle in behalf of his picture; and, of course, his glory was reflected on his ministering servants, bringing down blessings in the form of increased pecuniary oblations. But superstition does not alter the nature of the fact, which is certainly a remarkable one. Having entered the kremlin, you find yourself in an area about a mile in circumference, studded with buildings of strange, grotesque forms, and of a style of architecture peculiar to Moscow. Every spot in this venerable citadel has witnessed some gallant exploit; nor is there a battlement that has not sheltered many a brave defender of his country. Some of the buildings may be called barbarous, and none of them are in conformity with English ideas

of elegance or beauty ; but there is something exceedingly striking in the multitude of little cupolas, tall slender spires, and curious towers, that meet the eye, together with the variety of colouring in which they are exhibited. The chief edifices are the ancient palaces of the tzars and of the patriarchs, with three other imperial palaces ; the cathedrals of the annunciation and assumption of the Virgin, that of St. Michael and two others ; the treasury ; the arsenal ; the senate house ; and two convents.

The palace of the tzars, or Belvidere, built in the year 1487 by Aleviso, an Italian architect, is a rude structure which tells of days of yore, ere simplicity gave place to luxury. The rooms are low, with vaulted roofs and a few carved ornaments. The approach to them is by a stone staircase without any decorations. The view from a balcony in front of the upper story is peculiarly interesting. So are the historical associations connected with this building. Here, Peter the Great was born ; and here, Napoleon remained, surrounded by the dying and the dead, during his miserable sojourn in Moscow. Close to Belvidere is the imperial palace, which is more modern, larger, and better furnished.

The palace of the patriarchs was built for Nikon in 1655, and has been disused since the emperor assumed the title of head of the Græco-Russian Church. In his departure from the simplicity of the patriarchs of old, Nikon seems to have followed the example of those of Constantinople, and their brethren in the hierarchy of Rome ; for one of his tunics preserved here is so laden with precious stones that it weighs fifty pounds ; while other official robes display similar extravagance. In a chapel of the palace are vases in which holy chrism used to be prepared and preserved ; and several onyx-stones of uncommon size, particularly one on which a figure of

the Virgin, three inches long, is cut out in high relief. In the library they show, with some of Mary Magdalene's bones, many Greek and Slavonic manuscripts relative to the Greek Church, which Nikon collected with great pains. Among these is a Slavonic Psalter in folio, with paraphrases by seven commentators, translated from the Greek in 1692 by a monk of Mount Athos.

Close to Belvidere stands the cathedral of the assumption, where, since the fifteenth century in which it was built, the tzars and emperors have been crowned. Alexander wished his coronation to take place at St. Petersburg, but he did not dare to offend the prepossessions of his people in favour of their venerated capital. Nicholas was influenced by a similar consideration; and it will probably be long before the Russians will cease to regard as their metropolis a city which they are taught from earliest infancy to hold in religious veneration. The cathedral of *Ouspenskoi*, (as this is called,) was founded in the fourteenth century, and rebuilt in the end of the fifteenth, by Ivan the Third. It is a hundred and seventeen feet long, eighty-two broad, and a hundred and twenty-eight high, measured from the ground to the top of the loftiest cupola. The height gives it a majestic appearance. The style of architecture is not unlike Saxon or Norman; and the windows are little better than the narrow niches we see in many of the towers flanking Norman buildings in England. The interior of the church is ornamented with frescos, and is full of statues, pictures, shrines, and tombs. An image of the Virgin is shown here, estimated at two hundred thousand rubles; and a picture of her which is invaluable, because painted by St. Luke the Evangelist! All the patriarchs of Moscow and several metropolitans lie buried in this church: the insignia of their sacred offices, valued at a very large amount, are deposited here in great numbers. The rela-

tive locality of these, and of the tombs, forces on a reflecting mind the insufficiency of this world's honours to rescue man from the grasp of death. The throne of Vladimir, the most ancient in Russia, is preserved in this cathedral. It is made of walnut-tree wood, and surmounted by a canopy sustained by four pillars beautifully worked. The frieze of the canopy and the anterior part of the throne are covered with inscriptions. The other panels are sculptured, and represent the Russian prince assembling his council to declare war against the Greeks; the armament of troops destined for that warfare; departure of the army; attack of Constantinople; Russians gaining possession of some Greek villages; their return with a rich booty; war of the Greeks and Persians; Greek emperor's council proposing to solicit peace from Russia; ambassadors carrying to Vladimir the emblems of his sovereignty; their voyage from Constantinople to Kioff; their presentation at Kioff; and lastly, the coronation of Vladimir by the Greek ambassador.

The cathedral of St. Michael the archangel, called *Arkangelskoi*, was founded in 1333 by Ivan Danilovitch to commemorate the termination of a famine, and was afterwards rebuilt, under Ivan Vassilivitch the third, in 1507, by the Milanese architect Aleviso. It is a hundred and twenty-three feet long, by a hundred and forty broad, and a hundred and twelve feet high. The centre of five surmounting cupolas is gilded, and measures twenty-one feet in diameter. In the interior are eight images in gold and silver, which represent the Saviour sitting on his throne, the Virgin and her infant, St. Michael the archangel, the annunciation, St. John the baptist, St. Nicholas, Basil, and Theodore. Two shrines are dedicated to St. Michael of Tchernigoff and St. Dmitri: one a victim to political jealousy, the other to religious into-

lerance. Michael was commanded by the conquering Tartar, Bate Khann, to renounce his religion or die. The Christian martyr exclaimed, "Take from me terrestrial glory; I seek celestial alone;" and fell under the sword of the executioner. This cathedral is the cemetery of the grand princes and tzars, whose stone sarcophagi, forty-four in number, are ranged round the sides. The most ancient is that of Ivan Danilovitch the founder, who died in 1344: the latest that of Alexander Petrovitch, buried in 1692. On gala days all the tombs are ornamented with gorgeous draperies. Before the court removed to St. Petersburg, it was customary for supplicants addressing the sovereign to place themselves on the tomb of one or other of the tzars, whence they could be removed only by the hand of the emperor himself. The walls are covered with portraits in fresco of many of the tzars who lie entombed there. These are miserable daubs; but their defects are favoured by the gloom of the building, whose darkness adds to the melancholy character of the royal cemetery.

The cathedral of the annunciation, or *Blagovestchenskoi*, stands on the most elevated spot in the kremlin. It is surmounted by nine gilded cupolas, which reflect a brilliant light over the edifice. The cross on the centre cupola is said to be of massive gold; and the stones in the floor of the interior, Grecian agates; but you will not require that I should either believe or disprove these assertions. The inner walls are covered with frescos representing sacred subjects, surrounded, inconsistently enough, with portraits of Aristotle, Anacharsis, Menander, Ptolemy, Thucydides, Zeno, Anascharides, and Plutarch, who are made to hold in their hands rolls inscribed with sentences from the gospels. But minute descriptions of buildings are tedious; and therefore I will not detain you longer in the cathedral of the annunciation,

nor conduct you over two others, dedicated to the Saviour, which stand in the kremlin. It is sufficient to observe that one of them is remarkable only for nine handsome gilded domes that crown it; and the other for its antiquity; it being the first church built in Moscow. The grand prince Ivan Danilovitch founded it in 1330, and attached to it a convent, in which he assumed the monastic garb.

Of all objects of interest in the kremlin, the treasury is that which offers most gratification to a curious mind. The treasure is deposited in the new arsenal, a building of modern date, with a handsome façade sustained by Corinthian pillars. The gallery is divided into five apartments, extending over three hundred and fifty feet. In the first of these are suspended portraits of the three last tzars, dressed in the costume of the ancient sovereigns of Russia; with those of their imperial successors to the time of Paul, father of the present emperor. The jewels are exhibited only by a special order, which we obtained. Ranged along the sides of the gallery are crowns and thrones of all the tzars, emperors, and empresses of Russia; and opposite, crowns which have been taken from the fallen sovereigns of Kazan, Astrachan, Georgia, Poland, Siberia, Finland, and the Crimea. It is almost impossible to contemplate without a degree of awe the debris of so many centuries and so much human grandeur. In regarding these trophies of conquerors, and symbols of vanquished potentates, the mind retrogrades through a series of reigns; and the lifeless decorations seem to move, responsive to the call of memory, aiding historical recollections of those who once acted so important a part on the stage of life.

In this extensive collection of valuables it is difficult to select what is most worthy of description. I have derived no pleasure from inspecting, and will therefore pass

without notice, all the richly worked vases, platters, and goblets, the swords, saddles, and watches, with the diamonds and jewels, whose aggregate value is said to exceed that of every similar collection, and refer only to objects of historical interest.

The crown of the grand prince Vladimir, of Grecian workmanship, in filigree gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal and ornamented with precious stones, was sent as a present by the sovereigns of Byzantium to those of Kioff in the year 1116, and was used at the coronation of the tzars from that period till the time of Ivan and Peter. Another crown of the same prince in polished gold is supposed to be still more ancient, and to have been given by the Greek emperor to the grand princess Olga in 946, when she went to be baptised at Constantinople.

The crowns of the czar Ivan Alexivitch and Peter the Great are ornamented, each with upwards of eight hundred diamonds and a single ruby of extraordinary dimensions.

The crowns of Kazan and Astrachan worked in oriental style, and that of Siberia, set with precious stones of great value and variety, shine in all the dazzling splendour of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, topazes, and pearls.

Each of these seven crowns is bordered with sable and shaped like a helmet with its crest cut off.

That of Catherine the first differs from those I have described. It is an imperial crown surmounted by a cross, and studded with two thousand five hundred diamonds, besides rubies and other precious stones, some of which were plundered from the crown of Peter the Great.

The crown of Poland is of unwrought gold, surmounted by a cross of the same metal, and without any ornament.

No free man can see without a sigh this crown within the walls of the kremlin. The blood of Stanislaus is still crying for vengeance; and those cries *will* be heard by Him who has declared "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."

Amongst a number of thrones, the most interesting is that of Ivan and Peter Alexivitch, made at Hamburg of massive silver. It is ornamented with Arabian twisted columns, and divided in the centre into two equal seats for the two young princes. In the back is an opening covered with a thin sheet of gold, behind which their sister Sophia used to sit and prompt what they should say on special occasions.

The number and variety of ancient and modern regalia in this treasury is such that one can scarcely fail to be fatigued before a formal circuit of visits to all the cupboards and boudoirs has been completed. The combs, horns, and inkstands; the ewers, plates, and goblets; the bracelets, mirrors, and watches; the rings, chains, and necklaces; the sceptres, globes, and crosses; and similar articles, either composed of, or richly ornamented with, gold and precious stones, are so numerous that any attempt to calculate their numbers or value would be fruitless.

The custom of preserving the robes of departed sovereigns prevails in Russia, as in other northern kingdoms; and the royal posthumous wardrobe at Moscow contains a collection of musty cast-offs more worthy of a stall in Monmouth street. With those of Peter the Great, is preserved the uniform in which Charles the Twelfth fought unsuccessfully at Pultawa; and in another part of the treasury is the chair in which he was carried, wounded, from the field of battle. Some of the vests here deposited are very sumptuous, being ornamented with a profusion of jewels; yet they are inferior to those

at the convent of St. Alexander Nevski in St. Petersburg, which form an assortment of ecclesiastical robes probably unrivalled in the world. Here, too, they have a bone of Mary Magdalene, whose whole body seems to have been ossified by the zeal of Greek and Romish churches.

The armory is well furnished with warlike trophies of every description. In this the Turkish, Persian, Circassian, and Indian implements of war are seen, side by side with the well-wrought manufactures of Italy, Spain, France, and England. Many weapons, offensive and defensive, of the more famous tzars and emperors are preserved with religious veneration. Some of them, as might be expected, are connected with wonderful achievements accomplished by individual prowess, such as ten men could not perform.

The arsenal is one of the buildings which suffered most in the explosion of 1812; but in 1818 it was restored. It is a large edifice measuring two thousand one hundred feet in circumference, two hundred and seventy-three in breadth, and seventy in height. The powder chambers are ninety-one by thirty-eight feet, and fourteen in height. The arsenal is surrounded by captured guns. Several have been lately added from Persia, which seem to be particularly well made. They are marked with a date and the name of the king in whose reign they were cast. Some of them are likewise inscribed with Arabic sentences from the Koran. Many of the pieces of artillery tell of the unhappy army of 1812. They are all without carriages, ranged on the ground. The total number of European guns and howitzers here exhibited is eight hundred and seventy-five:

From France, 365; Austria, 189; Prussia, 123; Italy, 70; Naples, 40; Bavaria, 34; Holland, 23; Saxony 12; other states, 20.

The weight of these is said to be three hundred and eighty-seven tons.

Near one of the gates of the arsenal are a cannon and two culverins of extraordinary dimensions. The former is said to weigh thirty-eight and a-half tons, and to carry a ball of as many hundred pounds! Its length is about eighteen feet, the calibre five, and the thickness of the lip nine inches. It was cast in 1586 by a man named Tchokhoff, at the command of the czar Ivanovitch, who is represented on it in relief. One of the culverins weighs seven, the other six, tons. In stating these extraordinary dimensions, I only repeat what is currently reported at Moscow. Some of them, especially that of the ball the gun will carry, are no doubt greatly exaggerated.

The senate house is a solid building, constructed under the Empress Catherine. A cupola rises from the centre, surmounted by a square tower, on each of whose four sides the word "Law," is inscribed in Russ. It is used as a hall of justice, where cases of appeal are tried every Friday. Besides this, many other public offices are contained in it.

The two monasteries are gloomy looking buildings, which we did not enter because there is nothing in them of any note.

In a deep cave, (probably the spot where it was originally cast,) in the centre of the kremlin, is the largest bell in the world. We descended into the pit and took its dimensions as well as we were able, but I give you an accurate published account in preference to the result of my own hasty observations. The height of this extraordinary bell is twenty feet seven inches; its lowest diameter twenty-two feet eight inches. The thickness of the metal at the base is twenty-three inches; and the whole weight a hundred and sixty tons! It was cast in

the year 1654, in the reign of Alexis. The Russians say that it contains a quantity of gold and silver, but the chief bulk is evidently of bell metal, or a composition of copper and tin. They also affirm that the bell was once suspended, but such an assertion carries its own contradiction. Comparing the size of this bell with that of the famous bells of Erfurt and Pekin, it appears that this is twice as large in diameter as the former, and half as large again as the latter. The height and thickness being in proportion, it is evident that those of Saxony and China are small by comparison with this colossal Moscovite.

I have now conducted you through the kremlin, an assemblage of buildings commanding, probably, more universal veneration and interest than any other in the world. In some parts there are real grandeur, splendour, and elegance. In others barbarism, ruin, and dirt. The débris of much rude magnificence is strangely contrasted with modern white washed buildings left half completed; and now "The spider weaves his web in the hall of the Cæsars."

Leaving the kremlin, the first building that attracts attention is the church of Vassili Blagennoi opposite the *Spaskoi* gate. It was built in 1554, under Ivan Vassilivitch the Terrible, who put out the eyes of the architect, saying, "I wish this to be a solitary chef d'œuvre." It contains nineteen chapels; and is, beyond all doubt, the most extraordinary structure that the mind of man could devise. Its fantastic pyramids of domes; the number of its bulbous cupolas, differing from each other in the details of their shape and decorations; the strange variety of colours; its architectural inconsistencies, novelties, and contrasts; all unite to inspire a sentiment of unusual interest and astonishment. This singular building, which (if one dare venture a comparison to any thing,) is not

unlike an artificial group of irregular stalactites, stands isolated in position as in character. On one side are some Gothic edifices allotted to the tribunals, and a military guard house of modern construction. On the other, the lofty walls of the kremlin. In front, the *Gostinoi Dvor*, or grand market-place, ornamented with a bronze statue of Menin and Pojarskoi, two valiant defenders of their country.

In the market-place are several stalls under a prodigious roof, or succession of roofs, forming a variety of streets, in which venders of the same commodities herd together. The mélange of articles for sale in this market, and the costumes of the sellers, are perhaps unparalleled in any city of the world. Pearls from India, scented wood from America, cloths from England, images from Italy, china from Saxony, coffee from Arabia, brooms from Holland, iron from Sweden, furs from Siberia, swords from Persia, meat from the Crimea, tea from China, skins from Ladak, fish from Archangel; sporting dogs, carrier pigeons, Persian cats, singing birds, pismires, white mice, cockatoos; Tartars, Siberians, Italians, Calmucks, Georgians, French, Cossacks, Armenians, Moscovites, English, Persians, Germans; Mussulmans, Pagans, Christians, Jews: these are some of the objects, animate and inanimate, that contribute to the remarkable variety of a Russian bazar.

In summer, fish markets are held in the water. I have not seen any here; but at St. Petersburg a large hulk is divided into various compartments, some filled with fresh, and some with salt water. There the fish are arranged according to their kinds; and as they swim about, purchasers make their choice. The favourite species, one of which the landlord of the inn procured us yesterday, is the sterlet. It is caught only in the Caspian and the Volga, and must be preserved alive till

within a few hours of being dressed; otherwise it is good for nothing. The sterlet is a species of sturgeon, measuring generally about two feet and a half in length. The flavour is delicious.

During winter, all provisions brought to Moscow are kept in a frozen state. Fish from Archangel and the Caspian, some weighing a thousand pounds, and beef from the southernmost part of Russia, are conveyed to the capital in ice, in which they are preserved for many months. All the cellars in many of the streets are thus stored; for nearly every thing that is eaten in Russia in the cold season has been congealed before it is submitted to a kitchen fire.

Merchants have a sort of hand-arithmetic by which they usually make calculations. Something of the same kind has of late years been introduced into infant schools in England. The apparatus consists of wires fixed in a frame with nine little globes of wood on each wire. The lower range represents units, the second tens, the third hundreds and so on.

Among the curiosities of Moscow, I have been conducted to a military riding school, or exercise house, which is said to be the largest room in the world unsupported by pillars. It is five hundred and sixty feet long by a hundred and seventy broad, and forty feet high. The angle in the arch of the roof is so obtuse as scarcely to be perceptible from without; while within, there is an unbroken plafond.

It is pleasing to observe the numerous moral institutions established by the late empress. In both capitals these monuments of her maternal care attract attention by their outward magnificence, and excite admiration by the excellence of their internal arrangements. I have visited most of them with extreme interest; an interest which the detail on paper must fail to convey to another. I

cannot, however, refrain from referring to the Foundling, where six thousand children are educated, and provided for. They are left at the gate with a billet specifying only whether or not they have been baptised. No further information is sought. I was there at ten o'clock in the forenoon of yesterday; and three children had already been admitted that morning. The internal economy of the nursery, school, manufactory, cuisine, dormitory, and hospital, is admirable. Even in England it could not be surpassed. The policy of this institution, with such facility of admission, is very questionable. It is said to have an evil tendency: nor is it difficult to believe that where the claims of maternal solicitude are so amply satisfied, one great check to immorality is removed. It happens frequently that an indigent mother leaves her child at the gate and then offers herself as a nurse in the Foundling, where by a little management, she secures the charge of her own child. As the children grow up they are instructed in some trade. The more clever are taught reading, writing, and arithmetic; and when they attain a proper age, the girls are put out to service, and the boys are sent, as cultivators, to some of the crown villages. A young colony of these foundlings is now rising up in the government of Smolensk, where they have cultivated a tract of country that has hitherto been waste. Attached to this institution by the same maternal hand is another for the protection and comfort of females in the hour of their greatest suffering. No recommendation is required but that of necessity. Every candidate for admission is kindly received and provided for till able to return to the daily duties of life.

The two largest hospitals are those founded by Prince Galitzin and Count Sheremetieff, whose names they bear. Each of these presents an exterior like a palace. It is to be regretted that sums of money spent on decoration

were not laid out in providing for the accommodation of a greater number of patients. The Galitzin cost a million of rubles. It is calculated to hold a hundred and fifty-five beds. The other cost not so much, and holds two hundred beds. Of these, sixty-six are for sick persons; a hundred and thirty-two for aged and infirm, and two for extraordinary cases. I was conducted over the Sheremetieff hospital by the chief physician, an English gentleman to whose kind attention I am much indebted. The most common diseases are affections of the lungs and abdominal viscera. Intermittent fevers are rarely known; putrid scarcely ever. The annual endowment of this institution is a hundred and seventeen thousand rubles, or between five and six thousand pounds.

In the "Street of Tartars" the Mussulmans are allowed to have a mosque, which I have visited with feelings of great interest. A number of little Tartar boys collected round me, repeating, as we entered, the Arabic *vazan*, or Mahomedan summons to prayer, the only sounds that conveyed to their minds and mine the same ideas. The mosque is not like any of those in the east. In fact, it is nothing more than a plain brick building, resembling a methodist chapel. It is quite empty; without even a pulpit or elevated step for the moollah.

In the Netherlands I remember being much annoyed by the almost incessant chimes of *carillons*; but those are few and infrequent compared with the bells of Moscow. It seems as if the congregation of each church were called to worship eight or ten times a day; and when you know that there are two hundred and sixty-three parish churches in this city, you will be able to form some idea of the perpetual din. Some of the bells have a very deep sonorous sound, especially that in the tower of the *Ouspenskoi* cathedral, which is said to weigh sixty-four tons. Most are of a size far exceeding those

generally used in other countries; and since it is dangerous to move them, the clappers alone are agitated by means of ropes.

The Russians are by no means a musical people, yet there is one species of wind instrument which they have brought to a degree of perfection unknown in other countries. It is the horn. A band of horn players is now at Moscow, and leaves the city this very day for England, where possibly you may hear them. Every performer is furnished with a single horn on which he plays one, and only one, note. A life is devoted to acquire proficiency in the execution of this monotonous duty. Each plays his note as the piece requires, and the effect produced is similar, but superior, to that of a fine organ. This species of music is peculiar to Russia, and chiefly employed for the amusement of the great on hunting excursions, when it is quite in keeping with the time and place. Vocal music is more cultivated, because instrumental is less so, in this country than in most others of Europe. I have already mentioned that in the cathedral choirs the human voice alone is heard: hence the degree of perfection attained by the band well known under the name of "Chantres de la Cour."

There is something peculiarly gay in the appearance of this city, in an afternoon, when the fashionables move out in their carriages. A large proportion of the residents consists of families of the old nobility, courtiers, and military and civil officers, who have either retired voluntarily from the business of life, or have wisely sought an honourable retreat before the anticipated frown of the autocrat pronounced their doom. Their equipages present a curious mixture of shabbiness and splendour. No carriages of respectable persons are seen without four horses. The leaders' traces are so long that a pair of horses might easily be harnessed between

them and the wheelers. A dirty urchin, like puss in boots, with a dirtier livery, is mounted on the off leader, flourishing a short whip in his left hand, while the coachman adapts the length of his whip to the dignity of his master, which in any other country would be compromised by the ruined condition of his tackle. His own dress, however, is generally of a better order. A long blue caftan, with a silken ceinture of gaudy colours and Torjok manufacture, a square cap, and a fine flowing beard, distinguish the coachmen.

Some idea of the relative proportions of different classes of society in Moscow may be formed from the following schedule, the result of the last census.

Nobles, 14,724; Serfs of the crown, 3,101; Ecclesiastics, 4,388; Merchants, 12,104; Foreigners, 2,385; Citizens, 28,029; Artisans, 10,384; Military, 22,191; Manufacturers, 1,854; Coachmen, 1,882; Serfs, 126,299; Miscellaneous, 19,204; Total, 246,545.

The hospitality of the Moscovites has always been proverbial. A singular instance of it, carried almost to excess, occurred a day or two ago when, on my first introduction to an elderly lady of rank by an English gentleman whom she had known only a week, she said quickly, "And pray, sir, how is it that you have been in Moscow so many days and have not come to see me? You were not at my ball on Monday night. Will you dine with me to-morrow, or next day, or what day will you dine with me?" I was surprised by such a reception; but found on enquiry that the same kind of unreflecting hospitality is always manifested in Moscow toward foreign travellers, especially toward the English. The fact is, English travellers are scarce in this country; and the distance from our island is so great, that only men of a certain property can afford the expense of a journey, so that something like a guarantee is offered

against the abuse of kindness by those whose poverty might carry captive their conscience. The number of English of the higher class in Moscow is very limited; though here as at St. Petersburg, British governesses, nursery-maids, gardeners, horse jockies, and mechanics, are retained in considerable numbers. In most large families, the individuals filling one or more of these situations are our compatriots. In the duties of a nursery Russians regard the English as unrivalled.

I have dined out nearly every day, and have met the same party each time. Mr. —, the clergyman, was, like myself, a member of Queen's College, Cambridge; therefore our meeting proved peculiarly agreeable. With one lady, Mrs. H —, to whom I was favoured with a letter of introduction, I have enjoyed some very pleasing intercourse. The kindness experienced here and at St. Petersburg will always afford me subject of grateful remembrance.

You have no doubt observed, as I have, that the English are respected, in foreign countries, but never loved. Our countrymen are too conscious of their superiority as a nation, and frequently too little conscious of their inferiority as individuals. Instead of wishing to learn what they may from other nations, and to acquaint themselves with the opinions of foreigners on subjects of moral, political, and scientific interest, they either strive to impose on them their habits and views, or else conduct themselves with a degree of reserve which is construed into hauteur. The consequence is, they are excluded from the best society; and their observations are necessarily confined to a rank inferior to that of which they are members in their own country.

The restrictions imposed on foreigners are not so severe as I was led to expect. The only thing to be complained of is the difficulty of getting a passport properly

arranged. To enter this country from Sweden I had three passports. In Finland, the frontier province, I was obliged to take another ; to pay enormously ; and to resign it as useless at St. Petersburg, where I was favoured with a fifth. This would only serve while I stayed in that city, for another was required to enable me to visit Moscow. I have now received a seventh to carry me back to St. Petersburg, where an eighth is to be purchased for twenty-five rubles. With this I shall be permitted to leave the country, having three times advertised my intention of doing so in the German and Russian newspapers. Of these proceedings, the expense is the least consideration. The trouble is very great. And of the sum actually expended, the smallest part is that which finds its way into the government treasury. Public clerks and higher officers are miserably paid. Since they must subsist on other means, the performance of duty is made an act of favour for which they are to be remunerated. I look forward with fearful anticipation to a time when this hydra principle may manifest itself among my fellow-servants of the English government in India, if an impolitic economy be suffered to encroach yet farther on the hard earned wages of their labour.

The oriental character of every thing around frequently carries me back to

“ — the clime of the East, to the land of the sun.”

The usual salutation of *Khyreeut*, health, and the names of fruits, as *Khurboozah* and *Turboozah*, the dry and water melons, with many others, are Persian or Arabic in their origin. The bearded faces of the men ; their long flowing robes ; the darkness of their complexions, and their timid spirits, daring only in roguery ; their low cunning and habitual falsehood ; in short, the

general character of the people ; their dress, habits, and buildings ; are far more Asiatic than European. Just at this time, Russia exhibits another striking feature of resemblance to the east. That dreadful scourge, the cholera, which has hitherto been confined, at least in its more destructive ravages, to India, has already laid waste the city of Astrachan, and is proceeding with rapid strides towards Moscow. Every day brings fresh tidings of its progress. The whole population is in a state of alarm: The emperor, supposing it to be infectious, has ordered out a cordon of troops to intercept all communication between Astrachan and Moscow. The cholera is the universal topic of conversation among rich and poor. Every one asks the question which nobody can answer, " What is the best remedy ?" I have been repeatedly urged to present myself to the governor, (notwithstanding the declaration that I know nothing of medicine,) because I have been in the midst of its ravages in India ; and it has frequently been declared with great earnestness, that, if the governor were aware of the presence in Moscow of any individual who had been an eye-witness to the effects of the disease, he would certainly summon him with a view to obtain some information that might suggest effectual preventive measures. This is a dreadful visitation : but, look where we will, the chastising hand of Providence seems to be laid on the nations of Europe.

LETTER XIV.

St. Petersburg, September 28th, (16th), 1830.

My last letter was dated from Moscow. I am now in homeward progress. A growing acquaintance with foreign lands increases my love of our country, and enables me more justly to appreciate her political, social, and moral privileges. On Friday, the twenty-fourth ultimo, I left Moscow for St. Petersburg, retracing, unwillingly, my steps for nearly five hundred miles. The road by Warsaw to Berlin is little more than four hundred leagues, while that which I am pursuing is about seventeen hundred miles; but the north of Poland is a bed of sand; and at this season scarcely passable. As a companion could not be ensured, and as there was a probability of my detention on the road among Polish Jews, proverbially the greatest rogues of their race, I resolved to attempt the longer route on the coast of the Baltic, through the west of Poland and northwest of Prussia. A fourth of the journey has been accomplished. In the course of the remainder, I shall see an interesting country, and many large commercial towns, which would otherwise remain unknown to me except by name.

After a journey of four days and three nights I arrived at St. Petersburg late yesterday evening. The principal towns and other objects of interest on the road have already been described in a former letter. My three companions in the diligence were Russians; men of low birth, lower manners, and lowest intellect. One of them had been a slave. Having prospered in trade conducted on his own account, he bought his freedom

with that of his family, for twenty thousand rubles, or about nine hundred pounds. I have heard of a vassal of Count Sheremetieff, the richest subject in Russia, who paid ten thousand pounds sterling for his liberty.

The novelty of every thing an English traveller sees in the habits and modes of the natives renders it exceedingly difficult for him to form a correct estimate of the state of society in Russia, since the grounds on which his opinion must be formed involve considerations to which his mind has never been habituated, and from which it is therefore probable that he may deduce erroneous conclusions. In St. Petersburg his estimate is likely to be more correct, because there is so great a mixture of foreigners that among the higher orders intercourse is conducted on principles similar to those which govern social life in other large capitals of Europe. Peculiar attention is paid to rank. Every public officer and distinguished foreigner, whether civil or military, has a title assigned him, which to our minds conveys an idea, not sanctioned by the fact, of military authority. For instance, a financier may be called a major-general, or a tiny prince, two years old, may be designated a general; but these are merely terms to which a certain rank is attached: they have no connection with military affairs. It is not difficult to account for the prevalence of this custom in a country depending on its army for political existence. Every thing that raises the army in public estimation strengthens the country: and nothing can do this more effectually than an acknowledgment of military rank as superior to every other, and an establishment of the principle that even civil officers are dignified by the grant of honorary military titles. An introduction at court opens to a man the first circles of society in St. Petersburg. Till then, he is a plebeian. From that moment, he is vested with patrician honours. The merchants form a

distinct class. They are not admitted to the tables of the nobility; nor is there an order of gentry with whom they may associate. Their intercourse is therefore confined to their own body. The principal shopkeepers, many of whom are foreigners, chiefly Germans, are included among the merchants. The third class consists of the slave peasantry. These distinctions prevail throughout Russia; except that in the interior of the country the number of merchants is so small that the people may be said to distribute themselves into two classes, nobles and serfs.

The population of Russia, including all the subjects of the emperor, amounts to fifty-five millions. Of these thirty-eight millions profess the Greco-Russian faith: ten millions are Roman Catholics; three and a half protestants; two millions Mahomedans, and a million and a half Pagans. The superficial area of the empire is three hundred and seventy-three thousand square miles, allowing on an average a square mile to one hundred and forty-seven persons. Comparing the density of the population of European Russia with that of the rest of inhabited Europe, it appears that it is as nine to forty. If Russia in Europe were populated as well as Sweden, it would contain ninety-five millions of inhabitants; if as well as Germany, four hundred and thirty-two millions. It has been calculated that the capabilities of the soil would admit an increase of population to the amount of two hundred and seventy-five millions, without subjecting them to inconvenience from a want of subsistence. Of the present inhabitants, forty-five millions are of the Slavonic race, by which I mean Russians, Poles, Bulgarians, and Servians; three millions are Fins; two millions Lithuanians; and four millions are composed of Samoiedes, Mongols, Turks, Moldavians, and Armenians. The rest are European foreigners, in the follow-

ing proportions :—Germans, 380,000 ; Swedes, 56,000 ; Greeks, 21,000 ; Danes, 15,000 ; French and English, 4,000 ; Jews, 460,000 ;—936,000.

In many of the conquered provinces slavery has either never existed or it has been abolished. In those where it does exist, the nobles are calculated at seven hundred and fifty thousand ; the serfs at thirty-six millions. The nobles are subject to no tax, but pay for their vassals. By a charter of nobility they are exempt from military conscription and corporal chastisement ; and, as fine and imprisonment are punishments comparatively unknown, if a noble be guilty of a crime, the emperor degrades and banishes him to the Siberian mines. He is then civilly dead, and has ceased to enjoy his former privileges ; so that, if again criminal, he may be flogged or otherwise punished, or even be subjected to execution. The nobility are divided into three classes ; hereditary, official, and those raised for military exploits. According to this division they are enrolled in three registers preserved among the public records. They are also arranged in another mode, according to which they take rank and precedence. Instead of our titles of baron, viscount, &c. there are fourteen grades ; and a man is called a noble of the third class, or fourth class, &c. In the eight first classes rank descends to children, who (as soon as enrolled among the population of the country) are nobles of the fourteenth class, and gain a step every third year, unless pushed on more rapidly by interest or merit. These rise as a matter of course from the lowest to the highest class but two ; the two first being set apart for chief officers of state. Those who are created nobles cease to rise when they have attained the ninth class, unless specially promoted by the emperor. The difficulty, therefore, is to pass the limits between the hereditary and non-hereditary nobles. This effected,

they rise gradually as far as the third class. In one sense the nobility may be said to be vassals of the crown, for the emperor exercises arbitrary power over them in many respects; especially in the choice of a wife and a profession, on neither of which occasions can a nobleman act without permission from the crown, though that permission would never, in common cases, be withheld.

Russians of the higher orders are intelligent and, for the most part, well educated. It is by no means uncommon (I might almost say it is the general case in a large party) to hear four languages, and often five, spoken at the same table; the majority of the party understanding at least three of them. Every gentleman talks German and French, and many speak English. The Russians are jealous of our power; the more so because they consider us to be jealous of theirs: but they respect and admire us as a nation. A trifling incident may illustrate this. A nobleman of talent and information, whom I met at the Privy Counsellor Djunkorski's house, offering me a letter of introduction to one of the first men in Moscow, almost apologised for doing so, saying, "But indeed the character of an English traveller is a sufficient introduction to any society." The same gentleman observed: "I consider the English to be the finest government in the world, and the administration of India to be the master-piece of its prowess. It is a political miracle. It is not in the ages of darkness, but in the nineteenth century, that England has driven from their eastern possessions the French, Danes, Portuguese, and all other Europeans; and that, with a handful of men, at a distance of four thousand leagues, she holds in subjection more than a hundred millions of men. It is quite incomprehensible!" This enlightened Russian concluded by saying: "I would not on any account that England should lose India. India adds greatly to her

power; and I regard it as essential to the peace of Europe that England should be powerful." I may observe, by the way, that an acquaintance with India is sometimes very serviceable to a man abroad. The children are amused by accounts of wild beasts; the ladies like to hear of Indian manners and customs, and the gentlemen are interested in eastern politics.

The number of orders instituted as rewards strikes a traveller in Russia as being almost ridiculous. Nearly every common soldier has three or four. Many have six or seven. Civil orders and those of knighthood are only less numerous. The pretences under which these honours, with snuff-boxes and similar presents, are bestowed, are quite absurd. Last month a snuff-box, with the emperor's portrait, was forwarded to the duke of——, merely because he had taken the trouble to give a ticket for some public building to a young Russian traveller. The occasions on which these favours are generally granted are so trivial, that what was intended as an honourable distinction has almost ceased to be such.

With regard to slavery in Russia, it may be observed that it is a condition of mild restraint on man's free will compared with the slavery of the West Indies. Masters can legally inflict only a slight corporal chastisement; and the law directs that attention be paid to complaints of vassals against their masters. Thus, nominally, the owners have not power of life and death, and there is redress against excessive grievance; but, virtually, they are absolute in their domains, and there is no redress. Still, considering the authority possessed, I am inclined to think that less tyranny is exercised than might be expected. Excess of anger is not characteristic of a Russian. Compared with the native of a southern clime he is cold and apathetic. His slave is therefore less valued,

and less flogged. Slavery, however, can never be divested of her real character ; and her moral influence is here but too evident. The serfs are an appendage to the soil ; and cannot legally be alienated from it ; but this law is frequently evaded, and they are bought and sold like other personal property. An owner is entitled to the labour of his male slave three days in the week without any remuneration. If he employ him during the other four days he must furnish him with food and clothing. Mutual interests generally induce a contract between the parties : and the serf is allowed to work on his own account, paying a certain *abrok*, or rent, to his master. This varies in proportion to the trade he may pursue, and it is raised from time to time as his circumstances prosper. Some of the native merchants in this city pay hundreds, and even thousands of rubles each year to their masters for permission to carry on trade. Were they to refuse, the nobleman has power to summon them to the estate of which they are an appendage, and to compel them to work. If a serf do not aspire to trade, but continue to cultivate the soil, his master provides him with land and a hut. As the nobles have an opportunity of watching narrowly the condition of their peasantry, and as they are in the habit of raising the *abrok* in proportion to the ability to pay, while the emperor demands and receives a fixed amount from serfs of the crown, these are always in a condition far superior to that of other serfs. No slave is allowed to leave the village to which he belongs without a passport from his owner, so that it is difficult for any to escape from the grasp of a master : and as the power of holding slaves is one of the privileges of nobility, no manumitted serf can himself purchase, or otherwise obtain, a slave.

Considering the present state of civilisation in Russia, and the intimate connection between a man's desires and

enjoyments, I am not inclined to think that the great mass of Russian slaves are less comfortable than the free-born Indians. It is true that they have nothing, but then they want nothing. I have been credibly informed that a caravan of a hundred boors carrying sugar from Moscow to St. Petersburg, will pass a night at an inn and not spend three halfpence among them, because they cannot muster so large a sum. Wretched as their condition is, if estimated by our ideas of happiness, it is less so in reality, because they see and know no other state. Their master is raised too far above them to excite jealousy or ambition; and between him and them there is no third class. So long as they can satisfy the present cravings of nature, they wish for nothing more. Devoid of forethought, they have no anxiety for the future. The stripe inflicted one minute is forgotten the next, and not dreaded for the following.

It is in moral rather than in physical effects that the baneful influence of slavery, and of that ignorance which slavery promotes and perpetuates, is manifested. All that a serf possesses, even his wife, is the property of his lord. A conviction that the licentious gratification of passion would in most cases lead to his own murder, acts as a check on the superior in the absence of law: but the mere existence of the power alluded to, though seldom exercised, renders comparatively insecure that sacred tie on which the whole fabric rests of social charities. The serf lives like an animal, and habituated to act, learns in some respects almost to feel, as one. Since his *abrok* will be raised with prosperity he conceals his gains, and the first lesson he is taught with the dawn of reason is to deceive his master. To effect this, he must deceive his fellow slaves; thus low cunning and a habit of daring falsehood are engendered. Self-interest is always the mainspring of exertion; and since the labour of a serf

enriches chiefly his master, the motive to industry is removed, and a slave is habitually idle. Determined idleness is the chief feature of his character. Nothing but physical compulsion overcomes it. He has no reputation to lose. Unrespected by others, he respects not himself; and if he have an opportunity of stealing, what should prevent him? If discovered, he is beaten; but he is accustomed to be beaten; and a temporary enjoyment of the stolen goods knows no diminution from remorse of conscience or violated principle. This is a sad picture, but true; and so it must remain till light and liberty dawn on this benighted land.

The debased condition of the people is the necessary result of slavery. It arises from no want of moral or intellectual capabilities: on the contrary, these are possessed by the peasantry in a very remarkable degree. Were not this the case, their state could not possibly be so good as it is. The Russians are eminently gifted with the elements of the Christian character, though deformed and almost concealed by ignorance, superstition, and other baneful growths of slavery. I am informed by a friend who has passed the greater part of his life here, that a deep-rooted conviction of original and personal sin, and a simple dependence (as far as their knowledge admits,) on the merits of the Saviour, characterise the Russians. In no class of native society, however dissipated, do you ever meet a scorner. Whenever the subject of religion is broached, even in the midst of mirth and revelry, it will be treated with solemnity, or respectfully disposed of as unsuited to the occasion. Great attention is conceded to religious instruction, and a bible is the most valuable gift that can be offered to a poor man. My friend informs me that some of the scenes he has witnessed, when visiting the prisons with a man who, as a native of England and a resident in

Russia, is a blessing to the one and an honour to the other country—I mean Mr. Venning, the Howard of the day—have made an impression that will never be effaced. The sudden hush and devout preparation of the prisoners and soldiers of the guard when Mr. Venning has proposed to read the Bible; the look with which a solemn whisper passed from one to another, “the word of God is going to be read;” the fixed and breathless attention of all the listeners; the earnest petition for a Bible urged by some of the soldiers, and accompanied with an assurance that they wanted to read it to one another while on duty; and the bitter disappointment they expressed on hearing that government had forbidden the boon they sought; all these, and many more interesting traits, show that the Russians are prepared to receive the gospel with avidity, whenever it may be proclaimed to them; and encourage a hope, not enthusiastic, but sober and well founded, that when it pleases God to remove the darkness which now overshadows the land, conversions will take place, not as they do in some countries, among isolated individuals, far separated in time and place, but by whole masses of men throwing off the trammels of a degrading superstition, and worshipping in spirit and in truth.

My friend mentioned an interesting fact. Shortly after the dreadful inundation of 1824, crossing over the Neva with a large party of boors in a common ferry-boat, he was attracted by their conversation, which ran somewhat in this strain: “Well, this is a dreadful visitation that we have had.” “Yes, but we deserve it richly. Look, what sinners we are.” “To be sure, that is true: and moreover, we know better. Why, there is not one of us that is not provoking God by our abominable wickedness. Nobles and slaves, we are all equally bad.” “Yes, and I tell you what, I should not be surprised if

we have something still worse ; and we deserve it, for we do not lay our wickedness to heart, nor God's chastisements, as we ought." The arrival of the ferry at the opposite bank prevented my friend from hearing the conclusion of this interesting conversation, maintained by two boorish peasants, whom a stranger would have supposed to possess scarcely two ideas beyond providing for the necessaries of life. He assures me that this is not an uncommon case ; but that the sentiments here cited may be received as a fair sample of those of the natives in general. It seems to be a remarkable trait of national character, that the first ideas imbibed are of a religious nature ; and that the Russians having no other, by cultivating these, have obtained a certain knowledge of religion, on which it only requires that the truths of the gospel be grafted, to make it bring forth spiritual fruit. It is in spite of a natural tendency to moralise that slavery prevents the Russian from rising to the point to which morality would elevate him.

The real nature of this bondage, which might more justly be termed vassalage ; its influence on character ; and the impediments it offers to moral and intellectual advancement, would form subject for a little volume, and can only be properly treated by one whom long residence in the country, and intimate acquaintance with the language, have supplied with the necessary information. The opinions I have formed may be quite incorrect. Such as they are, I offer them to you : and if you detect any inconsistency, it arises from a wish to give you always my first impressions. Sometimes these are favourable, sometimes otherwise, according to the character of the incident on which they depend. Apparent discrepancies of this kind may be easily reconciled ; and it is only by a careful consideration of the various effects

produced on the same mind, and a comparison of these with impressions made on others dissimilarly constituted, that a man can hope to form a just estimate of national character placed beyond the limits of his own personal investigation.

In the hey-day of life, with unlimited power, health, and every inducement to seek his own pleasure, the present emperor devotes his whole time to his subjects. From dawn of day till the afternoon, he is engaged in public affairs. Nor is his attention turned only to politics, legislation, and military arrangements; on the contrary, the moral state of the people, the prisons, almshouses, and similar institutions, are objects of his special regard. Unhappily for the country, the aristocracy are not as disinterested as the emperor. Their aim and their attainment are to keep him in comparative ignorance, or to counteract his efforts for the improvement of the present state of things. A determination on his part to carry into execution the desire of his heart for the liberation of the serfs, would excite among the nobles a conspiracy which would probably end in the loss of his crown. It is the power of an illiberal aristocracy that prevents Russia from rising to the elevation she would otherwise attain.

The emperor, or "Autocrat of all the Russias," is as absolute as a monarch can be. He has no hereditary advisers and no chosen counsellors. The prime minister of the empire is styled the chancellor. Each of the departments has likewise its peculiar minister, all of whom are ex officio members of a council consisting of thirty-five, who superintend the public offices. Imperial *ukases* are issued through a body, called a senate, who are employed as a mechanical instrument, and have no deliberative power, except when they sit as a judicial

court of appeal from inferior tribunals. Governors are deputed to the provinces of this extensive empire, who carry on the duties of their governments by means of subordinate employés, and a host of gens-d'armes, who correspond to the *Omlah* with which a civil functionary is surrounded in India. But with the number and duties of these, all resemblance ceases. The talent, patient investigation, laborious assiduity, and undeviating integrity, which characterise British civilians in the east, are for the most part wanting in the Russian governor. Money is the sole passport to justice. To obtain money is the main object of almost every judicial officer. This evil will never be remedied so long as the present inadequate stipends are continued to public servants, whose salary seldom amounts to a quarter, and often not to a tenth, of what they are expected and obliged to spend. In some offices it remains nearly the same as it was a century ago, notwithstanding great changes in the relative value of money and in the habits of the people. The whole system of government is bad.

At the present time the Russians are in a state to feel most keenly the effects of an absolute monarchy, a cruel aristocracy, and the want of a middle class. They are too civilised not to be conscious that they are slaves. They are too little advanced in civilisation to exercise any check on the autocrat and nobles through the medium of public opinion. Government, conscious that knowledge must burst the chains which now gall the people, has imposed a strict censorship on the press. A miserable unmanly policy is pursued to prevent men from speaking what they think, or knowing what others think. Every foreign newspaper is held back if it contain an account of a mutiny or a sentiment favourable to liberty. In short, mind and body are alike enslaved in Russia, and despotism is complete.

I have made the courts a subject of particular enquiry, and, strange to say, I have not been able to meet with an individual who could inform me of the legal mode of recovering a debt or prosecuting a criminal. The only answer I have obtained is unsatisfactory indeed. "Il n'y a point de loi, il n'y a que des ordonnances (*ukases*)"* Nor is this an exaggerated statement. A gentleman who has shown me much kindness is now poor, because there is no legal mode by which he may recover large debts due to him from Russian nobles. This deficiency in the system of jurisprudence cannot fail to influence commerce prejudicially. Here a man's word is worth nothing without a bond; a bond is useless without law; and since there is no law, there is neither bond nor faith, neither credit nor enterprise. The whole external commerce of Russia is conducted by foreigners. Ships are commanded by Germans, insured and freighted by English, and often manned by Swedes or Fins. To remedy this state of things, the emperor has ordered a digest to be arranged of the *ukases* of his predecessors, and laws to be framed in accordance with them: but the nobility retard, as much as possible, this desirable work, because its completion will involve a restriction of their power.

The revenue of the country is derived from a capitation tax on the serfs, and another tax on the vassals of the crown. A census is made every fifth or sixth year; when males above twelve years old are endowed by government with seven acres of land, for which they, or their masters, are taxed at the rate of three rubles per annum. This will give you some idea of the enormous

* There is no law—only *ukases*.

quantity of waste land in the empire; far more than sufficient, if cultivated, to supply food to the population of England and India in addition to her own. The male serfs amount to about eighteen millions, of whom seven millions are vassals of the crown, paying an annual *abrok* of ten rubles a head. Besides these, there are six other principal sources of revenue: first, the monopoly of brandy and salt; second, customs; third, Siberian mines; fourth, the mint; fifth, stamps; and sixth, a duty on merchants, who, according to the *guild*, or rank, in which they enroll themselves, pay a certain per centage on the capital they employ. The following rough schedule will give you some idea of the proportion these sources of revenue bear to each other.

	Millions of Rubles.
Capitation	70
Abrok	54
Brandy and Salt	98
Customs	50
Mines	10
Mint	8
Stamps	6
Merchants	6
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When there is no extraordinary call for money the receipts and expenses of government are nearly balanced, but the smallest extra disbursement turns the scale against the country. The interest of the national debt swallows up forty millions; the marine twenty-four millions; diplomatic charges twenty-two millions; and the army a hundred and fifty millions of rubles, annually.

The present army is calculated at eight hundred and seventy thousand men. Of these, five hundred and twenty thousand are infantry; two hundred and forty thousand, cavalry; sixty thousand artillery; and fifty thousand life-guards, pioneers, sappers, and Cossacks. Every third year two men in five hundred are enlisted. By this means a constant supply of soldiers is yielded to the state. Every serf becomes free from the moment he is enrolled in the imperial army: his long beard is cut off, and he is thenceforth a civilised European: but the change in his condition is regarded as a subject of condolence, rather than congratulation. His friends consider him as dead, because every social tie is ruptured; and, sometimes (I am informed) they even put on mourning. The pay of a private is thirty rubles, or twenty-seven shillings a year. Besides this, he receives clothes, and a certain quantity of salt and grain. The salary of officers is equally insufficient to enable them to live in a style suited to their rank. Hence gambling, dishonesty, and a whole train of evils.

I have long been convinced of the improbability of our Indian possessions being endangered by a war with Russia. This conviction is confirmed by observation during my short sojourn here. There is a want of system in every public department; in none, perhaps, more than the military; and there is a surprising ignorance of every thing connected with the east. Between Russia and Persia there is no cordiality. It is not to be expected that that should ever exist; but even could the latter be induced to favour an invasion of India by Russia; could the difficulty of procuring sustenance for an army on the route be overcome; and could the constitutions of the soldiers be fortified against the climate; yet Russia is not furnished with resources to enable her to carry an

efficient army through the territory occupied by the warlike nomade hordes of Afghanistan and of neighbouring countries. National power consists neither in money nor men, but in the relative proportion of these to the territory occupied, and in the ability to apply them to practical purposes. Tried by this test, the wealth of Russia will be found to be less, and her disposeable military force smaller, than that of any of the kingdoms with which she is likely to be embroiled; and greatly inferior to that against which she would contend in the event of her ambitious hand grasping at India. Such is the case at present: but who shall venture to conjecture what may be her power a century hence?

It is impossible to visit this country, and to think of what she was a hundred years ago, without being astonished at what she is now. The rapidity of her progress is extraordinary. Every new invention in mechanics and every improvement in manufactures, in whatever corner of the world originated, is immediately adopted or tried at St. Petersburg. An absolute monarch never wants money, and many expensive failures weigh little in the balance against one successful experiment. With arts and manufactures, the moral condition of the people is undergoing a change. There can be little doubt that improvement of the intellectual faculties is the first step to moral elevation. Education must precede a change of habits, and the mind's fetters be struck off before moral obligations can be fully appreciated.

Impressed with this conviction, it is pleasing to observe in Russia many institutions for the instruction of youth. There are seven universities in the country, containing three thousand students and one hundred and ninety professors. Besides these, are fifty-nine colleges for the education of priests, containing twenty-six thousand

students and four hundred professors. There are also several medical and military seminaries, with some hundreds of provincial and district schools, (independently of private academies,) under the protection of government.

In this city are two institutions, founded by the empress Catherine the Second, of a peculiarly interesting character; "Le convent de jeunes demoiselles," and L'institut de Sainte Catherine." The former was established in 1764, for the education of eight hundred girls. It is divided into two parts, for the daughters of nobles and of citizens, who pass here nine and six years respectively. Fifty or twenty-eight pounds sterling are paid annually for each girl. For this sum she is boarded and clothed, and taught not only reading and writing, arithmetic, and needle-work; but also French and German, music, drawing, and natural philosophy. An annual exhibition is held, at which the late empress-mother made a point of being present. To this the *corps diplomatique* and chief officers of government are invited, with several of the nobility and parents of pupils. Those girls who have distinguished themselves receive appropriate rewards, and those who leave the convent with eclat are presented with the empress's cipher set in diamonds, which they wear ever after as the most honourable distinction a female can obtain. The other institution referred to, calculated to accommodate three hundred girls, is of a similar nature, but open only to daughters of the nobility.

Unfortunately, I arrived at Moscow at few days too late to attend the fair of Nijni Novgorod, which is held annually in August and September. It is well known as the largest in the world, being superior in numbers and traffic to that of Hurdwar in Hindoostan. Mer-

chants from all parts of Europe and Asia assemble there. The English trader is introduced to the remote Kamtchadale; while the tall Afghan traffics with the dwarfish Laplander. Tartars, Chinamen, Turks, Indians, Greeks, Italians, Icelanders, Danes, Germans, Swedes, and French, carry there the produce of their respective countries. Nijni Novogorod is the mart through which tea finds its way from China to the interior of the Russian empire. Another large fair is held in Ladak, on the borders of the plateau of Thibet, to which the Chinese carry tea, where they barter it for cloths and furs brought from Nijni by the Tartar merchants, who take it back the following year to that town, whence it is dispersed throughout the empire. The flavour of this tea is far superior to that of our own; owing probably to the land conveyance; for a sea voyage is prejudicial to tea. But, independently of this advantage, there is an aromatic fragrance in the Russian tea which is evidently extrinsic; arising, if I be rightly informed, from its being packed by the Chinese merchants for a land journey with flowers and leaves of the *olea fragrans*. In the market-place yesterday I examined what was called by the Muscovite tradesman the flower of tea, for which he demanded twenty-eight shillings a pound. It was full of little white particles, like dried flowers, and very fragrant. When infused in water, the flavour is strong and grateful. The price usually paid for the article in this part of the country is not less than that which the vender demanded from me.

The commerce of Russia is gradually increasing. Her maritime trade is chiefly in the hands of the English. The principal articles of exportation are iron, corn, flax, hemp, wood, hides, tallow, wax, and cordage. In exchange, she imports wines, coffee, tea, and all sorts of manufactured cloths. A considerable internal trade is

carried on by canals and large caravans ; by means of which commercial intercourse is likewise maintained with Persia, and with China by way of Siberia. That political economy is a science hitherto unknown in Russia is manifest from the violation of its first principles by unwise restrictions on commerce, interfering, as much as legal enactments can, with the natural flow of labour into the most profitable channels.

The mines of Siberia have been a source of wealth to the empire ever since the subjection of that country in the sixteenth century. They now yield the crown annually about two and a half millions sterling ; but, till the year 1821, only two gold mines were known. In the great Oural mines a solid mass of native gold was discovered, weighing twenty-seven pounds. One of the most interesting institutions in St. Petersburg is called the *Hôtel des Mines*. Besides a collection of mineralogical specimens, probably unrivalled, containing, amongst others, a piece of aqua marine weighing eighteen pounds, and another of malachite weighing thirteen hundred pounds, there are models of the lake Olonetz, of a part of the Oural chain of mountains, and of several mines. These models, (in the study of which one might pass many profitable days,) exhibit Lilliputian miners at work in exact conformity with the reality ; and the whole process, from the excavation to the smelting of ore, is represented in miniature. In this institution a corps of young miners is educated in every branch of the science ; and at the end of each year a party duly qualified is sent to Siberia to conduct the mining establishment. For their practical instruction, a subterraneous gallery of considerable length has been excavated, showing the various geological strata : thus are they familiarised with subjects, their knowledge of which is to be called forth by future duties. I was conducted through the rooms and mines by an intelli-

gent lad of sixteen, who is expecting to be shortly commissioned to Siberia.

When we hear of Siberia and Botany Bay, the mind almost involuntarily adverts to hard labour and galling chains : but good information from the one and the other sanctions a combination of more pleasing ideas. When chains and labour are not annexed to the sentence, it may be doubted whether banishment to Siberia is a very heavy punishment to a Russian. At Tobolsk there are so many noble families, so many merchants, and so many serfs, all united by sympathy as brother exiles, that a society exists as large as in any town of Russia, except St. Petersburg and Moscow. Provisions are exceedingly cheap. Amusements are numerous. The inhabitants economise while living luxuriously ; and many beg permission to remain when their period of banishment has expired. All the Russian punishments are not equally mild. Disgraceful as it is to their national character, the knout is still in vogue. Culprits suffering this punishment frequently die in consequence. Women, as well as men, are subjected to it ; and instances are recorded of ladies of high rank who have been publicly flogged in the Nevski Prospektive. The instrument consists of a twisted lash, two feet long, attached to a stick about half that length. At the end of the lash a leather thong is fastened, which is steeped in milk and hardened by exposure to the sun, previous to the infliction of punishment. When softened by the sufferer's blood, the thong is changed for a new one, and many may be used on the same subject. Happily, however, human nature can endure only a limited degree of pain. Owing to this merciful provision, cruelty often defeats her own object. Thus it is with the knout. The first stroke generally takes away sensation, and seeds of death are deposited in the deep bleeding furrows of the insensible culprit.

If the excellence of the police be estimated by the paucity of crimes that reach the ear, it is very good. But in a country where government restrains the public expression of truth, a different test must be resorted to. Policemen parade the streets day and night. I have frequently been walking at a late hour, yet I never saw a disturbance nor had cause for personal fear. The system of espionage is carried to a baneful extent. Foreigners are watched as though they were spies. Every *laquais de place* is said to be in the pay of government. He keeps a regular diary of your proceedings, and most travellers might find a more correct journal of their residence in St. Petersburg deposited with the police than in their own writing-case. Sometimes the *laquais* reports with more cunning than truth; so that to offend him may involve a traveller in serious difficulties. A gentleman of my acquaintance was seized and detained at the frontier because the police understood that he lived much alone and wrote a good deal. The inference was clear. He was plotting against the state! Inn-keepers, English, German, and native, are so completely in the hands of the police, that not one of them is to be trusted. A person taking out a licence to keep a hotel virtually enlists himself, *ipso facto*, among the public spies. A man dares scarcely to confide in his own brother. If Napoleon's saying be true, that every one has his price, he ought not; for the government will give any price to a spy. Neither the highest rank nor official situation secures its possessor against the operation of this corrupt system. It is rumoured that when *** was ambassador to this court, he found the lock of his writing-case had been tampered with; and so conscious of her insecurity was the late unfortunate queen of Prussia, that during her residence at St. Petersburg, she invariably carried on her person all her secret papers.

The Russians, like the Indians, are partial to bathing ; but a Russian bath is a thing *sui generis* ; and, as a correct notion of it can be obtained only by undergoing the operation, I resolved to pay the price, and have accordingly taken a bath both here and at Moscow. A bath house consists of a succession of rooms, generally three, in each of which is a stove : the second apartment is heated to a higher temperature than the first, in which the thermometer may stand at 100 degrees of Fahrenheit ; and a third to a higher than the second. In the inner room is a series of benches from the floor to the top, each hotter than the one below. The temperature of the highest could not, I should think, be less than 140° ; it might be more. To these baths hundreds of persons flock every day, especially on Saturday. A few years ago the sexes bathed indiscriminately together. Now there is a division in the room : but in many of the houses this is scarcely more than nominal ; the door being either off its hinges, or not filling the doorway. The price paid at public institutions is equivalent to two pence ; at private baths, to three and eight pence. The process is as follows. You enter the second apartment, having undressed in the first : by degrees, the temperature of the body rises, so that you find the heat of the inner room supportable ; at the same time you are quite content to sit on the lowest bench that the head may be in a stratum of air lower, and therefore less heated, than when you stand. The attendant then approaches ; and, desiring you to lie down, he rubs the whole body with a handful of the inner bark of lime-tree dipped in soapsuds previously prepared, and shampoos every limb. This part of the operation is very grateful, when he throws over your head successive showers of hot water ; after which, you take your seat on the second or third bench from the bottom, gradually ascending as you are able to

bear the heat. The skin soon becomes hot, the head feverish, and the tongue parched. The sensation is dreadful, and you regard with horror the unfeeling operator who insists on your ascending to the uppermost bench. As soon as you comply, the man throws four or five buckets of water into the stove. In a moment, the room is filled with steam : and the attendant proceeds to the last part of his duty, which is to brush you rather smartly with a bunch of birch twigs covered with leaves. During this agreeable flagellation perspiration bursts forth from every pore, and actually runs down in little streams. The effect is inconceivable. A state of extreme enjoyment succeeds to that of oppression. The skin, head, and respiration are relieved ; and the muscles of the mouth relax into a smile from mere animal pleasure. Such, at least, was the effect produced on me. Having descended to the floor and dried the body, you enter the next room and find the sofa a necessary resort. An hour's repose affords the body time to recover from its state of relaxation ; and the Russian bath, which is regarded as a panacea for all diseases, is concluded. The natives adopt a more speedy (and, as they say, a more efficacious) mode of recruiting the system. While perspiration is flowing profusely from the skin they run into the cold air, and rub their bodies with snow, or throw cold water on their heads. The pores are instantly closed, and every fibre is braced ; while the previous draught on the vessels of the cuticle counteracts the bad effect likely, under other circumstances, to result from such a transition. I tried the experiment, and found it act as a delightful tonic, from which I experienced no subsequent ill effects.

The principal articles of food among the peasantry are rye bread of a dark colour, approaching to black, and *tschee*, or vegetable soup mixed with sour crout. To

these they add porridge, pickled cucumbers, water-melons, buckwheat, eggs, and fish. The national physiognomy is not prepossessing. The Russians have flat features and sallow complexions. The men are dark, brawny, and short; the women only less dark, and seldom pretty. The teeth of the natives are generally good; and it is rather remarkable that the soundness of these is essential to the admission of a recruit into the army.

I have not been long enough in Russia to learn any thing of the language. It does not much resemble the Persian or Arabic; and it is so different from every European tongue, that without application to books it cannot easily be picked up. It is purely Slavonic, and has no affinity to the Teutonic tongues. Eight of the letters are Roman, and as many Grecian. One of these is sounded as *v*, and employed something like an Æolic digamma: Greek names, too, such as *Plato* and *Nicon*, are in common use. Three of the double consonants resemble in power, though not in form, the Persian *Dzal*, *Chay*, and *Sheen*, each of which is expressed by two letters in the Teutonic languages; and the adjective is, I rather think, formed by *koe*, not unlike the possessive case in Hindoostanee; as *Tzarskoe Celo*, the *tzar's* village. The other sixteen letters completing the alphabet are peculiar in form and power to the Russian language, which is indebted to them for its singularly harsh and laboured character. As it contains no literary treasures, there is little encouragement to a resident, much less to a traveller, to bestow pains on its acquisition; nevertheless, one cannot but feel many a regret to lose entirely that information which may be gleaned from incidental conversation.

In regard to scenery, there is little to be enjoyed in Russia. The two capitals are the only objects of interest in this part of the country; but a short residence in

either of them amply compensates for all the toil and inconvenience which may have been encountered during a journey. The country is flat and dull. The soil, where not sandy, is rich and well cultivated in proportion to the number of hands employed : but a much larger population is required to clear away the woods and to convert the space they occupy into arable land. It is curious that in Russia, as throughout the whole extent of Scandinavia, firs and birch are almost the only trees. Oaks are cherished as exotics, and never seen in a state of nature. The same may be said of elm, ash, willow, and all the *mimosa* family, which add so much to the beauty of our English forests and gardens.

But I must conclude. Russia is a country rising rapidly in the scale of nations, and one in which it is peculiarly interesting to watch the movements of the human mind progressing towards a higher and more enlightened state of civilisation. Its moral, as well as political and physical, phenomena are novel ; a traveller is, therefore, peculiarly liable, in the observations he makes, to fall into error ; for, however good the opportunities he may enjoy of investigation, his time is generally too short to admit of any degree of certainty in the correctness of his conclusions. Minds, too, are differently constituted. Hence, the different reports in circulation regarding the same places and occurrences. Some men are endowed with a faculty of regarding every object through a prism that transmits in a direct line only the *couleur de rose*, while other rays are refracted at an angle that throws them off the moral retina. But each crystal has its peculiar angle of refraction. Some may think my account of Russia not favourable enough ; others, too favourable ; and, after all, perhaps each of us is wrong. Convinced that this is highly probable, I neither fear correction, nor will hesitate hereafter to admit, if necessary, that I have seen cause to change my opinions.

LETTER XV.

Berlin, 16th October, 1830.

From St. Petersburg the road runs for some miles along the Gulf of Finland, commanding a fine view of the sea, the shipping, and the receding capital. At Narva, ninety-eight miles distant, it passes out of Russia proper into Esthonia, the northernmost of the provinces conquered by Peter in the last century, when Charles of Sweden lost the battle of Pultawa, and strove in vain to rally his forces at this very city.

Hence, we took a more southerly direction, and, entering Livonia at the northeast point, crossed diagonally to its southwest extremity. In our route we passed Chudleigh, once the residence of the Duchess of Kingston. Her house is now converted into a farm. For some miles the road runs along the shore of the lake Peipus, which is eighty miles in length, and ranks as the largest in Europe, after those of Ladoga, Onega, Aral, and the Caspian. It abounds in fish, large quantities of which are annually transmitted in a frozen state to St. Petersburg.

A hundred and eighteen miles from Narva, at Derpt or Dorpat, there is an university founded by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, said to contain within its walls some of the best astronomical instruments now existing. The famous astronomer Struve, who has received medals from the Royal and Astronomical Societies in London for his discoveries relating to double stars, is a professor in this university. Soon after midnight on the second instant, we arrived at Riga, having accomplished, at a wretched

pace, three hundred and seventy-seven miles in the diligence in eighty-eight hours. The road is good except over the last thirty miles, where it passes through a bed of sand.

I had three pleasant companions. One of these, the Baron von Kittlitz, has travelled with me as far as this place; and, after a fortnight's collision in a close carriage, which could not fail to exhibit a man's peculiarities, whether pleasing or otherwise, I may say I have seldom met so agreeable a companion. He has made the tour of the world. He resided some time in Kamtschatka and the northwest of America, where he was employed by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg to collect specimens of natural history. With good talent and much information, united to an obliging disposition, he could not but prove an acquisition as a fellow traveller, especially as he talks Russian and German, the languages of the countries through which we have journeyed.

Riga is prettily situated on the Dwina. At this point the river expands itself into a width of one thousand eight hundred feet, over which is thrown a bridge of planks, said to be the largest in the world. Riga was built by Albert in 1200. From 1581 to 1710 it remained subject to Poland, and was then conquered by Russia. It has all the appearance of a large German commercial town. The streets are narrow and dirty; nor are there any public buildings of note.

As we arrived a little after midnight on Saturday, I passed Sunday there, and attended divine service. The English have a factory and a chaplain, as at St. Petersburg. After church I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Ellis, the clergyman, who kindly asked me to spend the evening with him. Here the modern style of Russian architecture entirely disappears. The language is spoken only by coachmen, who are chiefly Russian; and the

government is cordially disliked, except by a few employes who feed on their leaner brethren.

On Monday morning I took the diligence from Riga to Mittau, the capital of Courland, whose frontier is crossed a few miles from the former town. The distance is twenty-seven miles. Mittau is of considerable size, and carries on an extensive trade, favoured by its situation on the Aa, only three or four leagues from its embouchure. Here the baron, who had preceded me on Sunday night, had hired a carriage to convey us to Polangen, the frontier town of Russia, which we reached at two in the afternoon of Wednesday. The road from Mittau to Polangen, a hundred and fifty-four miles, is better than we had anticipated, because information obtained at Riga had led us to believe that our axletree would be generally buried in sand, whereas this was the case during the last stage alone.

The provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, and Courland, were originally occupied by tribes of the *Æstii*, whose name is preserved in the modern appellation of the first of these districts. They long retained the Scythico-Celtic language that prevailed in our own country; and it was probably this fact which gave rise to the observation of a Roman historian, that their language resembled the British. The dialect now spoken is intelligible to neither Russians nor Germans. It is thought to be a compound of the Slavonic of the aborigines and the language of the Teutonic knights who long held these provinces in subjection. The *Æstii* used to carry about with them figures of wild boars) as the Swedish peasants do to this day in the month of February,) when a festival was celebrated in honour of Frea, the mother of the gods. They fancied that this symbol of superstition served instead of armour, and kept them secure in the midst of foes. It is a curious fact, in confirmation of the opinion that

physical and moral habits are hereditary, that the first time these people are mentioned in history, it is as cultivators of corn, and as endowed with a larger share of diligence than falls to the lot of the indolent Germans in general. At the present time corn is the chief article of commerce in these provinces, and the inhabitants retain their reputation for industry. The natives are Lutherans. To the south of Esthonia very few Greek churches are to be seen. The appearance of the people differs greatly from that of the Russians: they resemble more the Swedes. Like them, too, they are free. In the southern parts of Livonia and in Courland the country is far more woody than in Ingria and Esthonia. We drove through prodigious forests, almost rivalling in extent, and far surpassing in variety of foliage, those of Scandinavia. Here and there villages, consisting of five or six houses, are scattered at a distance from each other, and surrounded by isolated patches of vegetation, like little Oases in vast plains of sand. The huts afforded miserable accommodation to a traveller. A bedstead swarming with vermin, covered with a mattress stuffed with leaves, and a single sheet like sail-cloth, is the usual nightly resting-place. Light is supplied by a bit of green fir saturated with its own turpentine. The floor is sprinkled with juniper twigs, to which I am now so habituated that I rather enjoy the smell. Thus in many respects the habits and modes of the people, as well as the general character of the country on this shore of the Baltic, resemble those of the opposite coast.

But one circumstance attracts peculiar notice. It is very remarkable: and seems to tell of a time when either the whole north of Europe was covered by the ocean, or else the present bed of the Baltic was dry land. Large boulders of rock are seen in every direction lying on plains of sand; and distant hundreds of miles from

the nearest stone quarry. These consist of granite and other hard crystalline rocks from the mountains of Norway. Detached masses may be traced thence in a direct line through Sweden to its southern coast; the farther they lie from their parent mountain, the more they are scattered, and the less sharp their angular points. Whether or not they exist in the bed of the Baltic is unknown; but on this side they are found again, being still more scattered and rounded. Their peculiar composition refers them at once to the southern part of the Scandinavian chain, whence it would seem that they have been broken off by some tremendous convulsion of nature, and rolled through the intervening country, becoming rounder and rounder in proportion as their lengthened journey subjected them to friction.

Polangen, as the name indicates, is a Polish village, inhabited principally by Jews. Their dress is as peculiar as their physiognomy. They wear the loose Turkish robe with a ceinture, and a conical cap turned up with fur. The smaller portion of the inhabitants are Catholic; yet the unhappy sons of Judah are the weaker party. In every spot tainted with the Romish superstition one expects to see symbols of idolatry; but here the crosses can scarcely be numbered. They are evidently erected, not to gratify the enthusiasm of devotion, but in mockery of those who mocked the Saviour whom they crucified. Within the precincts of the small church-yard I counted nine crosses, seven crucifixes, and three wooden models of the scourging and burial of the rejected king of the Jews.

Within a short distance of this place we passed the frontier between Russia and Prussia, and pursued our course by post for five hours to Memel. The Prussian *Douanier* was not strict; and the Russian forgot a part of his established duty, which is to see that no coin is

taken out of the country. This prohibitory law originated in an extensive exportation of copper by the Jews, who sold it at a high premium, because that metal is of greater value in all other countries than in Russia. The kopeck is a piece as large as a half-penny, and there are nine kopecks in an English penny. The trade therefore could not fail to be profitable.

Having left my carpet bag in the carriage at Polangen, an accident which I discovered on our arrival at the custom-house only two or three miles from that town, I returned to the barrière and begged permission to go back in search of it. The Russian officers, however, maintained that that privilege could not be granted without a new passport. A German nobleman who witnessed our conference, and who, holding the Russians in detestation, was actually leaping with joy because he found himself once more clear of the country, saw they were only waiting for a bribe, and begged me to disappoint them, by sending back my postilion on one of the horses. This I did and succeeded in regaining the bag. I could wish to have left the great empire of Russia under circumstances permitting the last impression of national character to have been more pleasing.

At Memel an hotel is kept by a naturalised Englishman. We enjoyed his comfortable rooms the more, as they formed a pleasing contrast to those in Courland, where the two preceding nights had been passed. That town is situated on the sea coast, at the entrance of a salt water lake called the Curische Haff. The river Memel is the principal channel by which wood growing in Livonia and Courland is brought to the sea. The accumulation of amber on the southeastern coast of the Baltic is accounted for by supposing that substance to be turpentine (that has exuded from fir trees which have themselves decayed) changed in its nature by the

length of time it has lain buried in the *haffs*, or low-lands. The ancients called it *glesum*; a word evidently derived from the German *glas*, signifying the same as our own word *glass*, and applied to amber on account of its transparency.

The road from Memel to Koenigsberg is so sandy that a water conveyance is generally preferred. A trader carried us from one end of the *haff* to the other in eighteen hours, at the rate of four miles an hour. A wagon, the best conveyance we could procure, and the only one that dare encounter the road, took us at the same pace in five hours to Koenigsberg, the second town of Prussia, where I spent a Sunday and rested two days and a half.

This pause was refreshing to mind and body. It afforded me an opportunity of reflecting on the interesting tour I had just concluded in Russia, and the blessings which attended me in painful and laborious travels through that country. The only language spoken at Koenigsberg is German; therefore there is no French church. The London Jews' Society has a missionary in this town, with whom I passed an evening on purpose to ascertain the progress of Christianity among the Hebrew population. As in India, the work of conversion advances slowly.

Some large schools on the principal of mutual instruction exist here, formed chiefly by the exertions of the present director, Mr. Vanselow, under the patronage of government. A letter from a friend at Tottenham opened to me at once his schools, his heart, and stores of information. Had my visit to the town been paid exclusively to this interesting individual, I should consider myself well recompensed. He was sent to England for the purpose of learning the Lancasterian system. With this object he passed three months in the central

school of the British and Foreign Society in the Borough Road: then returned to undertake the supervision of a similar institution in his native town. This is the first attempt to introduce the Lancasterian system into Prussia, where a more general interest on the subject of education has been excited than exists, perhaps, in any country except the United States. In one of the periodical papers circulated by the English society, which, (when he can procure them,) Mr. Vanselow exhibits with patriotic interest, it is justly observed under the head of Koenigsberg; "The education of the poor in the protestant states of Germany has been an object of attention with the government from the earliest period of the reformation, and extensive provisions were made for this purpose; a school being established by law in every parish. In Silesia and Saxony scarcely an uneducated child is to be met with, but in many districts and large towns the population has far outgrown this provision. In East Prussia and the Polish provinces especially, the number of uneducated is very numerous, so that at the present time, when the government is contemplating the supplying this deficiency, and anxious to improve the system of the old schools, the establishment of a model school on the British system in the centre of the Prussian dominions is an important measure. The Dutch system called the *simultaneous*, and the Pestalozzian, have of late both prevailed in the Prussian dominions, so that the British system will be subjected to a severer scrutiny than usual, but we doubt not its merits, if fairly exhibited, will establish its superiority.

"The subject of education generally, is at the present time extensively claiming the attention of the public, and we are informed there are several weekly and monthly publications circulated in Prussia, entirely de-

voted to information respecting education, and which report the state of the various establishments for public and private instruction, and the merits of the different systems pursued."

Koenigsberg contains a population of eighty thousand; a large number of whom are Jews; and many of the inscriptions in the streets and neighbourhood are in Hebrew characters. The town is one of the most irregularly built in Germany. It is unlike any other, except in the dirt of its streets and the unfortunate absence of trottoirs. It is picturesquely situated on the river Pre-gel, the ancient Outtalus, that flows into another salt-water lake called the Frische Haff, into the opposite extremity of which the Weichsel, or Vistula, disembogues itself. Standing on one of its bridges, you have on your right an antique town of the thirteenth century, and, on your left, a pretty country and a prospect not unlike that on the banks of the Thames at Teddington. A castle still exists here, built by the Teutonic Knights, whose head-quarters it formed: The style of architecture is rude, massive, and unsightly; so that the interest of the building is entirely extrinsic and historical.

In the hotel I found a contrivance for obviating the inconvenience of standing outside the door to await the arrival of a *garçon*, as is necessary in inns where one bell is common to many rooms. I have seen the same in some of the northern capitals, but in smaller towns this simple expedient has not yet been generally resorted to. A broad circular board marked with the numbers of the rooms is placed in the centre of each passage. The bell rope hangs by it. When you ring, you turn the hand of this clock-faced apparatus to the number of your own apartment, and the waiter, referring to it, ascertains in which direction his services are required

On Monday, the eleventh instant, I left Koenigsberg, and travelling three days and nights arrived here on Thursday morning. The distance is seventy-ven and a half German, or three hundred and sixty-two English, miles. The whole road is Macadamised. The excellence of Prussian diligences is proverbial. It is impossible for them to be better arranged. The exact time of arrival at each post station is fixed, with the number of minutes allowed for changing horses, for meals, &c. and a single deviation renders the *conduc-teur* amenable to the law. The *cabriolet* carries three; the *interieur* six. There is a cushion projection, which serves as a resting place for the head of the traveller sitting in the centre, so that each of the passengers has the full benefit of a corner. Six large pockets and a net afford ample room for books, and all necessary items. The baron, with another gentleman and myself, occupied one side of the *interieur*. The opposite was secured by a lady and her two daughters, the eldest of whom was on her way to the bridal altar. The other was an interesting girl of seventeen, full of vivacity, good sense, and simplicity; having, the day before, left her native town for the first time in her life. I almost envied her the delight which the novelty of each object afforded. She could not believe that the charm would wear away; and who would wish to release her from the pleasing delusion?

The road from Koenigsberg lies through a country rather picturesque than otherwise; and through many towns of considerable size and importance. One of the most interesting of these is Marienburg, eighty-three miles from Koenigsberg; where a castle, once inhabited by the Teutonic knights, still rears its sombre towers, recalling to mind tales of chivalry and blood. Dantzic, one of the first commercial towns on the Baltic, contain-

ing little of scientific interest, is only six German miles from Marienburg. The ancient inhabitants of this part of the coast, are said to have worshipped, under the name of Alcis, those electric phenomena that sometimes appear in the neighbourhood during a storm, like meteors on the masts of ships ; to which the Roman Catholics still pay religious veneration under the title of " the fire of St. Elmo." It is a curious fact that the name of the old divinity is still preserved by northern nations under the corrupted form of Alff, or Alp, a designation they apply to the presiding genii of the mountains.

From Marienburg the road, deserting the coast of the Baltic, runs in a southwesterly direction through that part of Poland which fell to the share of Prussia when the iniquitous division of that injured country between the three great neighbouring powers was effected. A large proportion of the population is Jewish. They wear the dress I have described as distinguishing them at Polangen, except that the conical cap is exchanged for a broad brimmed slouched hat. Their persons are filthy in the extreme. The squalid appearance of a Jew elsewhere will bear no comparison with that of a Jew in Poland. Most of the inns are in their hands. In this department they exercise freely that love of gain which acts as a ruling passion among those who, without country, rank, or character, feel that money is the only thing that can secure to them even the outward tokens of respect. At Friedeburg we halted some time. I availed myself of the opportunity to visit the cemetery. It is of extraordinary size compared with the population, but yet filled with tombs. All the inscriptions are in Hebrew characters ; a peculiarity which gives this burial-ground a novel and interesting appearance.

Landsburg and Custrim are large fortified towns, well built in the German style, but wearing an appearance of

modern manners and refinements more than those in the south of Prussia. This country was formerly inhabited by a tribe of Germans called Semnones, described as the most ancient and noble of the Suevi. Two curious facts connected with their superstitious rites are recorded by the classic historian of Germany. The first is, that representatives of all the tribes who claimed one common origin were in the habit of meeting periodically in a wood, rendered peculiarly sacred and terrific by some fearful legend, and of slaughtering there a human victim to propitiate the deity. The next is, that no person was permitted to enter this wood till he had first bound a chain round his body in token of entire subjection to the deity presiding there; and that, if he fell, (as with such an incumbrance it was not improbable he should,) he might not rise again, but was compelled to roll along the ground till he reached the place of sacrifice.

It was five in the morning of Thursday, the 14th instant, when I entered this capital, whose fortunes and reverses might furnish subject for a tragedy. Though out of twenty days, passed since leaving Moscow, sixteen days and ten nights were spent in a carriage, yet I was ready to encounter a new city, with all its palaces, museums, gardens, and boulevards. Three days have now been busily occupied in this way, and it is with difficulty and a jealous gleaning of minutes that I am able hastily to put together these lines, which will present, I fear, an unconnected whole. During my wanderings in Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia, I have sent you detailed accounts of all I saw, because those countries are little known by comparison with more southern kingdoms. None of your personal friends have travelled there; and I know the different interest with which we listen to reports from a stranger and to the narration of one with whose mind we are familiar. Two

productions may be equally good ; but the value of either is greatly enhanced when we are intimately acquainted with the construction and minute operations of the machinery employed. I am now moving in a well beaten track. Berlin, with the cities in my future route, are already known to you through the medium of other travellers : I shall, therefore, only sketch the outline, and trust to your recollection to supply minutiae. Here I am so near home that I have lost the sensation, sometimes painful, of a wanderer in remote and half civilised regions.

I ought, perhaps, to give some account of the city ; but I can add nothing to the information you already possess concerning it. It stands on the Spree, which yields health and comfort in its course through the metropolis. The circumference of Berlin is calculated to be eleven English miles ; its population two hundred thousand. On the whole, it is a fine city. The streets are all wide ; many unusually so, and rivalling in length the Nevski Prospektive of St. Petersburg. One of these named *Unter den Linden*, or the avenue of lime trees, affords a delightful promenade in summer. In the centre of the street double rows of limes form two parallel avenues a mile in length. Outside each of the exterior rows are a pavé for carriages and a raised pathway for pedestrians. The houses are built with regularity ; and being well stuccoed, have the appearance of stone. The Brandenburg gate terminates the vista of the avenue. This is a colossal structure, consisting of two colonnades of massive Doric columns supporting a flooring on which Victory, in a triumphal car, brandishes the Prussian eagle.

Yesterday the king's youngest son introduced his bride to his father's loyal subjects. Half the population of the city was assembled in the *Unter den Linden* to

witness the procession as it entered the Brandenburg gate. A regiment of hussars preceded. The first carriages were filled with some of the chief officers of state. The maids of honour followed. Then the royal bride and bridegroom, drawn by six horses richly caparisoned. The prince looks young, and cannot be more than twenty-two. His bride seems older. The occurrence was particularly interesting to a traveller, because it collected in one spot all classes of society, and afforded an opportunity of observing various costumes, modes, and equipages. But I confess towns have less charms for me than country; the gaiety of a metropolis fewer attractions than the unsophisticated habits of the simple Norlanders. Art bears no comparison with nature; and the cities of Germany sorrowfully contrast with the scenery of Norway.

The two royal palaces, the museum, academy, and arsenal, are buildings handsome in their way; but to an eye familiar with the architecture of St. Petersburg every town appears comparatively deficient. The interior of the king's residence contains not a single article worthy of notice, except an astronomical clock, wound up only once a year, which works an orrery giving the motions of the seven larger planets of our system. The museum of natural history is not a good one; if I except the collection of birds, that cannot be too much admired, containing nearly eight thousand specimens, many of which were very uncommon. The anatomical museum is one of the first of its kind. The preparations are numerous, choice, and well arranged. For the Egyptian museum, which is superior to every other in Europe, except that at Paris, Prussia is indebted to the indefatigable labours, research, and travels, of Signor Passalacqua. In the picture gallery many originals of the Italian school have a place; but none of the first rate pieces which form the

boast of Rome, Florence, Vienna, and Dresden. The antique statues are well arranged; and their dismembered bodies have been supplied with modern limbs.

The number of houses in the town is seven thousand. Of these six thousand five hundred are insured. As there are few wooden buildings, it is difficult to account for the greater than ordinary dread of fire manifested by the insurance of so large a proportion. The hotels are good; at least, when compared with those to which I have been long accustomed; but a German inn affords poor accommodation to those who have enjoyed the comforts of travelling in the south.

The Prussian government has been peculiarly considerate of foreigners; for the price of every thing that they can require is fixed by authority. Not only the charge for post-horses, but that for a *laquais de place*, apartments at an inn, food, and firing, is appointed by a public officer, who sees that a *tariff* is suspended in every chamber, so that no extortion can be practised.

Some bronze and marble statues are dispersed about the town. The finest are those of Bulow, Blucher, and Scharnhorst, who stand before an admiring posterity, monuments of their own mortality and imperishable fame. On the most frequented bridge is an equestrian figure of Frederick, the last elector of Brandenburg, and father of the first king of Prussia, who was crowned, if I remember right, in 1700. His name was Frederick: his son's Frederick William: and his grandson succeeded to the throne under the name of Frederick the second, which an approving people commuted to "Frederick the Great." The fourth king was Frederick William the Second, father of the present sovereign, who bears, and has transmitted to his son, the same favourite name. Their pictures, with those of the old electors, are ranged round the walls of the "Salle blanche" in the palace, and

form pendants in this sister kingdom to those of the emperors and tzars in the kremlin of Moscow.

The king is very popular. He lives unostentatiously; shows himself often to his subjects; imposes as few taxes as possible; manifests a laudable desire to raise Prussia in the scale of nations rather by moral than military prowess; and in consulting the happiness of his people, secures his own. There is no country of Europe where so much attention is paid to education as in Prussia. Even a Bible Society exists under the express sanction of government. By some means the Bible used by our Charles the First on the scaffold has found its way into this country, and is preserved in the royal library, forming by far the most interesting object in that gallery.

The tomb of the late unfortunate Queen Louisa stands in the gardens of Charlottenberg, about three miles out of the city. As a piece of sculpture the monument is considered exquisitely beautiful. But it is historical association that generally yields to objects of this nature their chief interest. Suffering excites compassion; and when the sufferer is a female, young, virtuous, and royal, the heart that does not sympathise must be callous; and no less bold if it dare to acknowledge its obduracy.

The trade of Berlin consists chiefly in silks, wool, Prussian blue, and cutlery. By means of canals, uniting the Spree to the Oder and the Elbe, a direct water communication exists with the German Ocean and the Baltic. The iron trinkets manufactured in this capital, which have been so much worn of late in London, are prettily executed. I passed some time in a shop containing a large assortment, and collected a few specimens as souvenirs of the noble-minded women who voluntarily laid down their jewels at the feet of the defenders of their country.

The military force, consisting of two hundred thousand men, is supported at an annual expense of four millions sterling, about half the whole revenue of the state. Every soldier is obliged to wear mustachios. No corporal chastisement is inflicted. Imprisonment, degradation, and other moral punishments are substituted; and the army is under excellent discipline.

I passed two hours yesterday with Mr. G—, a Lutheran minister of the established church, from whom I hoped to gain information as to the state of religion in Berlin. His report was not favourable. It seems that the union between Calvinists and Lutherans was effected as a political, rather than religious, measure: and, as might be expected, it is less real than nominal. When will the rancour of "theological hatred" be exchanged for that "charity" which "is not easily provoked?"

LETTER XVI.

Dresden, 22d October, 1830.

You must be so much in the habit of receiving letters rich in information from the Italian nursery of the arts and sciences, that a rambler through the less fertile regions of the north feels he has little by comparison to offer. You will have read of my wanderings over the lowlands of Holland, the sandy plains of Denmark, the mountains of Norway, the forests of Sweden, the undulating fields of Finland, and the half civilised governments of Russia. My last letter traced my homeward route from Moscow, through the Teutonic provinces of the Baltic, skirting anti-christian Poland, to the capital of Prussia. From Berlin I went to Potsdam, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great. So far on the way to Dresden, I could not resist the temptation of visiting this town to see the finest collection of pictures in Germany.

Potsdam is nineteen miles from Berlin. Frederick's suite of apartments and the furniture are shown, it is said, in the state in which he left them at his death: but many tenants have occupied them since that event. Happily, implicit faith in such a tale is not essential to the mind's reception of grateful associations. Here he lived and thought. Here he planned schemes in which resulted the glory of his country and the defeat of her enemies. His fine mind has shed a lustre on the spot; and Potsdam will be venerated as long as the history of Prussia is read. Several royal palaces are here; but descriptions of buildings are generally uninteresting: I will therefore avoid them,

only recalling to your mind that in one of these Napoleon dwelt before the battle that subjected Prussia to his arms; and that another is the retreat in which the conceited philosopher of Ferney sojourned as the favoured guest of the royal philosopher of "Sans souci."

The distance from Potsdam to the capital of Saxony is a hundred and ten miles, which we accomplished in twenty-two hours. En route, I enjoyed the society of a gentleman of pleasing manners and general information, who, on our arrival, put his card into my hand, gave me a ticket of admission to a public reading-room, and requested that I would join his family at tea in the evening. I find that he is one of the principal men in this little kingdom, the president of a court whose jurisdiction extends over all ecclesiastical affairs and moral institutions. His wife is a celebrated beauty, much admired by Napoleon seventeen years ago, when she was in the full bloom of adolescence. She is now rich in the love of a devoted husband, and the caresses of a little cherub-group of innocents.

The country between Berlin and Dresden was formerly occupied by a race of people, called Hermanduri, mentioned in history as being the only one permitted to traffic freely within the Roman territories; a privilege granted on account of their exemplary fidelity. It is recorded by their historian, that they were allowed to pass and repass the frontiers at pleasure; and that "while the Romans displayed to other nations their camps and their arms, this favourite tribe was permitted to enter their town-houses and country-seats, which they did without coveting the luxuries of their more refined and wealthy neighbours." The country is flat, but well cultivated; and the peasants, especially in Prussia, have an appearance of comfort which offers a happy contrast to the squalid condition of the debased serfs of Russia.

In all the northern countries on this side the Baltic, guard-houses, *barrières*, and other public buildings, are marked as the property of government by broad stripes of paint in diagonal lines. In Prussia, black and white alternate with each other. In Russia a third stripe of red is added : and our entrance into Saxony was manifested by an enormous *barrière* which stretched across the road its lengthened streaks of green and white.

It was early in the morning of Tuesday, the nineteenth instant, when we reached Dresden, which stands on the Elbe, in the midst of a picturesque valley, surrounded by hills at this season blushing with the rich and purple clusters of their vineyards. Under Augustus the Third, the Saxon metropolis was regarded by the civilised world as the Athens of modern times. Music, poetry, and painting, were cherished by that prince with zeal and munificence such as the brightest days of ancient history can scarcely boast. But times are changed. Dresden is not what Dresden was. Perhaps some part of the distress she has subsequently known may be traced to former excess of liberality. Yet the present town is handsomely built, though small. Its usually peaceful appearance is just now interrupted by a number of men wearing a semi-military costume, with a handkerchief round the left arm, distinguishing them as the national guard, or militia, raised last month, after the disturbances of which you have doubtless read in the newspaper, and in anticipation of others that are supposed to be ripening against the 30th instant, a fête in honour of the great reformer. Whether or not a riot may then occur it is difficult to decide ; but the public mind is in a state of great agitation induced by the injudicious conduct of the king, who is a slave to the priests.

Ever since the early part of the last century, when the elector of Saxony changed his Lutheran queen to obtain the

hand of the queen of Poland, the Saxons have been dissatisfied with their royal family. Some evils which perhaps really exist, as a necessary consequence of the smallness of the kingdom, and others existing only in imagination, are attributed to the despotism of a Catholic hierarchy and the foibles of the sovereign. Imprudent measures lately adopted by the king, kindled into a flame the heated embers which, though smothered, still continued to smoke. The people, incited by the aristocracy, cry loudly for an exemption from taxes for the support of Romish priests. The Irish rôle is reversed. Protestants refuse to pay for Catholic chains. In the disturbance of last month, they demolished the police-house, and threatened to pull down the palace, unless the king would ensure them against further evils by taking as his assessor on the throne his nephew, Frederick Augustus, the heir presumptive, who is less bigoted to a heterodox creed. Following the example of his predecessors in the great empire of which his own is but a Lilliputian member, he complied; and now Anthony and Frederick are joint kings of Saxony.

The palace in which they live resembles a prison rather than a royal residence. It consists of a range of buildings round a sombre court-yard, flanked with towers which tell a tale of many centuries. The windows of these, defended by iron gratings, are parallel to the flight of stairs within; and, forming an angle with the outer lines of the building, wear an aspect singularly grotesque. As I walked through the square, my guide was the only person I saw. Dirt and desolation rival each other.

The Zwinger contains a cabinet of natural history and artificial curiosities. Many singular specimens of art are collected here, particularly such as are of microscopic workmanship. Amongst these are exhibited the

Lord's prayer written legibly in German, French, and Latin, on a circle the size of a sixpence; twenty-eight figures carved on a cherry-stone; and several other diminutives of a similar nature. There are also some pianos of peculiar construction, and organs with tubes of paper and glass, instead of metal.

The Zwinger, however, as well as the arsenal which contains the most perfect collection existing of armour of every species, age, and nation, is an object of minor importance when compared with the picture gallery. This is a building consisting of four long rooms, each forming one side of a square. Three walls in every room are covered with pictures, while the fourth forms the framework of a series of windows, extending from top to bottom, and so furnished with blinds as to allow every possible variation in the admission of light. The most celebrated production in this collection is "The Assumption" by Raphael. The Virgin is in the act of ascending to heaven with the infant Jesus in her arms. On her left, a female saint (supposed to be Saint Barbara) stands with her arms crossed over the breast in an attitude of devotion. On the right, the pope with uncovered head, and the tiara by his side, kneels before the "mother of God," at whose feet two little angels spread their joyous wings. The expression of every countenance, and the life infused throughout the whole, indicate a master's hand. One part of the performance, however, seems in bad taste. An iron rod is represented as holding a curtain which is drawn back to exhibit the Virgin. The supposition of a physical impediment to the eye of faith involves an admixture of sense and spirit which can scarcely consist with unity of design. This picture is perhaps incorrectly called the Virgin's *assumption*, because that event was subsequent to the period when her offspring was an infant. It is sometimes called the Ses-

tinian Madonna, in honour of the pope who requested Raphael to paint it. As there are many engravings, you may probably recognise it under this name.

Another *chef-d'œuvre* is from the hand of Titian. It represents our Saviour holding the tribute money, and commanding the subtle Pharisees to render "unto God the things that are God's." There are also a "Venus" by Titian; "La Notte" by Correggio, with a representation of the Saviour's birth; a Venitian portrait by Leonardo di Vinci; and two landscapes by Claude; which rank as the jewels of this treasury of the arts. But a mere enumeration of names is uninteresting; and no description can convey an adequate idea of a fine painting. I cannot help remarking that in "La Notte" the conception is peculiarly fine. The centre of the picture is illumined by a blaze of light proceeding from the incarnate God; and the darkness of night is made to disappear before the glory of the sun of righteousness. At the same time, distant objects, artfully thrown into shadow, exhibit the blackness of the gloom which his beams have dispelled. Two rooms, rich in the number and value of specimens, are allotted to originals of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

Next to this in interest is the collection of antiques, comprising many medals, busts, and marble statues, from Herculaneum, Pompeii, Rome and Naples. Some are perfect; but others, injured by time, have been unskilfully repaired. This well arranged and valuable gallery afforded me a rich feast for two hours. The director of the Academie des Antiquités, brought yesterday an ancient seal, with a request that I would endeavour to decypher the inscription. On examination, it proved to be Arabic and Persian, much ornamented with flourishes. It consists of a name, an Arabic sentence, and four Persian verses, of which I submitted a transla-

tion in English, and in the more universal language, Latin; together with a transcript of the original in the common oriental written character; which are now deposited, with the seal, in the cabinet of antiquities.

The church of the virgin is an ugly stone building with a high dome in the centre, whose orbicular form threw off the balls and shells which the king of Prussia fired in the hope of destroying it in the middle of the last century. The interior is formed into a large amphitheatre, round which four galleries are ranged, one above the other in an elegant mode. The organ stands over a projection allotted to the communion table; an arrangement peculiar to this church. In no other do I recollect to have seen the organ at the east end of the building. The seats are circular and face the communion table. From the tower of this church we enjoyed a beautiful view of the town and the surrounding country, with the heights of Racknitz, where a simple monument is erected to the memory of Moreau.

The treasury, or green vault, is so called from the green diamond it contains, well known as unique of its kind. The collection of jewels and precious stones here deposited is perfectly astonishing. I will not attempt a description to which none but a scientific lapidary could do justice. Besides the green diamond, a white one, the Seventh in the world in point of size, is preserved here; its superiors being in the Brazils, St. Petersburg, London, Paris, Vienna, and Rome. Among the treasures are also a Madonna in enamel, three feet and a half long, an onyx seven inches, and two oval sapphires three inches in length, with a collection of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and pearls, far exceeding in value that of every other court in Europe. My attention was attracted by a curious representation in enamel of the court of the Great Mogul sitting in state, with a hundred

and fifty gold and silver courtiers and servants. The learned professor, who had demanded and obtained three dollars previous to our admission, descanted largely on the accuracy of the model : perhaps a full assurance that none of his audience could contradict him, would have converted the enamel face into an exact likeness of the present *incumbent* of the throne. I listened with becoming faith to the dissertation ; and pitied the chagrin with which he heard that I had repeatedly attended the *darbar* of the living pageant.

Within a few miles of the town is a spot known by the name of "the valley of rocks." Here I spent an afternoon with my kind friend the president, who justly thought that his local knowledge would enhance the pleasure of the trip, and therefore volunteered to act as my guide. The valley is highly picturesque, being enriched by nature with her choicest gifts. It is the defile through which Napoleon's army marched, and bade defiance to the separated forces of Austria and Prussia, ranged on the rugged summits, and on opposite sides, of the rocks which form the valley. Two miles farther off, my companion has a country seat, where his wife and children remained, while he, from the window of his house at Dresden, watched the battle which terminated in the triumph of the allies. When they entered the town, he hastened to rejoin his family ; but, descending into this ravine, filled with the carcasses of the French, he observed a number of gentlemen seized and compelled to assist in the sepulture of the offensive mass. Rank afforded no exemption from the general press ; so he resolved to attempt a dangerous bye-path, trodden only by an occasional forester. His successful essay, and the historical facts connected with it, added greatly to the interest with which we traversed this romantic valley.

Fifteen miles from Dresden is a district of twice that extent, known by the name of Saxon Switzerland, which, inviting the traveller by its name, rewards him with its beauties. It is Switzerland in miniature. A chain of hills and fragments of hills of every form and size, thick forests, smiling valleys, and naked rocks, are blended together and interspersed with waterfalls and mountain torrents, in all the variety of southern Helvetia. This morning I started, in company with two gentlemen, to visit the justly celebrated district. One of them is a German, with whom I became acquainted at Berlin; the other, Mr. Carzon, a fine young Englishman, whom I met yesterday in the public library.

In an hour our trio reached the king's palace at Pillnitz, which is only superior to that in Dresden. The roof is covered with little wooden boxes surmounted by spires in the Japanese style, while the lower part of the building aspires to nothing higher than German architecture. The tout ensemble is singularly grotesque and outré, nor would it ever attract attention but as the spot where the confederation against France was formed in 1792. Pursuing our course along the banks of the Elbe, we entered at an early hour La Suisse Saxonne; and ascending, by a circuitous route, a gigantic rock, found ourselves in the ruins of an ancient fortress, called the Bastei. This was inhabited in the thirteenth century by a band of those half-barbarian Teutonic knights, or lawless robbers, who lived by the conquest of some and by the plunder of all. The *burg*, or fort, commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country. The Elbe washes with its tranquil stream the foot of the rock, round which forests of firs expand their dark green branches on the sloping surface of sand-stone hills, and through the lengthened windings of the valley. In front, arises the sister, or the rival, fort of Lilienstein (the lily's

stone). On this solitary hill, in the form of a truncated cone, the knights of Dona defied the forces of the emperor, and held in tribute the peasantry of Saxony. The twin *burg* of Koenigstein, which stands on a similar rock, is impregnable. The sides of the mountain are almost perpendicular; and the only access is by a draw-bridge impending over a fearful gulf. Thus fortified by nature, every effort to subdue the fort has been unsuccessful; and Koenigstein remains the single virgin citadel of Germany.

It is generally admitted that the character of the country in Saxon Switzerland, which is on the frontier of Bohemia, is unique. For many miles masses of sandstone rise to a height of seven and eight hundred feet, assuming not the appearance of rocks, but that of the pillars of some vast fabric which time has worn into a variety of grotesque forms. The gorges between these are deep, narrow, smooth, and perpendicular. It seems as if they were the effect of little rivulets which flowing for ages have intersected the soft rock with lengthened furrows. The walls thus formed are themselves cleft in pieces by some unknown agent, and their fearfully dark and irregular fissures, doomed to perpetual banishment from the light of day, present recesses black, dreary, and terrific, to which some imaginative mind profanely affixed, and custom perpetuates, the name of Hell. Here, on beds of sandstone, large masses of granite are found, which must have been projected from a distance of many miles by some convulsion of nature. The species of rock is the same as that traced through the German provinces of Russia to the Scandinavian mountains, and there is little doubt that these fragments have been detached from the grand dépôt on the opposite side of the Baltic.

One curiously shaped rock goes by the name of *Kuh-*

stall, or the cow-stall, from some fancied resemblance to that animal, or from a legend connected with the spot. A Saxon citizen once found himself on this eminence contemplating this panoramic view. The occasion inspired him; he sought a propitious muse; and his prolific mind produced a sublime effusion, which translated runs thus :—

I have seen it,
I have seen it,
I have seen the divine cow-stall !

The next visiter, struck with the absurdity of the lines, completed the stanza in a happier strain, writing under the above,

I have read it,
I have read it,
There has been a calf in the cow-stall !

This specimen of vanity, with the severe castigation it received, remains a perpetual record on the Kuhstall, to the amusement of travellers.

It is interesting to observe the use of the word *burg*, connected with a fortification, in German, as in almost all the Teutonic languages of Europe. In Arabic, the same term, with the alteration of a letter, *burj*, signifies primarily a bastion, and by extension any fortified place. This meaning has been retained by all northern nations who have borrowed the word; and we, with the rest, name our towns once fortified, *burgs* or boroughs. There are some, I know, who think we derive the word from the Greek *purgos*, a citadel; but this is less probable, because the Arabic etymology can be traced through another channel, which cannot by possibility be Grecian,

in all the southern countries of Europe. In Arabia, as throughout the east, the *caravanserais*, or resting places for travellers, are surrounded by walls, sometimes flanked with towers; and each is called *Alburj*, the fortified or protected place. The Italians, borrowing the term, without sufficiently considering its definite meaning, apply it generally to all houses of accommodation for strangers; hence their word *Albergo*. The French, who always change *l* between *a* and a consonant into *u*, as in the words *aumones*, *autel*, *autre*, and others, call an inn *auberge*. The Spaniards and Portuguese have likewise made a similar application of the Arabic word, whose prefixed article decides its Saracenic origin.

But with this digression I must conclude my letter. I had not intended so abruptly to quit Saxon Switzerland for a tour through Europe and an excursion into Asia. However, as it is past midnight, and as I leave Saxony at an early hour in the morning, perhaps it is well that my train of thoughts has been thus interrupted. Otherwise I might have detained you still longer in musings on the connection of our Saxon conquerors with this interesting country.

LETTER XVII.

Cuxhaven, 29th October, 1830.

On the twenty-third instant I left Dresden, where I had experienced much enjoyment, and arrived at an early hour in the afternoon at Leipzig. The distance is sixty miles. The roads through Saxony are particularly good; and this runs through a picturesque district, for the most part on the banks of the Elbe. It is the season of vintage, and the peasants are busily engaged in robbing the hilly slopes of their mantling clusters. In many parts the grapes are already gathered; in others, the vines still bend over their rich and purple pendants, yielding to the country the charms of Rhenish and Italian scenery. On the right, we left at some little distance the town of Wittenburg, consecrated by the faith and works of our great reformer. Here, from the cell of an Augustine monk, issued the thunders of truth which shook the papal hierarchy; here, in the market place, the bull of excommunication committed to the flames proclaimed as irreconcilable the hostilities subsisting between the enemy and the defender of religious liberty; and here repose the mortal remains of the German Boanerges and of his friend the amiable Melancthon.

We passed through Meissen, celebrated for its china manufactory, its ancient monastery and towering steeple, and its romantic situation on the bank of the Elbe. This is the only town of note between Dresden and Leipzig. None of my companions in the *schnell-post*,

or diligence, talked French, and I should have been solitary in the midst of many, but for a young student of the Leipzig university, who understood Latin. As the public conveyance to Hamburg leaves Leipzig only twice a week, I was compelled to start again the following morning; and the few remaining hours of daylight only sufficed to enable me to visit the two most interesting objects in the town; the house where Luther disputed with Dr. Eck, and the spot where Poniatowski fell. The former, situated in the public market place, is now occupied by a petty grocer, who was surprised at my visit, and still more at the interest his house excited. It is singular that in a town where the champion of reformed faith is greatly venerated, the theatre of one of his most famous discussions should be so little known that a stranger has to hunt it out by tedious enquiries.

You, doubtless, recollect the circumstances of Poniatowski's death. When Napoleon, no longer able to maintain his position in Leipzig against the allied forces, resolved on flight, he ordered a bridge across the Elster to be blown up as soon as he was safely landed on the other side. The faithful Pole kept the Swedes at bay while his master fled; when, following with his division, he found the expected means of his escape destroyed. Closely pursued, he sought a spot where the river is narrow, and boldly leaped in. His charger gained the opposite bank, but not having strength to ascend its steep acclivity, fell backwards on the rider and involved him in its own destruction. The scene of this catastrophe was the garden of a wealthy banker, Reuchenbach; whose name, notwithstanding his fallen fortunes, it still retains. A simple stone erected on the spot from which he leaped bears the name, itself a sufficient eulogy, of Poniatowski. A few months since, in a distant African isle, I stood over a similar monument, which covers all

that was Napoleon. The coincidence was striking and touching. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

Leipzig is rather a good specimen of German towns. Some of the houses, very old and richly ornamented with carved wood-work, give a venerable air to the place. Others, handsomely built in more modern style, are lofty and not inelegant. The town was crowded to excess, for an annual fair had just been held. It is the largest in Germany; attended by representatives of the principal merchants from all the chief cities of the continent, and even from London.

Great traffic in books is carried on in Leipzig. A very expensive press, in which many English works are reprinted, has contributed more than the university to give literary eclat to a town already famous as the site of a vast commercial fair, the scene of religious disputation, and the arena of two bloody battles. The anniversary of that of 1813 was celebrated only five days before my arrival. It would have been gratifying to witness such a fête in Germany; especially, as I was present at the celebration of a similar festival in Holland, in commemoration of another victory which despoiled the Corsican of his unrighteous honours. The first battle fought here was that of 1632, when Gustavus the Second of Sweden lost his life. The two occurred at a little village called Lutzen, near Leipzig.

The road from Leipzig to Hamburg almost immediately enters Prussia. The first town through which we passed is Halle, distant twenty-four miles from Leipzig. It contains one of the seventeen universities of Germany. The great physiologist Meckel has a professor's chair here. There is also an establishment, called "L'institut de la Bible de Kanstein," which keeps twelve presses constantly at work in striking off impressions of the Bible; and it is said to have printed three millions of

Bibles in the past century for cheap distribution to the poor. Whether this be really the case, or how far the object of its first founder is answered in the present day, I could not accurately ascertain; but I fear that object must be opposed by the spirit of rationalism which tinges with its deadly hue all the public seminaries of Germany.

From Halle, passing through the duchy of Bernburg, we reached, after a journey of forty-eight miles, the strong fortifications of Magdeburg, commanding the Elbe in a point which has often been the scene of political contention. This part of Germany was formerly occupied by the Langobardi, or Longbeards, who afterwards founded the Lombard kingdom in Italy.

We passed quickly through Magdeburg, the chief town of the duchy of that name, and made the best of our way over a dull, monotonous country, to Kletzke, a distance of seventy-five miles, where the diligence from Berlin to Hamburg was waiting to carry us on; the *conducteur* expecting that our number would not exceed three or four. Owing, however, to the recent fair at Leipzig, the road was unusually frequented; and, as we formed a party of seventeen, a number of small, dirty, crazy calèches were hired to convey us to our journey's end.

Thirty-six miles beyond Kletzke, and just across the Prussian frontier, is Ludsvigslust, the capital of the independent duchy of Mecklenburg. It is a beautiful little town, with a palace that would do honour to a more extensive principality. The character of the country indicated that we were not far distant from Holstein. The same barren sands, the same dull unvaried plains, and the same birds keeping watch on the house-top over a country which no one could plunder, reminded me of the early part of the highly interesting tour which is now

drawing to a close. Since these birds and this kind of country were last presented to my eye, I have travelled six thousand miles, and seen every kingdom of the North of Europe. The result has been much pleasure and a comparative restoration to health. Yet a return to my country, more loved and appreciated than ever, and to all the endearments of kindred ties and friendship, is hailed with delight, unalloyed by a single wish for farther wanderings.

Seven tedious German miles carried us through the duchies of Mecklenburg and Lauenburg. During the greater part of this journey, especially in the duchy of Mecklenburg, we remarked large boulders of rock, such as those to which I have already alluded as being strowed over the German provinces of Russia on the coast of the Baltic. They are to be found all over the great sandy plains in the north of Germany. The king of Prussia is making roads through every part of his flat kingdom, with materials almost exclusively derived from boulders which have travelled from the Scandinavian chain. On the side of the road where these large masses are broken up, one might form a collection comprehending a series of minerals peculiar to Norway. The fact, that all the boulders are rounded, proves the distance they have travelled.

The duchy of Lauenburg, belonging to Denmark, extends to the very gates of the free city of Hamburg. We skirted the sandy Hanoverian dominions of our king, as in the earlier part of the journey we had bordered on those of his relation, the duke of Brunswick; and for many miles our route lay through silicious beds, rivalling in depth those of Hanover. The whole distance from Leipzig to Hamburg is about two hundred and fifty miles, which we accomplished in fifty-three hours, arriving there on the morning of the 26th instant.

Owing to bad roads and arrangements between the different petty states, which require frequent transfers from one diligence to another, and allow of places being secured only to the frontier station, the journey involved both trouble and tedium. During the latter part great inconvenience was experienced by all the party who started from Leipzig; for, as I have mentioned, when we joined the Berlin diligence at Kletzke, we were placed under charge of the *conducteur* from the Prussian capital. His complement being previously secured, we were stowed away in *bye-wagens*, or extra chaises, which are changed at every post-house. These are miserable conveyances, admitting rain and wind on every side; and the system gives rise to great trouble and vexatious delays in the transfer of luggage and arrangement of passengers. Unhappily for us, it rained the whole of the last night; and one of our *bye-wagens* upsetting in a ditch and breaking the springs, its contents were distributed among the others, previously groaning under their load, to the sad increase of murmurers and murmurs. So much for little troubles of ephemeral importance, which afford a smile in the retrospect.

It was a singular coincidence that, of six who occupied the interior of the diligence from Leipzig, four talked English, and one of the other two spoke French, a tongue common to all except a solitary female, whose powers were limited to the harsh and guttural, but comprehensive language of Germany. Nearly all the party, seventeen in number, had some connection with the fair in Leipzig. Most of them were merchants, or agents, who had been there to make sales and purchases. One was an obliging and intelligent young man, a native of Hamburg, who has resided eight years in London, conducting an extensive trade in furs, and travelled from England on purpose to attend the fair. He proved a

valuable acquisition on such a road. Amongst other things, I was amused by his letting out one of the *ruses* of his trade. Observing that he was inspecting the fur collar of my cloak, I asked him to what animal it had belonged. He said, "it is Siberian." I repeated my question. He answered, "it is jennet." Unacquainted with any animal of that name except the small Spanish horse, I asked, "what sort of animal is the jennet?" He said "carnivorous." "How large?" "About two feet long." "What is it like? What are its habits?" He hesitated; then said he could scarcely tell. I remarked that I was surprised to hear the fur was jennet, since I had bought the skin at St. Petersburg as that of a Siberian cat. "Well, sir," he replied, and so it is: but I did not know you were aware of it; and I thought you might not like to be told. English ladies would not wish to know that they wear cat's skin, so furriers always call it jennet!"

Safely arrived at Hamburg, I was informed that an extra steamer would start the following morning for London. Having visited the town before, I had no motive for delay; and accordingly secured a berth on the Attwood, bound for London direct. Mr. Oppenheim, the well-informed Hamburg merchant just alluded to, was my only companion in the great cabin; There were two passengers before the mast. It blew strongly from the west as we went down the Elbe, at the mouth of which we encountered a gale which compelled to throw out an anchor off Cuxhaven. Many ships were in a similar predicament, having been already detained three or four days by a strong contrary wind. Every hour it blew harder and harder; and the motion of the vessel became so violent, that we requested the captain to put us on shore at that town, which he promised to do in the morning, if the weather continued to arrest our progress. Since then

we have been detained here. Yesterday the storm was very violent. To-day it has abated a little; and this evening we are told that if the present favourable appearances continue through the night, we may hope to start in the morning; in which case I may be the bearer of my own despatch. The captain is to hoist a flag as our summons. A boat is ready to take us on board; and at break of day I shall anxiously look out for the signal—

“As one who, long detained on foreign shores
Pants to return.”

London, 3d of November, 1830.

I little thought that the past would be so eventful a week. On Saturday morning, the expected signal appeared, and we went on board. The breeze was still very fresh, and the weather seemed portentous. We had scarcely cleared the last land-marks, when the wind blew harder from the west; the angry sky loured in tempest, and our vessel groaned under the concussion of the waves. During the whole of that day and Sunday the storm increased. My companion was confined by sickness to his berth, which he scarcely quitted for four days. The motion of the vessel was so violent that, not having gained my “sea-legs,” I could hardly stand: and the quivering, or rotatory motion, peculiar to a steamer, made me suffer more uneasiness than I have before experienced at sea. Through Sunday night and Monday the gale continued, the elements vying with each other. The wind was furious, the sea white with the foam of its own rage, and the billows roared,

“Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf’ning clamours in the slippery shrouds.”

On Monday, the captain said that, unless the wind changed, the coals would not last us into any port; that without her engine the vessel could not stand against the storm; that we had scarcely made more than one knot an hour with the whole force of two forty-horse-power engines; that we had no other alternative but to go back to Cuxhaven: and that, if detained on the voyage, we had not provisions sufficient for the crew. I have encountered such gales in the Atlantic, that, in a sailing vessel in an open sea, with plenty of food, I should not have thought the danger imminent. But a steamer without steam is unmanageable; and provisions intended for a voyage of two days had already been distributed into six scanty portions. Our captain and his mate were alarmed, and the passengers could not be insensible to their critical situation. On Monday morning, the wind veered round a little; a circumstance which induced the captain to decide on making direct for Yarmouth, or Lowestoff, on the inhospitable coast of Norfolk: though with a slender hope of reaching land, as it continued to blow a gale from W. N. W. In the middle of the night, between Monday and Tuesday, the wind suddenly died away. The lead was heaved and soundings were found; we were under the lee of the British isles. The sea became calmer and calmer, and our vessel made progress at the rate of eight knots an hour. Yesterday forenoon we were off Harwich and late in the evening landed at Gravesend, because we had not sufficient coals to carry us to London. Had we been a few miles farther from calm water, we should in all probability, have been lost.

Thus the termination has been, if possible, more signally blest than any other portion of my northern travels. Since leaving England I have been "In journeyings of ten, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils

in the wilderness, and (now lastly) in perils in the sea." The same gracious God has protected me in all, and brought me to the conclusion of a tour which affords scarcely less pleasure in retrospect than it did in duration.

THE END.

BOSTON LIBRARY

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS,

PUBLISHED

BY KEY & BIDDLE,

23 MINOR STREET.

GREAT NATIONAL WORK.

Key & Biddle have in course of publication,

A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA, with Biographical Sketches and Anecdotes of the Principal Chiefs. Embellished with 120 Portraits, from the Indian Gallery in the Department of War at Washington. By Col. T. L. M'KENNEY.

The public are aware that a most interesting and curious collection of Indian Portraits has been making since 1821, by the Executive of the United States; and that this collection forms a gallery in the Indian department at Washington, numbering at this time about one hundred and twenty heads. The interest felt in this effort to preserve the likenesses and costume of our aborigines—a work so intimately connected with the natural history of Man, is indicated by the immense numbers of citizens and foreigners, who visit the gallery; and the uniform admiration they express of its valuable and interesting character. Believing the public will sustain the undertaking, the undersigned have made arrangements for publishing this unique group. That nothing might be lost, the size of most of the original drawings have been preserved. The original drawings, it may be proper to remark, are principally by King, of Washington, from

life; and will be vouched by responsible names, to be *perfect likenesses*.

An Essay suited to such a work, and calculated to throw a light upon the history of this interesting people, will accompany the first number; and as materials will authorize it, the remaining numbers will be interspersed with biographical sketches, and anecdotes of the original, and with a vocabulary.

This part of the undertaking will be executed by Colonel M'Kenney, of the Indian Department, whose long and familiar intercourse with our Indian relations, and travels over the country inhabited by most of the tribes, and personal knowledge of most of the originals, fit him peculiarly for the task.

The work will be completed in twenty numbers—each number will contain six heads handsomely coloured. Terms of subscription, six dollars per number, payable in advance.

The publishers avail themselves of the following flattering notice of this design, in a letter from Dr. Sparks, editor of the North American Review, to Col. M'Kenney. From a gentleman so distinguished as Dr. Sparks, so well, and so deservedly appreciated for his high standing and attainments, his taste and science, and with such enlarged opportunities of judging of the importance of such a work, such a letter is very encouraging.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am heartily rejoiced to learn by your favour of the 22d instant, that there is so good a prospect for publishing the portraits of the red men. I do not consider that I have any claim, growing out of our conversation, and, indeed, as my only motive was to be instrumental in bringing before the public, so rare and curious a collection, it is a double satisfaction for me to know, that the matter is in so good hands, and encourages hopes of entire success. In my mind, the whole glory and value of the undertaking, will depend on the accuracy and beauty, with which the heads shall be executed, and the completeness of the costume. You must write all that is known about the character and life of each person. Let us have a work worthy of the subject, and honourable to the nation, and just to the Indians.

"Very sincerely your friend and obedient servant,

(Signed)

"JARED SPARKS."

TH. L. M'KENNEY, Esq.

It is in reference to the foregoing work that Peter S. Duponcean, Esq., the enlightened scholar and profound civilian, thus expresses himself:

"DEAR SIR,

"*Philadelphia, 25th May, 1831.*

"I can not express to you how delighted I was, when I was kindly shown by Col. Childs, the fac similies of the portraits of some of our Indian Chiefs, which he has already prepared for your great and truly National work, and is such an one as would do honour to the greatest sovereign of Europe. It has often occurred to my mind, that such a work would have added much to the glory of the late Emperor Alexander, of Russia; and I yet wonder, that his friends did not suggest to him the idea of beginning a cabinet, or rather a museum of the *natural* history of man, by collecting either in wax figures, or in paintings, in an immense hall, or gallery, exact likenesses, representing the shapes, colour, and features, as well as the various costumes of the numerous nations and tribes that inhabit his empire. I am glad he did not do it, and that our country will have the honour of laying the first foundation of an edifice, which must sooner or later be erected to the most important of all sciences, the knowledge of our own species. The day will come, I have no doubt, when by the exertions of patriots in republics like our own, and the munificence of monarchs in other countries, the philosopher will have it in his power to take a view at one glance of the different races of mankind, their genera, species and varieties in well executed effigies, and thus to test the numerous theories to which differences have given rise.

We are going then to begin by exhibiting the *red race*. Your knowledge of the Indian Tribes is not merely theoretical; you have lived among them, and have had the means of becoming familiar with their habits, manners, and customs, as well as of their languages, therefore the historical part of this undertaking could not be confided to better hands.

"The aborigines of the United States will soon disappear from the face of the earth. I am unwilling to dwell upon this topic, so disgraceful to the white race—to the Christian race to which I belong—one consolation only remains. By means of this great work, the effigies of those former lords of the American soil, will at least after their destruction, serve the purposes of philosophy and science, as the bodies of murdered men in the hands of the surgeon, serve those of humanity.

"I am, respectfully, your friend
and servant,

"PETER S. DUPONCEAU.

"THOMAS L. MCKENNEY, Esq."

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG, ON THE IMPORTANCE OF RELIGION. By JOHN FOSTER, author of *Essays on Decision of Character, &c.*

This is a good publication, well conceived and admirably executed, full of important truths and beautifully enforced.

Our readers know, or ought to know John Foster, the Author of "*Essays on Decision of Character*," one of the best writers that England has produced, suited to be compared in many things with Robert Hall, he needs no higher praise.—*U. S. Gazette.*

This work comprises a series of eloquent and affectionate exhortations, which, if carefully attended to, will make wise and good men of all who lay them to heart, and endeavour to accord with them in life and conversation. The author has acquired great celebrity by his former writings.—*Saturday Courier.*

We are not going to hold a rush-light up to a book of John Foster's, but only mean to tell what is its intent. It is an awakening appeal to youth of the refined and educated sort, upon the subject of their personal religion. There can be no doubt as to its currency.—*The Presbyterian.*

John Foster is allowed by men of all parties, political and religious, to be one of the most original and vigorous thinkers of the age. His well tried talents, his known freedom from cant and fanaticism. And the importance of the subject discussed, strongly commend this Book to the attention of that interesting class to whom it is addressed. All his writings are worthy of careful and repeated perusal; but his essay on "*Decision of Character*" and this "*Address to the Young*," should be the companions of all young persons who are desirous of intellectual and moral improvement.

FOSTER'S ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.—Perhaps no religious book has issued from the American press which commanded more general and abundant patronage than one from the pen of the Rev. Jared Waterbury, called "*Advice to a Young Christian*." Aside from its intrinsic excellence, it was rendered valuable by the fact that it was exactly adapted to a particular class of society; and all who wish to make an impression upon that class, was apprised by its very title that it was designed to be subservient to such a purpose. A work of precisely such a character from the pen of the celebrated Foster, and designed to operate upon a

different class of persons, will be found in the one of which the caption of this article is the title-page. The name of its author will supersede the necessity for all eulogium to those who have not read it, and to those who have, the book will abundantly commend itself. Permit me to direct to it the attention of such of your readers as may have careless young friends, into whose hands they would desire to place a solemn, affectionate, and fervent appeal on the indispensable necessity of religion. It is just published by Key and Biddle, of this city, and can, I presume, be procured at any of the book-stores. May the great Head of the Church make it instrumental in the conversion of many souls.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

A MOTHER'S FIRST THOUGHTS. By the author of "Faith's Telescope."

This is a brief miniature, from an Edinburgh edition. Its aim is to furnish religious *Meditations, Prayers, and Devotional Poetry for pious mothers*. It is most highly commended in the Edinburgh Presbyterian Review, and in the Christian Advocate. The author, who is a Lady of Scotland, unites a deep knowledge of sound theology, with no ordinary talent for sacred poetry.—*The Presbyterian*.

"A Mother's First Thoughts," is a little work of great merit. It breathes a spirit of pure and fervent piety, and abounds in sound and salutary instruction. It contains also some excellent poetry.—*Saturday Courier*.

A Mother's First Thoughts. By the author of "Faith's Telescope," 12 mo. p. 223. Key & Biddle, Philadelphia, 1833. A neat pocket edition which will commend itself to all parents who have the right direction of the minds of their children at heart. It is dedicated to religious mothers, "and may He," says the author, "who alone can, render it, in some degree, conducive to their edification."—*Journal of Belles Lettres*.

BRIDGE'S ALGEBRA, 12 mo. In this work the hitherto abstract and difficult science of Algebra is simplified and illustrated so as to be attainable by the younger class of learners, and by those who have not the aid of a teacher. It is already introduced into the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; and the Western University at Pittsburgh

It is also the text book of Gummere's School at Burlington, and of a great number of the best schools throughout the United States. It is equally adapted to common schools and colleges.

Messrs. KEY & BIDDLE have published in a very neat form, the 1st American, from the 6th London Edition of Bridge's Algebra; a treatise, which from a cursory examination, we think superior to any of the text books now in use, for perspicuity, simplicity of method, and adaptation to the comprehension of learners. It contains several chapters on Logarithms and the subjects connected thereto, which, though interesting and important, are not usually appended to works on the subject.—*Fredericksburg Political Arena*.

The publishers take great pleasure in presenting the accompanying opinion of Professor Adrain, of the University of Pennsylvania, who has introduced the work into that Institution.

University of Pennsylvania, March 30, 1833.

GENTLEMEN—

IN compliance with your request, that I would give you my opinion respecting your edition of Bridge's Algebra, I beg leave to say, that the work appears to me to be well adapted to the instruction of students. The arrangement of the several parts of the science is judicious, and the examples are numerous and well selected.

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT ADRAIN.

Philadelphia, March 7th, 1833.

Bridge's Algebra is the text book in the school under my care; and I am better pleased with it than with any which I have heretofore used.

The author is very clear in his explanations, and systematic in his arrangement, and has succeeded in rendering a comparatively abstruse branch of science, an agreeable and interesting exercise both to pupil and teacher.

JOHN FROST.

THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY, is published semi-monthly. The first number was issued on the first day of May.

The design of the work is to publish,

1. The most valuable Religious and Literary works which appear from the English press. In selecting from the former class, sectarianism will be studiously avoided; from the latter, such only will be chosen as Christians may with propriety circulate.

2. Translations of valuable works from the Continental press: and occasionally original productions of American writers.

3. Standard works which may be out of print; and selections from such as are accessible to but few.

4. Brief reviews of such books as do not fall within the plan of this work; so that the reader may be enabled to become speedily acquainted with most of the publications of the day, and to form, in some measure, an estimate of their value.

The editors are pledged to favor no religious, much less any political party; but to act on those great principles in which all Evangelical Christians agree. The degree of confidence which may be reposed in their faithfulness and ability will be learned from the attestations of the distinguished individuals given below.

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THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY is published semi-monthly, on fine paper, with a fair type, for five dollars a year. Each number will contain forty-eight extra-imperial or double medium octavo pages, in double column. The work will thus form two volumes of 576 pages each; an amount of matter equal to thirty volumes 12mo, of 264 pages each. The

usual price of such volumes is from 50 to 75 cents; on the plan of this publication, subscribers will receive them at 16 1-2 cents each.

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The LIBRARY & OBSERVER are recommended in the highest terms by the following distinguished gentlemen:—

G. T. Bedell, D. D., Thomas M'Auley, D. D. L. L. D., Thomas Skinner, D. D., A. Nettleton, Author of Village Hymns, William T. Brantley, D. D., W. D. Snodgrass, D. D., G. R. Livingston, D. D., Stephen H. Tyug, D. D., A. Alexander, D. D., Rev. Charles Hodge, A. M., Rev. J. L. Dagg, Rev. Wm. E. Ashton, Samuel Miller, D. D., James Carnahan, D. D., Rev. J. Maclean, A. M., Rev. Albert B. Dod, A. M., Chas. P. McIlvaine, D. D. John Breckenridge, A. M., W. C. Brownlee, D. D., Rev. G. W. Ridgeley, A. M., Rev. Charles H. Alder, A. M., Cornelius D. Westbrooke, D. D., James Milnor, D. D., M. Eastburn, A. M., G. Spring, D. D., W. W. Phillips, D. D., Samuel H. Cox, D. D., R. M'Cartee, D. D., J. M. Matthews, D. D.

If the first number, which we have received, is a fair specimen of the work, we are prepared to speak of it in terms of the highest commendation. It contains the whole of the life of Robert Hall, by Dr. Gregory, and his character by Mr. Foster. We confess that we have shared in the alarm of many good people at the multiplication of books. We have been anxious to see "to what this would grow." We have felt alarm for the healthiness and vigour of the public mind. Such constant stuffing, such gorging with books,—surely, thought we, we shall have a generation of mental dys-

peptics, or at the best, of bloated, pot-bellied epicures, instead of the hale, racy, well-proportioned minds of a former age. We have had a feeling of absolute despair, as we have perambulated the choked aisles of a modern book-store, and have felt that we needed Virgil's

"Centum linguæ, centumque ora,"

with the hundred hands of Briareus, if we ever expected to read and handle the myriads of new books. But we are cured of such feelings. We are glad to see a new book, if it be a good one. And we rejoice at every new expedient to make them as cheap as possible. Every good book will have a circle of patrons and readers, even if we can not read it, and there will be more good done on the whole, than by a smaller number of books. Besides, the only way to meet the armies of infidel and licentious books, is to array against them an equal number of good books. The book mania which has seized the public, must be satisfied in some way; and if there are not good books enough, and that too in the newest and most popular style, to fill the social and circulating libraries, and give occupation to the millions of active minds in the country, their place will be filled by such books as the novels of Bulwer, and the poems of Byron and Shelly and Moore. Messrs. Key and Biddle, if they execute their plan as they have promised and begun, will deserve the thanks, and receive the patronage of the community.—*Journal of Humanity.*

The first part of Vol. 1, of this periodical is before us. It is made up of a most interesting Memoir of the eloquent divine, Robert Hall, and the commencement of a History of the Reformed Religion in France. It would really seem that knowledge is about to be brought to every man's door, however distant, and served up to him in the most agreeable forms for a mere trifle.—*Commercial Herald.*

We have received the first number of the Christian Library, which contains an intensely interesting Memoir of Robert Hall, by Olynthus Gregory. The incidents of the life of such a man, in the hands of such a writer, could not be otherwise than captivating.—*Fredericksburg Arena.*

Judging from the plan of the work, and also from the number before us, we believe it well calculated to disseminate the light of the gospel, and we think that every Christian's library would be enriched by it. We would particularly recommend it to the ministers of our church, who, from their

situation, being located in the "far west," have not an opportunity of procuring the many valuable books which are issuing from the press in Europe and middle and eastern states. By subscribing for this work, in a few years, for a comparative trifle, they may possess an extensive and valuable religious library, calculated to impart to them useful and important information, which is above all price; and to give them a perfect knowledge of what is now doing for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom throughout the world, and consequently, to keep them up with the spirit and improvements of the age.—*Nashville Revivalist*.

The Christian Library, of which Messrs. KEY & BIDDLE, of Minor street, have just published the first part, is a work which will command the respect and patronage of all professors of religion, irrespective of sects. The *Library* is conducted with a free, judicious spirit of selection; and if the first number may be deemed a fair specimen, will abound with instructive tales and useful matter. In so good a cause, the publishers deserve the hearty good will of those for whom they will furnish, at a price singularly reasonable, a large amount of most valuable information, on the most important of all subjects.—*Philadelphia Gazette*.

We beg leave to inform our country friends that the Christian Library continues to deserve the approbation, and to demand the patronage of the religious and moral public.—*American Sentinel*.

The plan of the Christian Library has met the decided approbation of the Clergy of various denominations, and as the selections made for it will be exempt from all tincture of sectarianism, we think it can not fail to be acceptable to Christians of the different persuasions.—*Berks & Schuylkill Journal*.

The first number of the Christian Library contains the Memoir of that interesting divine, Robert Hall, and is well executed. It will unquestionably prove a valuable work.—*Baptist Mission & Home Repository Record*.

The 3d part of vol. 1. is before us, in which we are glad to find a beginning of the life of Cowper, by Taylor. This life, alone, is worth more than a year's subscription.—*Commercial Herald*.

THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY.—We have just received the first number of this truly valuable publication. From the

prospectus, and recommendations which we had seen, we were prepared to think highly of the work, but the appearance of the first number far exceeds our expectations. It contains the Memoir of *Rev. Robert Hall*, by Dr. Gregory, and commences a valuable work on the "Reformation in France," by the Rev. Edward Smedley, of Cambridge, England. In the cheapness, and solid value of its materials, this work promises to surpass every thing of the kind hitherto published. It is truly gratifying to see the periodical Press so efficiently employed in disseminating substantial religious knowledge, instead of the light trash and worse than useless fictions with which it has been hitherto burdened.

We are in earnest in commending this publication, and sincerely hope that among all Christian people, it will utterly supplant the whole tribe of periodical novels, romances and the like.

Among the many recommendations to this work, the Episcopalians of Ohio will notice that of our diocesan expressed in no very measured terms.—*Gambier Observer*.

Christian Library.—The style and appearance, and, we may add, the contents of the first number, which we have before us, can not fail to meet the approbation of Evangelical Christians of every denomination.—*Southern Religious Telegraph*.

Those who have leisure for extensive reading, and are determined to procure valuable works as they appear, will not grudge nine or ten cents per month to have such a volume brought to their door. The mail is much more usefully employed in conveying the means of solid reading, than in the transportation of such trash as abounds in political papers and electioneering pamphlets. Papers and periodicals of this description are doing much to reform the public taste. The first number will furnish the reader with Dr. Gregory's Memoir of Hall.—*Zion's Advocate*, (Portland.)

From the specimen before us we consider the *Christian Library* a very cheap and valuable work.—*Christian Sentinel*.

We anticipate a useful auxiliary to christianity in this publication, and wish it much success.—*Christian Guardian*.

PHILOSOPHY OF A FUTURE STATE.
PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION.
CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY THOMAS DICK.

Philadelphia, Key & Biddle.

IN the first of the works whose titles head this article, Mr. Dick has endeavoured to prove, that man is an immortal being. His arguments are drawn from various sources, and he has judiciously availed himself of the recent discoveries in science, in illustrating the connexion of intellectual improvement, with the state of future existence.

Mr. Dick has displayed in this work, considerable extent of knowledge, and the industry manifested in collecting and arranging his numerous and diversified materials, will meet with the decided approbation of every intelligent Christian.

The *Philosophy of Religion* is a production of no less value than the preceding, it is an attempt by the pious and indefatigable author, to illustrate the moral being of the universe, and to delineate the obligations of man to God—to show how reasonable and excellent the precepts of revealed religion are, and how well they are adapted to the condition of man, how certainly their practical adoption is productive of peace and joy, and how bright under all circumstances are the hopes, and soothing the consolations of the Christian. It is an excellent book, and may be read with advantage, by all sects of Christians.

The *Christian Philosopher*, which next claims our attention, is to the philosophic inquirer more interesting than either of the preceding two. It is a scientific investigation into the existence and attributes of a *great first cause*, and the author has evidently come to his subject well prepared, securely assured, and ready to give a reasonable answer to the sceptical questioner for the hope that is within him. The author has successfully combated the ridiculous ideas of those zealous but ignorant christians who reject all human knowledge as vain and useless. He has shown that the study and contemplation of the laws of the natural world, elevate the mind in its conceptions of the power, wisdom and goodness of God, and that every advance in knowledge, every discovery in science, tends to confirm our faith, exalt our views and refine our dispositions, and thus improve us in moral and religious feelings and principles.

Mr. Dick very justly observes that "the man who would

desard the efforts of the human intellect, and the science of Nature from Religion, forgets—that He who is the author of human redemption is also the Creator and governor of the whole system of the material universe—that it is one end of that moral renovation which the Gospel effects, to qualify us for contemplating aright the displays of Divine Perfection which the works of creation exhibit, that the visible works of God are the principal medium by which he displays the attributes of this nature to intelligent beings—that the study and contemplation of these works employ the faculties of intelligences of a superior order—that man, had he remained in primeval innocence, would have been chiefly employed in such contemplations—that it is one main design of divine revelation to illustrate the operations of Providence, and the agency of God in the formation and preservation of all things—and that the scriptures are full of sublime descriptions of the visible creation, and of interesting references to the various objects which adorn the scenery of nature. In these opinions we entirely concur, and we are certain that every believer in the Gospel of Christ, will have his soul expanded, his energies awakened, and all his faculties and powers enlarged by investigating the laws of the Universe. God is every where; we perceive his wisdom in the organization of a man, and a tree; every animal on earth, all objects in nature, organized or unorganized, exhibit the power, the skill, and the benevolence of the Creator.

Mr. Dick's book contains many important facts in relation to the laws of matter and motion, illustrated by familiar expositions, and well adapted to the comprehension of the general reader. We have rarely perused a work with more pleasure and profit, and we are confident that it will prove a valuable and useful addition to every family library. To the young divine just commencing his ministerial labours, it will be of much benefit, it will supply him with topics for exemplification, upon which he can expatiate with the fervour and eloquence of genius, and all the enthusiasm of a finer, but rational and ardent Christian.

In dismissing these productions of Mr. Dick, we cordially commend them to the attention of our readers.

EXAMPLE; OR FAMILY SCENES.—This is one of those useful and truly moral publications which can not fail to be read with delight by the youth of both sexes, who, as their hearts expand, and they advance in years, have need of some instructor to point out the path they should follow for their future happiness. The author has been triumphantly

successful in attaining these laudable objects in this interesting publication." *Weekly Times*.

The form of a domestic story is here judiciously selected for imparting a purity of religious feeling to juvenile readers; and the purpose as fully answered. Adults may also read this interesting volume with much benefit. *United Kingdom*.

FOX'S BOOK OF MARTYRS. A Universal History of Christian Martyrdom, from the Birth of our Blessed Saviour to the latest Periods of Persecution. Originally composed by the Rev. JOHN FOX, A. M., and now corrected throughout; with copious and important additions relative to the Recent Persecutions in the south of France. In 2 vols. 8vo., beautifully printed on fine and remarkably strong paper. Being the only complete and un mutilated edition of this work ever presented to the American Public. Embellished with a Portrait of the venerable Fox, and Sixty Engravings illustrative of the suffering Martyrs in all ages of the world.

"We commend the enterprise of the publishers, which has induced them to incur the heavy expense requisite for the production of this costly and elegant book. They have thereby rendered a service to the cause of true Christianity; and we can not doubt that they will meet with ample remuneration in the approbation of the public. An additional recommendation is furnished in the extreme lowness of the price, thereby rendering the book accessible to the pocket of every class of Christians. It is a work of intense interest; and whether as a volume of Ecclesiastical History, or for occasional perusal, richly merits a place on the shelves of every family library." *Christian Advocate*.

GUY ON ASTRONOMY, AND AN ABRIDGEMENT OF KEITH ON THE GLOBES, 2 volumes in 1, 18mo.

A school book of this sort has long been a desideratum in our seminaries. It comprises a popular Treatise on Astronomy; together with the admirably clear definitions, and nearly all the problems of Keith. The whole is contained in a neat volume, and afforded at a very low price. The publishers

would particularly call the attention of parents and teachers to the above work.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, in 1 vol. 12mo. BY THOMAS HUGHS. Embellished with a great number of beautiful wood cuts.

The publishers announce this work with the highest feelings of satisfaction. The three objects they have had in view are cheapness, beauty of embellishment, and novelty of matter, combined with accuracy of research. The name of the author (who is already favourably known by several previous works for schools) is a sufficient guarantee of the manner in which this book will be executed. It will not be uninteresting to state that the sources from which some of the materials of this school book are derived, are inaccessible to any except the present writer; whose business it has also been to attempt the attainment of that which has hitherto been overlooked, as of no importance, viz: elegance of style, which may interest at the same time that it will aid in forming the taste of the youthful reader.

A HARMONY OF THE FOUR GOSPELS. Founded on the Arrangement of the *Harmonia Evangelica*, by the Rev. Edward Greswell. With the Practical Reflections of Dr. Doddridge. *Designed for the use of Families and Schools, and for Private Edification.* By the Rev. E. Bickersteth, Rector of Wolton, Herts."

A beautiful duodecimo of about four hundred pages; and one of the best books which has appeared for many years, with respect to personal and domestic edification. It is next to impossible to read the ordinary Harmonies. The current of the narrative is broken by constant interruptions. In *this*, we have in convenient sections, the four Gospel histories, made up into one, in proper order, in the words of the common English translation. The devotional notes of Doddridge are better than any we have seen for reading in the closet or at family worship. The name of *Bickersteth*, prefixed to a book, is enough to show that it is written simply to serve the cause of Christ. *The Presbyterian.*

Messrs. Key & Biddle of this city, have published a beautiful edition of a popular Harmony of the Four Gospels. A book giving a connected and chronological view of the History of our Saviour, without an array of critical apparatus which is useless and repulsive to the common reader, has long been a desider-

atum in our religious literature. It is now supplied by the labours of Mr. Bickersteth, who is well known as an able, judicious and pious writer. Each section of the text is followed by brief practical reflections, from the pen of Dr. Doddridge. The volume is well adapted to the purposes for which it was designed by the author.—“The use of families and schools, and for private edification.” *Phila. Gaz.*

The religious community will take delight in reading a work just published, entitled “A Harmony of the Four Gospels.” Scarcely any thing has so much puzzled a certain order of minds, as the apparent disagreement of parts of the New Testament. Nothing so much weakens Christian faith as an impression of this sort—whilst nothing tends more directly to confirm and strengthen it, than evidence of the entire oneness, and harmony of the Gospels.—*Conn. Herald.*

THE HUMOURIST’S OWN BOOK. A cabinet of original and selected anecdotes, bon mots, sports of fancy, and traits of character; intended to furnish occasion for reflection as well as mirth. By the author of the *Young Man’s Own Book*, &c.

It is good to be pleased; and the book which can chase a care, or enliven a brow, provided it be pure, is worthy of honest recommendation. Such is the character of the volume entitled *The Humourist’s Own Book*, recently published by Messrs. Key and Biddle. The work is made of good things, carefully culled; and the man who can run over them all, without a laugh or a smile, is fit for treason.—*Phila. Gazette.*

Ha! ye merry dogs, if you want to shake your sides with laughter buy this book, for here you have the most delightful and varied collection of bon mots, anecdotes, &c., that we have ever seen.—And ye! ye! melancholic, hypochondriacal beings, whose countenances are always demure—imagination always gloomy, and whose risible muscles are never excited to a smile, to say nothing of a laugh, get the book, and your souls will be gladdened with joy—your hearts will swell with rapture, and if you don’t hold your sides tight, you’ll run the risk of bursting them with laughter.

It is a charming little work, and the collections have been made with much care and judgment.—*Saturday Courier.*

Messrs. Key & Biddle have published a neat little volume

entitled, *The Humourist's Own Book*. It is a feast of fat things.—*United States Gazette*.

This is a neat volume of original and selected anecdotes, bon mots, &c. They are well chosen, and in every respect unexceptionable, fit for the perusal of the most delicate and fastidious.—*Balt. American and Com. Advertiser*.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE BLESSED, considered as to the particulars of their state; their recognition of each other in that state; and its difference of degrees. To which are added, *Musings on the Church and her services*. By Richard Mant, D. D. M. R. I. A. Lord Bishop of Down and Connor.

The design of the Rev. author in this production, is to adduce from scriptural authority, the most satisfactory evidence, of the happiness and joy of those who by faith follow Christ, and who in the exercise of those virtues required by the Gospel, are emphatically denominated the children of God. The author has touched upon several topics connected with the subject, which must afford much consolation to the Christian, who from the very nature of his organization, is liable to doubts and fearful forebodings as to the state of his heart and the grounds of his faith.

Christian hope, confidence, and charity, are stamped upon every page, and the writer deserves well of the Christian inquirer, for the industry which he has displayed in collecting and arranging so many important and valuable arguments in favour of the glorious and resplendent state of the faithful and humble disciple of Jesus.

In this world, mankind have need of consolation—of the cup of sorrow all must drink—happiness is a phantom, a meteor, beautiful and bright, always alluring us by its glow—forever within our reach, but eternally eluding our grasp—but this state of things was designed by our Creator for our benefit—it was intended to withdraw our affections from the shadowy and unsubstantial pleasures of the world, to the Father of all in Heaven, and to prepare by discipline and zeal, for a state, beyond the grave, of felicity, which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of. To our readers we cheerfully commend this delightful volume, confident that by its perusal the faith of the doubtful will be confirmed, and the anticipative hope of the confident increased. *Christian's Magazine*.

We take the earliest opportunity of introducing to our readers this excellent little book, to which the deeply interesting nature of the subject and the well earned reputation of the Right Rev. author will secure no inconsiderable portion of attention. The vast importance of the topics herein treated, and the valuable practical effects they may assist in producing, induce us to call thus early the public attention to a work, small indeed in size, but which is calculated not a little to inform all candid and serious inquirers into a subject hitherto involved in much obscurity, but not a little elucidated by the present author.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

All which are entitled to much commendation, as tending to familiarize the young student with the exact phraseology of the New Testament, and calculated to recall it, in an agreeable way, to the memory of the more advanced Scholar.—*Lit. Gazette*.

It possesses much substantive merit, and is the best Key to Chronology of the Gospel History we have met with.—*Athenæum*.

We have looked over, with great pleasure, a neat little volume of 188 pages, just published by Key & Biddle, of this City, bearing the title of "The Happiness of the Blessed." It is divided into four chapters, and these chapters into sections—each section being confined to the particular subject designated in it. We are much pleased with the entire work—but more particularly with the discussion on the probability of the blessed recognizing each other, in the heavenly world. Cowper, the poet, we remember, reasons in a couple of his letters most delightfully on the subject.

We cordially recommend this little work. Bishop Mant, the author, has opened a spring in it, whence pure and wholesome waters will long flow, to refresh and benefit the world.—*Commercial Herald*.

The Happiness of the Blessed, by Dr Mant, Bishop of Down and Connor.—Published by Key & Biddle. This work is got up with the usual elegance of those enterprising publishers. It is a work of considerable metaphysical research; is written in a style of animated piety; and whether to the professing Christian or the general reader, will readily repay a perusal.—*Daily Chronicle*.

JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN:—Being a narrative of his residence at Vienna, during Congress.

The author is quite spirited in his remarks on occur-

rences, and his sketches of character are picturesque and amusing. We commend this volume to our readers as a very entertaining production.—*Daily Intelligencer*.

We presume no one could take up this little volume and dip into it, without feeling regret at being obliged by any cause to put it down before it was read. The style is fine, as are the descriptions, the persons introduced, together with the anecdotes, and in general, the entire sketching is by the hand of a master. Every thing appears natural—there is no affectation of learning—no overstraining—no departure from what one would expect to see and hear—all is easy—all graceful.”—*Commercial Herald*.

The volume is a beautiful one; and the matter of it, judging from more than a cursory perusal, is well worthy a recommendation, as offering a fair insight into the doings and follies of the great, in one of the celebrated capitals of Europe.—*Sat. Eve. Post*.

LIFE OF A SAILOR—By a Captain in the Navy. Two very interesting volumes.—*U. S. Gaz.*

“It is from the pen of Captain Chamier, and contains many powerful sketches.—*Penn'a. Inquirer*.

“The Sailor, who has thus given his life to the world, spins as clever a yarn as any landsman or marine would like to see recorded. He seems to have been almost every where and to have seen nearly every body; and he describes with such earnestness and perspicuity, that you are sure he must have depicted things just as he found them—penning his record when his recollections were fresh, and preserving throughout, an aim to be graphic and impressive. He has succeeded fully, in his effort; and all who procure his “log,” will find it as exciting a piece of work, as they ever had the felicity to meet with.—*Phil. Gaz.*

KEY & BIDDLE, Philadelphia, have published **THE LIFE OF A SAILOR**, by Captain Frederick Chamier, R. N. in 2 vols. 12 mo. neatly bound in embossed cloth.

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Captain Chamier has had a full share of adventure and undoubtedly possesses a facility of style, and a playful manner. If there ever was a story to excite sympathy, to interest the feelings, and awaken the imagination of the reading

world, it is the story of Sharks in this Autobiography.—*Spectator*.

LIVES OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS—By C. Macfarland, Esq., together with a sketch of the Lives of **BLACKBEARD**, and **CAPTAIN KID**, by the American editor.

This work is deeply interesting throughout; it is full of anecdote, bold adventure, daring enterprise, and the narrative is clear and vigorous—and such are the characters of these reckless outcasts of society and the interest in which their lives are invested, that we commend it to our readers, confident that they will be highly entertained.—*Sat. Cour.*

These lives, and indeed the whole volume, are of the deepest interest—there is nothing in this edition which would exclude it from the eyes of the ladies, some improper remarks and a very few uninteresting details, having been excluded, which are more than compensated for, even as regards quantity of reading, by the addition made by the American Editor. The volume itself is one of the neatest we have lately seen, having in fact the appearance of an English Edition—it is on very fine white paper, and the impression of the type clear and distinct.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Many of the stories in this volume are exceedingly interesting.—*Nat. Gaz.*

We have before us *Lives of Banditti and Robbers*, in one volume, including the lives of *Blackbeard* and *Captain Kidd*, prepared for the American Edition. These lives, and indeed the whole volume are of the deepest interest.—*U. S. Gazette*.

The dangers, hardships, and reckless daring of these lawless depredators, often impart an intense interest to the relation of their deeds, and this interest is not unfrequently increased, by their adding generosity to heroism.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser*.

LEGENDS OF THE WEST—By James Hall, second edition, containing the following beautiful told tales:

The Backwoodsman
The Divining Rod
The Seventh Son
The Missionaries

The Intestate
Michael De Lancey
The Emigrants
The Indian Hater

A Legend of Carondelet The Isle of the Yellow Sands
 The Barrackmaster's Daughter.
 The Indian Wife's Lament.

We are glad to see a new edition of these well told tales of Judge Hall, has recently been published.—*Boston Eve. Gazette.*

The deserved popularity of these tales of Judge Hall, have secured to it the publication of a second edition. His sketches are admirably drawn, and his personal familiarity with scenery and life in the West have furnished him with incidents of peculiar interest, greatly increased by felicitous description.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

A second edition of *Legends of the West* has just been published; a work to which we have before alluded in deserved praise. The favour which the work has found with the public, may be seen in the demand for its repetition. It deserves, in every respect, the reception it has met with.—*Sat. Eve. Post.*

LEGENDS OF THE WEST. BY JAMES HALL.

Philadelphia. Key & Biddle.

The rapid sale of the first, has created a demand for a second edition of the work, whose title heads this article.

The "Legends" comprise twelve articles, one of which is poetic. The scenes of these tales are all located in the "far, far West," and the characters are taken from the aborigines and early emigrants. The difficulties and dangers which the first settlers had to undergo, ere they were established in security, are depicted in glowing colours, and with a master hand.

The rude and savage warfare of the Indians, the secret ambuscade, the midnight slaughter, the conflagration of the log hut in the prairie and forest, the shrieks of consuming women and children, are presented to our minds by the author in vivid and impressive language. These tales possess much interest, as they are founded in fact, and are illustrative of the habits of the Indian, and the life of the hunter. As a writer, Judge Hall is more American than any other we possess; his scenes are American; his characters are American, and his language is American. His personages are invested with an individuality which can not be mistaken, and his conceptions and illustrations are drawn from the great store house of nature.—*Daily Intelligencer.*

LIFE OF WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.—Compiled from his correspondence and other authenticated sources of information, containing remarks on his writings, and on the peculiarities of his interesting character, never before published. By THOMAS TAYLOR.

Extract from the Preface.

Many Lives of Cowper have already been published. Why then, it may be asked, add to their number? Simply because in the opinion of competent judges, no memoir of him has yet appeared that gives a full, fair, and unbiassed view of his character.

It is remarked by Dr. Johnson, the poet's kinsman, in his preface to the two volumes of Cowper's *Private Correspondence*, "that Mr. Haley omitted the insertion of several interesting letters in his excellent *Life of the poet out of kindness to his readers.*" In doing this, however amiable and considerate as his caution must appear, the gloominess which he has taken from the mind of Cowper, has the effect of involving his character in obscurity.

In alluding to these suppressed letters, the late highly esteemed Leigh Richmond once emphatically remarked—"Cowper's character will never be clearly and satisfactorily understood without them, and should be permitted to exist for the demonstration of the case. I know the importance of it from numerous conversations I have had, both in England and Scotland, on this subject. Persons of truly religious principles, as well as those of little or no religion at all, have greatly erred in their estimate of this great and good man."

In this work all that is necessary and much that is painful to know, is told of Cowper, and well told too.—His life was much wanted, and we have no doubt that it will be universally read and become, like the poems of the man it commemorates, a standard work. Mr. Taylor has our hearty thanks for having produced this work, and our commendations no less hearty for having produced it so well.—*Metropolitan.*

LETTERS TO AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER, DESIGNED TO RELIEVE THE DIFFICULTIES OF A FRIEND, UNDER SERIOUS IMPRESSIONS.
By T. CARLTON HENRY, D. D. late Pastor of the Second

Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C. With an Introductory Essay, (in which is presented Dr. Henry's Preface to his Letters, and his Life, by a friend.) By G. T. BEDELL, D. D. Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia.

MEMOIRS OF HORTENSE BEAUHARNAIS,
DUCHESS OF ST. LEU AND EX-QUEEN OF
HOLLAND.

This is an interesting account of a conspicuous character. She was the daughter of Josephine Beauharnais, alias, or afterwards, Josephine Buonaparte, former wife of Napoleon of France; and she became the wife of Louis Buonaparte, the ex-king of Holland. Of those who have figured as large on the great theatre of life, at one of the most memorable eras in history, many interesting anecdotes are given. We can safely recommend this work to the reading public.—*American Sentinel*.

No one of all those distinguished personages who occupied so large a space in the world's eye, from their connexion with Napoleon, presents a story of deeper interest than the amiable and accomplished subject of these memoirs. Possessing all the grace and fascination of manner, which so eminently characterized her mother the Empress Josephine, she has a strength and cultivation of intellect; an extent and variety of knowledge; and a philosophic fortitude which the empress never could boast. Unhappy in her marriage, she was yet a devoted wife and fond mother; and though gifted with every quality to adorn royalty, she willingly withdrew to the shades of private life, resigning the crown she had embellished without a murmur.

Many of the details of this work will be found deeply interesting, and the notes are copious and instructing. The translator has faithfully preserved the spirit of his original.—*Saturday Courier*.

Sometime ago we read this little volume in French, and found it strongly attractive. We regard it as an autobiography in great part. The historical as well as the personal details reward attention.—*National Gazette*.

No one of all those distinguished personages who occupied so large a space in the world's eye, from their connexion with Napoleon, presents a story of deeper interest, than the amia-

ble and accomplished subject of these memoirs. "Possessing all the grace and fascination of manner, which so eminently characterized her mother, the Empress Josephine, she has a strength and cultivation of intellect, an extent and variety of knowledge, and a philosophic fortitude, which the empress never could boast. Unhappy in her marriage, she was yet a devoted wife and fond mother; and though gifted with every quality to adorn royalty, she willingly withdrew to the shades of private life, resigning the crown she had embellished without a murmur." The work belongs to the many memoranda we have of that extraordinary man, whose family history is not complete without it.—*American Traveller*.

We have never taken up a book containing anecdotes of the eventful period of which this little volume treats, and especially of the great actors in that wonderful drama, without experiencing some of the sensations which attend upon the sight of some mighty ruin; or beholding the place in the ocean where fleets and armies have been swallowed up. Sometimes they appear to us like those distant and dark clouds, whose edges are fringed with the red light of the setting sun, and in whose bosom is seen to struggle the pent up lightning. This work will be read, we are certain, with great interest.—*Commercial Herald*.

NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER, being an entirely new selection of Speeches, Dialogues, and Poetry, for the use of Schools. By THOMAS HUGHES, Compiler of the Universal Class Book and the American Popular Reader.

A rich collection of pieces from some of the first writers in the English language, furnishing a most abundant supply of exercises in elocution and declamation. It should find admission into every academy, college, and high school, where it is an object to form the taste, as well as teach the art of speaking.

AMERICAN SPEAKER.—A volume with this title, comprising upwards of two hundred pages, has just been issued by Messrs. Key & Biddle, of this city. It has been compiled by THOMAS HUGHES, Esq., the compiler of the 'Universal Class Book' and the 'American Popular Reader,' and is designed for the use of schools. It embraces a selection of speeches, dialogues and poetry, made up with great discern-

ment, we think, from the best authors, foreign and domestic, ancient and modern. Mr. Hughes is well calculated to render such a book valuable, and from the perusal we have given many of the articles, we should suppose this 'Speaker' would soon find a place in most of our public seminaries.

Among the American writers, whose productions have been introduced into this volume, we observe with pleasure the names of Hopkinson, Brown, Canning, Payne, Webster, Everett, Ames, Clay, Randolph, Halleck, Bryant, Adams, and others. We shall enrich our first page with extracts from it in a day or two, and take pleasure in commending it to those having charge of our public and private schools.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

IRISH ELOQUENCE.—The Speeches of the celebrated Irish Orators, PHILLIPS, CURRAN, and GRATTAN; to which is added, the Powerful Appeal of ROBERT EMMETT, at the close of his trial for high treason. In 1 vol. 8vo.

The above work forms a complete and unique school of Irish oratory. To every member of the bar, to every clergyman, to every aspirant to political influence and admission into the legislative halls of his country, this practical text book of eloquence will be an honoured manual; and scarcely less does it recommend itself to every lover of literature, and each promoter of his country's good, who will both be rewarded for the purchase, the one by its high literary merits, and the other in the glowing pictures it presents to him of personal sacrifice on the altar of public weal.—*United States Gazette*.

The Speeches of Phillips, Curran, Grattan, and Emmett, have been published in a neat octavo volume, by Key & Biddle, of this city.

It is unnecessary for us to say any thing as to the merit of these splendid displays of eloquence, which have stamped an immortality on the above named orators. Their merits are well known, and wherever these speeches have been read, they have been admired.

The volume is neatly "got up," the paper is good, the type is clear, bold and legible, and the binding is substantial and durable.—*Daily Intelligencer*.

THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE, AND OTHER TALES,
by JAMES HALL, Esq., author of "Legends of the West," &c.

CONTENTS.

1. The Soldier's Bride.
2. Cousin Lucy and the Village Teacher.
3. Empty Pockets.
4. The Captain's Lady.
5. The Philadelphia Dun.
6. The Bearer of Despatches.
7. The Village Musician.
8. Fashionable Watering-Places.
9. The Useful Man.
10. The Dentist.
11. The Bachelor's Elysium.
12. Pete Featherton.
13. The Billiard Table.

We have just risen from the perusal of the *Soldier's Bride*. The impression it leaves upon the mind is like that which we receive from the sight of a landscape of rural beauty and repose—or from the sound of rich and sweet melody. Every part of this delightful tale is redolent of moral and natural loveliness. The writer belongs to the same class with Irving and Paulding; and as in his descriptions, characters and incidents, he never loses sight of the true and legitimate purpose of fiction, the elevation of the taste and moral character of his readers, he will contribute his full share to the creation of sound and healthful literature.—*United States Gazette*.

Key & Biddle have recently published another series of *Tales*—the *Soldier's Bride*, &c. by James Hall. The approbation every where elicited by Judge Hall's *Legends of the West*, has secured a favourable reception for the present volume; and its varied and highly spirited contents, consisting of thirteen tales, will be found no less meritorious than his previous labours.—*National Gazette*.

We have found much to admire in the perusal of this interesting work. It abounds in correct delineation of character, and although in some of his tales, the author's style is familiar, yet he has not sacrificed to levity the dignity of his pen, nor tarnished his character as a chaste and classical writer. At the present day, when the literary world is flooded with fustian and insipidity, and the public taste attempted to be vitiated by the weak and effeminate productions of those

whose minds are as incapable of imagining the lofty and generous feelings they would pourtray, as their hearts are of exercising them, it is peculiarly gratifying to receive a work, from the pages of which the eye may cater with satisfaction, and the mind feast with avidity and benefit.—*Pittsburg Mercury*.

THE TESTIMONY OF NATURE AND REVELATION TO THE BEING, PERFECTIONS AND GOVERNMENT OF GOD. By the Rev. HENRY FERGUS, Dunfermline, Author of the History of the United States of America, till the termination of the War of Independence, in Lardners' Cyclopaedia.

The Rev. Mr. Fergus's Testimony of Nature and Revelation to the Being, Perfection and Government of God, is an attempt to do in one volume what the Bridgwater Treatises are to do in eight. We wish one-eighth of the reward only may make its way to Dunfermline. Mr. Fergus's Treatise goes over the whole ground with fervour and ability; it is an excellent volume, and may be had for somewhere about half the price of one Bridgwater octavo. *London Spectator*.

TALES OF ROMANCE, FIRST SERIES. This is not only an uncommonly neat edition, but a very entertaining book; how could it be otherwise when such an array of authors as the following is presented.

The work contains Ali's Bride, a tale from the Persian, by Thomas Moore, interspersed with poetry. The Last of the Line, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, an author who sustains a reputation which every succeeding production greatly enhances. The Wire Merchant's Story, by the author of the King's Own. The Procrastinator, by T. Croften Croker. The Spanish Beadsman. The Legend of Rose Rocke, by the author of Stories of Waterloo. Barbara S——, by Charles Lamb. A Story of the Heart. The Vacant Chair, by J. M. Wilson; and the Queen of the Meadows, by Miss Mitford.

This volume has no pretensions to the inculcation of mawkish sensibility. We have read every word of it, and can confidently recommend it to our friends.—*Journal of Belles Letters*.

YOUNG MAN'S OWN BOOK.—A Manual of Politeness, Intellectual Improvement, and Moral Deportment, calculated to form the character on a solid basis, and to insure respectability and success in life.

Its contents are made up of brief and well written essays upon subjects very judiciously selected, and will prove a useful and valuable work to those who give it a careful reading, and make proper use of those hints which the author throws out.—*Boston Traveller*.

We cheerfully recommend a perusal of the Young Man's Own Book to all our young friends, for we are convinced that if they read it faithfully, they will find themselves both wiser and better.—*The Young Man's Advocate*.

In the Young Man's Own Book, much sound advice, upon a variety of important subjects is administered, and a large number of rules are laid down for the regulation of conduct, the practice of which can not fail to ensure respectability.—*Saturday Courier*.

YOUNG LADY'S OWN BOOK, a Manual of Intellectual Improvement and Moral Deportment. By the author of the Young Man's Own Book.

Messrs. Key and Biddle, of this city, have published a very neat little volume, entitled, *The Young Lady's Own Book*. Its contents are well adapted to its useful purpose.—*National Gazette*.

The Young Lady's Own Book seems to us to have been carefully prepared, to comprehend much and various instruction of a practical character, and to correspond in its contents with its title.—*Young Man's Advocate*.

The Young Lady's Own Book, embellished with beautiful engravings, should be in the hands of every young female.—*Inquirer*.

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We lately spoke in terms of approbation of a new novel from the pen of a young American, entitled "Zoe; or the Sicilian Sayda." A friend, who has read it with great pleasure, and who speaks of its merits in strong terms of praise, has furnished us with the following notice:—

"The book wherever read is admired, and among a considerable variety of persons, learned and ignorant, grave and gay, sad and serious, all have but one manifestation of feeling—and that feeling delight.

Cooper has been called the Scott, and Irving the Addison of America; and the author of *Zoe*, without any imputation of vanity or arrogance, can justly lay claim to some of the attributes of both. With all the description, energy, and grandeur of the former, he possesses the classic graces, and elegant refinements of the latter. Comparisons, it is said, are always odious, but, as in this instance, we have brought forward the names of two of our most distinguished countrymen in the field of American letters, not for the purpose of detracting from their high and justly appreciated merits, but for adding another one to the number of this small but brilliant galaxy, we shall be acquitted of any sinister attempt to elevate another at the expense of those whose fame is widely spread and firmly established.

Zoe is a production, which will rank among the highest and most successful creations of the imagination. It is replete with interest, from the first chapter to the last; the story never flags, the dialogues never tire; and the varied characters who figure in the plot, are invested with an individuality which at once impresses upon the mind the graphic skill, and vivid conceptions of the author. Interesting and all absorbing as the personages are, there is one, however, of whom to read is to love; the dark-eyed, feeling, beautiful and self-sacrificing *Zoe*. It is she that appears embodied before our eyes, in all the fascination of beauty; and it is she that we part with in all the combined feelings of affection, admiration and regret.

But it is not our purpose to pourtray the charming heroine of the story.

For the nameless attraction of her mind, the glowing ardour of her feelings, and the thousand fascinating charms with which she was invested,—we must refer our readers to the book itself.

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The Religious Souvenir is a very beautiful holiday present, is Edited by the Rev. G. T. Bedell, and is devoted to moral and religious subjects, all original but one by the artist illustrating his own picture. In the initials subscribed to the articles, we recognize several writers who have heretofore distinguished themselves by contributions to our periodical literature.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

This is really a superb volume; and one which we hope will be widely circulated throughout the community. Dr. Bedell has shown considerable judgment in the selection and disposal of his matter, and we thank him for presenting to the public in so inviting a form, a work which is well calculated to form pious feelings, and establish religious principles.—*Family Journal*.

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To all, therefore, who desire intellectual improvement, and, at the same time, the gratification of a true taste—and to all who would make a really valuable present to their friends, we would say, in conclusion, go and procure the *Religious Souvenir*. It is not merely a brilliant little ornament for the parlour centre table, but a book worthy of a place in every sensible man's library.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The typography, embellishments, and general appearance of the work, render it fully equal in these respects to any of the kind published in our country, while its subjects are far more suitable for the contemplation of christians than the light reading with which most of them are filled.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

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We hail with much pleasure this attempt to convey religious truth in a garb at once pleasing and instructive. The popular form of the annual is well adapted to the purpose, and may often invite the attention and make a salutary impres-

sion, where works of a graver character would fail of effect when perused, or more probably be never perused at all. We commend, therefore, this new effort of Christian philanthropy, and think it likely to be followed by useful results.—*Charleston Courier*.

In the general character of those fashionable, and as to appearance, attractive volumes, the annuals, there is so much that is trashy and unprofitable, that it was with no little misgiving we looked into the pages of one, which is now before us, entitled "*The Religious Souvenir*." The matter is altogether of religious and moral tendency, not chargeable with sectarian bias, and such as the most scrupulous need not hesitate to admit into family reading.—*The Friend*.

This little work is intended to furnish what was heretofore wanted—a Christmas and New Year's offering, which may be bestowed and accepted by the most scrupulous.—*Pittsburg Gazette*.

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This work is got up in an unusual style of neatness and beauty, and ornamented with engravings of great elegance. The contents of the work are, as might have been expected from the high character of the Editor, of a moral and religious description, intended to produce the best effects upon the minds of its readers.—*Daily Advertiser*.

Messrs. Key & Biddle have published a handsome little volume, entitled *Religious Souvenir*, and edited by the Rev. Dr. Bedell. It is embellished with beautiful engravings, and printed with elegance. The literary contents are very good—soundly pious, and free of all invidious remark or allusion. True christianity is that which purifies the heart, liberalizes the feelings, and amends the conduct.—*National Gazette*.

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